Mike Wallace cross-examines Harry Belafonte

PHOTOPLAY

OVEMBER

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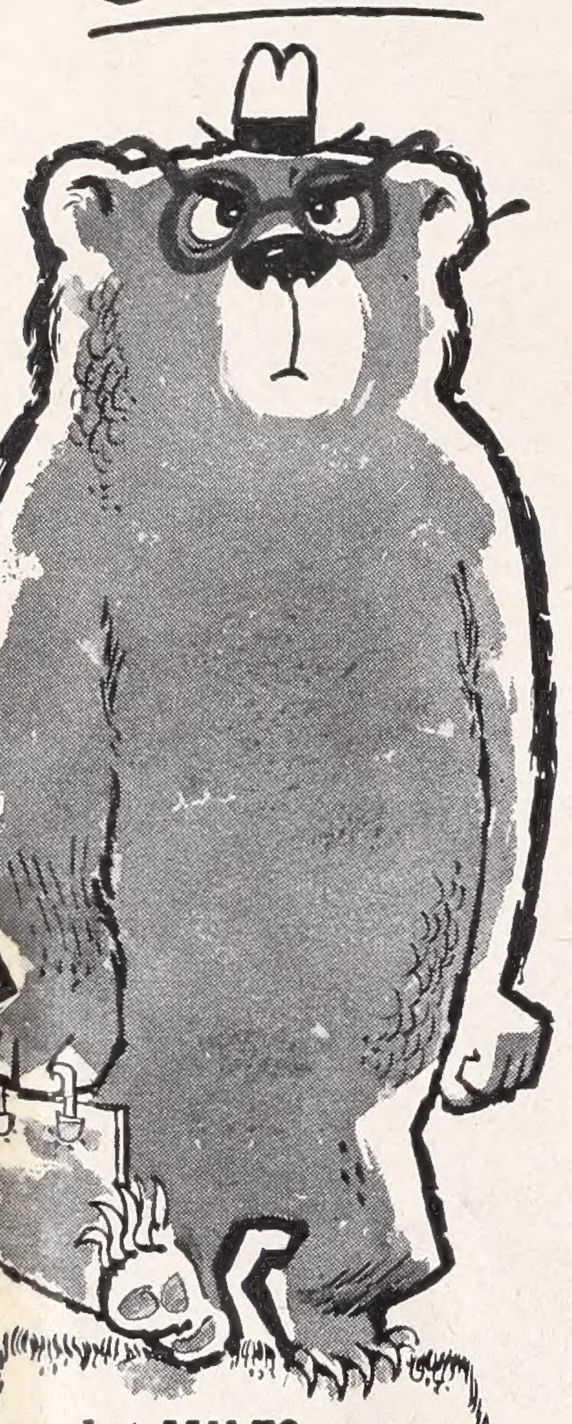
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NOVEMBER, 1957 VOL. 52, NO. 5

PHOTOPLAY

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N. Y. Herald Tribune

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Over the Editor's Shoulder

Paging Sir Stork

"Take all the pictures you want," said Marisa Pavan when we went to her shower, the only press people present. "But please—don't print them until after the baby is born!" No sooner had the prints arrived in our New York office than a wire followed: "Son born to Marisa Pavan and Jean Pierre Aumont, St. John's Hospital, Santa Monica. Eight pounds, nine ounces. Name Jean Claude." Herewith, our thanks to Sir Stork for being so considerate about deadlines!

Man-Bites-Dog Story

Photoplay's exclusive story on Hollywood's latest hearthrob, Robert Evans,



Bob Evans shows fashion editor, Sue Kreisman, slacks he manufactures

turned out to be like the tale of the man biting the dog! It's not unusual for a movie star to become a millionaire. But when a wealthy young manufacturer becomes a movie actor—that's news! "Wish you all could have been there," said our fashion editor, Sue Kreisman, of her visit with Bob in his swank New York showroom, where she "oh'd" and "ah'd" at the stunning Evan-Picone fashions that you can buy, too (See page 50).

Coming Attractions

"What does Jayne Mansfield's mother think of her?" "Isn't it time for a great *new* story on Cary Grant?" "Can we have another story on Tab Hunter?" "How about a story on Julie London?" "Is it true that Rock Hudson's marriage is shaky?" So many of you have asked us these questions. Well, we aim to please—in next month's Photoplay you'll find stories that answer every one of them. See you then!

THE TIN STAR

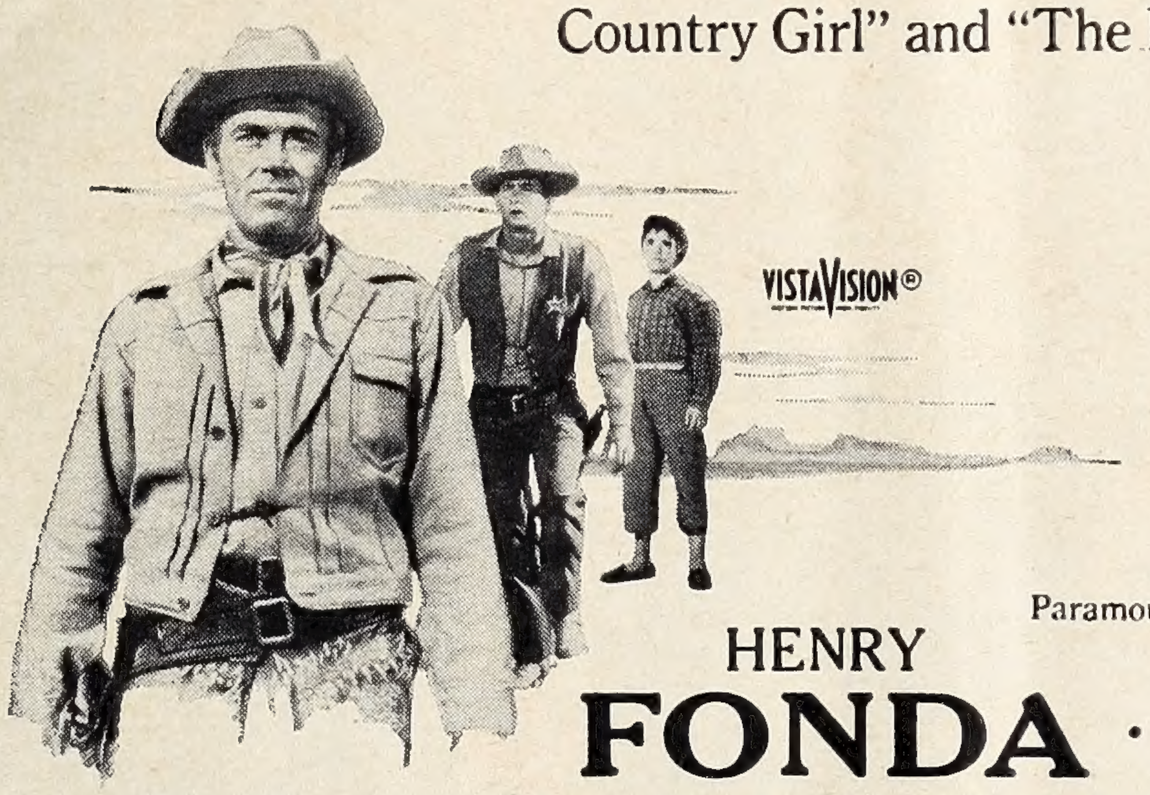
...the story of the ex-sheriff who'd worn it—till he'd faced one gun too many...the young sheriff he had to teach to wear it—or watch die...and the boy who lived only to wear one of his own!

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From a Story by Barney Slater and Joel Kane · A Paramount Release

INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Those Debbie and Eddie Fisher whispers circulating are for several reasons: 1. Rumors have them on-the-verge; 2. reports that they never spoke at the Dean Martin surprise party; 3. talk that Debbie's record of "Tammy," which sold half a million, outshone her husband unflatteringly; 4. Debbie left Eddie flat in Europe to fly home, pack up and move out, and 5. that stern edict of no more joint marriage stories.

So, here's the inside. Like most married couples, they spat, and probably did the night of the Martin party. Only with the Fishers, everybody knows it and everybody gossips. Eddie is proud as punch over Debbie's recording success, Eddie did stay behind in Europe for two reasons: To sing at the Monte Carlo Red Cross benefit and to fly the same evening to Casablanca for a Bob Hope TV show. Debbie, homesick for Carrie, skipped the rugged schedule and flew home. And, incidentally, Eddie was a big hit with Princess Grace and Rainier, who flew from Switzerland to Monte Carlo for the benefit. After Eddie's special song, "Philadelphia," he was invited to the royal table and toasted with champagne by the royal couple, who ignored Van Johnson, Joan Fontaine, Henry Fonda and other stars.

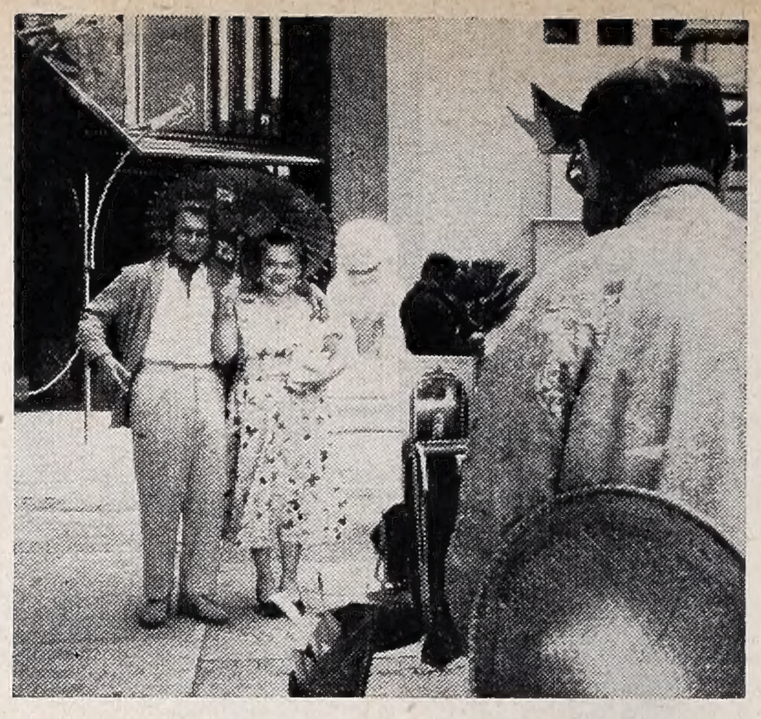
The "no joint marriage" stories edict was prompted by Eddie's own TV sponsors, who feel his private and professional life should remain apart. Pleases the fans more, they feel.

Kenneth More, who wasn't considered good-looking enough for movies for almost ten years, is today one of the most brilliant British actors. Currently seen in "Reach for the Sky," as Douglas Bader, wartime flyer who lost both legs in an accident during World War II, Kenneth won favorable American attention in the movie comedy "Genevieve." His first American movie commitment will be 20th's "The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw," an outdoor feature to be shot in Canada and Hollywood. "I'm also appearing now with one of your unusually clever American players, Betsy Drake, in 'Next Time to No Time,' so I feel I'm taking first steps toward Hollwood," says Kenneth, who has been called the British Spencer Tracy. Ken has also been seen here in "The Deep Blue Sea," and "Doctor in the House." We predict American stardom for Kenneth More.

Romances: June, 1959, is the wedding date set by Robert Wagner and Natalie Wood. After a slight tiff following their Big Announcement, Natalie and Bob appeared at producer Dave Weisbart's party aglow with happiness, chatting away with a local furrier about a new black mist mink coat Natalie simply had to have. "I've always had to borrow furs from the studio," Natalie



Though feeling at home on New York visit, Britisher Ken More still gaped!







Exciting week for Nick Adams when his Mom visited Hollywood and the two traveled to Memphis, where they were house guests of the Presleys. Above, Nick and Mrs. A. pose for photog outside Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Nick's going great with "No Time for Sergeants," "Teacher's Pet"

Helen Morgan—her songs—her sins.



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INSIDE STUFF

continued



In scorching "Wayward Bus" scene with Rick Jason, Dolores bowled over studio execs with small role. We predict bigger ones

complained. "Now I want my own." . . . Next to movie stars themselves, glamour girls seem to prefer men of music. Two weddings in the offing prove it, Julie London and composer-arranger Bobby Troup, and Anne Francis and composer-arranger Buddy Bregman . . . And Lee Ann Remick, twenty-one-year-old New Yorker who turned critics' heads in "A Face in the Crowd," played another major role when she exchanged vows recently with TV director Arthur Colleran . . . They say Rita Hayworth, who's been linked romantically with producer Jim Hill, is on a real outdoor health kick lately. Rita and Jim meet almost daily for golf, and are on "health food" diets. Hollywood's whispering marriage possibilities—number four for the glamorous redhead. . . . Actress Tami Conner, 19, who just completed her role in "Peyton Place," was wed to Paul O'Keeffe, Jr. . . . Tommy Sands and Molly Bee making Hollywood openings these nights . . . Jenny Lindstrom, Ingrid's daughter, still denies engagement to Franco Rossellini.

Readin': "The Hills of Beverly" is the most widely discussed book in Hollywood today. Authoress Libbie Block, wife of movie producer Pat Duggan, paints a quaintly dreadful picture of movietown, peopled with knavish producers, crooked agents and their wives. Miss Block states the servants in these Hills of Beverly only stay long enough in one family to learn all they can and then pass on to fresh entertainment with another family (no cover charge, of course). The book claims that most starlets only want fine clothes to wear to elegant parties, and not the careers they thought they wanted. Well, Miss Block must know a different brand of starlet. The ones we know are so ambition-ridden they fairly spit celluloid. But the town is having a wonderful time trying to identify the characters.

Writin': Three biographies eagerly awaited are those of Jolie Gabor (mother of Eva, Magda and Zsa Zsa), Linda Christian (Ty Power's ex), and ageless Errol Flynn. Errol's friends say he carries a pocket recorder and makes entries as his busy schedule permits. Lucky Linda has been loaned the splendid Cannes, France, villa of Aly Khan. Aly dislikes the Riviera during the busy season, so vacationed at Deauville, leaving his Chateau de l'Horizon to longtime friend Linda for as long as she wishes, to complete her memoirs. If the would-be authors and authoresses only tell all—or even some—what reading their books will be!

Prediction: Our money is on Dolores Michaels, the ash blond, blue-eyed actress who clicked in "The Wayward Bus," "Time Limit" and "April Love." Kansas City born, Dolores followed her star to New York and later to Hollywood, where, with very little experience, she charmed the bosses at 20th with her talent. Even Elia Kazan, the director everyone wants to work for, summoned Dolores for a two-hour "getting to know you" interview. Weekends, she lives with her husband, Maurice Martiné, an interior designer, in Laguna Beach. Workdays, she lives with her parents in Hollywood. And seven days a week she's climbing higher toward stardom. . . . Two other interesting newcomers are Andra Martin and Judy Meredith. Andra has the second feminine lead in "The Lady Takes a Flyer," and stars in "The Big Beat." Judy stars in "Summer Love." More about them in future issues.



At U-I talent school, Andra Martin studies dance, John Saxon strums guitar



PHOTOGRAPH OF SUZY PARKER BY RICHARD AVEDON

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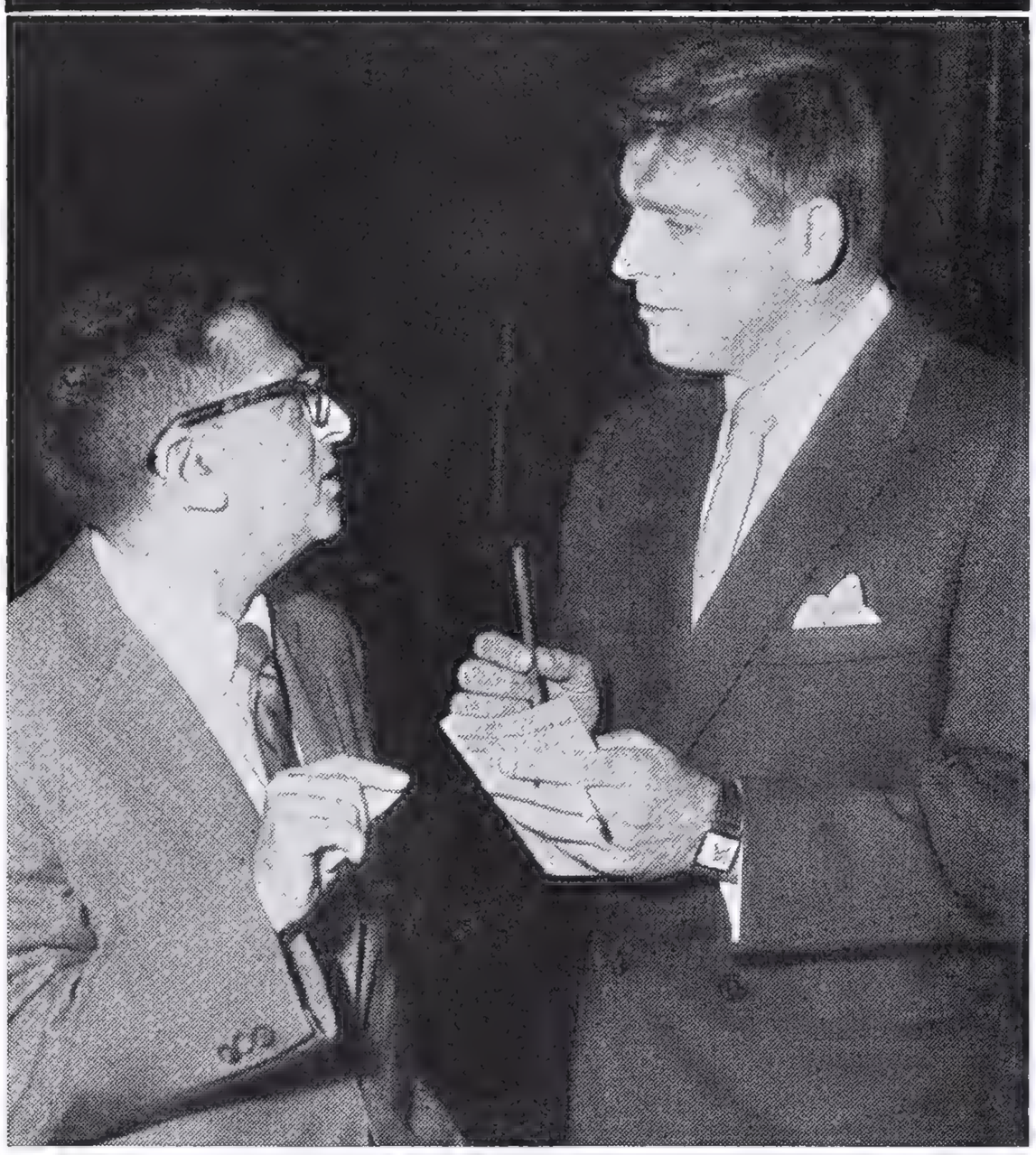
Just wind and rinse . . .

when dry, brush out . . . it's **bliss!**

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THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



Is success tougher to live with than failure? Burt Lancaster and Sidney, in huddle, ponder question over pencil and paper

Cary Grant is a firm believer in hypnotism, Zen Buddhism and charm . . . Ann Blyth finds it easier to make demands over the phone than in person . . . I'm always surprised when I meet Audrey Hepburn in a delicatessen . . . I'm so tired of flappers, the Charleston, hip flasks and everything about the roaring Twenties. I'm finding it harder to live through the reel Twenties than the real Twenties. Stop already, please! . . . Clark Gable discarded his first name, which is William. Make a movie ("Teacher's Pet") with an actor, and you learn plenty about him . . . As of this writing, I'll wager that Joanne Woodward wins an Oscar for her "Three Faces Of Eve" performance . . . Julie London, who is offered more work than she can work at, said, "It was not too long ago that I couldn't *buy* a job." . . . No matter what, Frank Sinatra's greatest demands are on himself . . . Burt Lancaster, who knows "The Sweet Smell of Success," will tell you that success is more difficult to cope with than failure . . . Orson Welles discovered that in Hollywood the best time to photograph dusk is at dawn.

Yul Brynner honestly believes he is a shy man . . . The Changing Years: Beverly Bayne, Clara Kimball Young, Theda Bara and other big stars of the silents used to hide the fact they were married to keep in favor with the fans . . . Our good friend, Mike Curtiz, was trying to describe Elvis Presley: "He's a handsome fellow, even though he doesn't look it."

I believe Dorothy Malone is a girl who'll never admit the impossible. And she has an Oscar to prove my statement . . . Don't talk to John Wayne until he has had a cup of coffee . . . From my knowledge, Joan Crawford is the best knitter among the actresses. About the actors, I wouldn't be knowing . . . Bob Mitchum wins friends by being very friendly with visitors on a set . . . Kim Novak gets along better with men than with women, as if you didn't know . . . Tony Perkins dislikes aggressive women and crowds, except if the aggressive women come in crowd form to one of his movies . . . Susan Harrison is a deliberate non-conformist. She hates people who try to force her into a mold. "I would have been burned as a witch in the Middle Ages," Susan admits proudly . . . I wonder if there would have been a Jayne Mansfield if there never had been a Marilyn Monroe. I wonder if Jayne wonders . . . By the way, Marilyn sleeps with her mouth closed . . . Description of Walt Disney: He's the guy who built a better mouse than his neighbor.

Fred Astaire doesn't like to go dancing. To him it's work and a career . . . To put it mildly, director Roberto Rossellini needs direction . . . After considering it carefuly, I've come to the conclusion that all George M. Cohan and Lon Chaney have in common is Jimmy Cagney . . . Kirk Douglas—no *Caspar Milquetoast*, he . . . Anna Magnani is the latest who'll try for a hit record. Magnani plays the piano and guitar well, but according to her own admission: "I sing with everything but my voice." She might be the female Elvis.

I'm surprised Alfred Hitchcock is a better actor than George Sanders, but that's how it is on TV . . . Cyd Charisse doesn't look the same when she acts as when she dances . . . Did you ever notice how people start to look like their dogs? . . It's my opinion that in "The Pride and the Passion," the love story is mainly between the camera and Sophia Loren . . . When they want to age Jeff Chandler, will they take the gray out of his hair and darken it? . . Your buddy and mine, Mike Todd, confided for publication: "My greatest ambition is to be able to afford to live the way I do." . . . What's the toughest job in Hollywood? You'll never guess. It's that of the switchboard operator at the Goldwyn studios. She has to unscramble the calls that come in for—get ready—William Wyler, Billy Wilder, Bob Wilder and Robert Wyler, all of whom are working there . . . Marlon Brando, with his blond hair, walking around at 20th-Fox almost unrecognized . . . Impossible but true combo: Tony Perkins and Gwen Davis. They were together at a performance of "Around the World in 80 Days." . . . Did you see those photos of Ernest Borgnine with a beard? He's a ringer for Ernest Hemingway. But Hemingway isn't a ringer for Borgnine . . . Jerry Wald had a disreputable-looking tar paper and waste lumber shack built for the Lucas Cross home in "Peyton Place." It was torn down immediately after the scene to make way for a new oil well. The fragile edifice cost the studio exactly $3,745.52 to construct . . . Sally Forrest is residing in the former house of Jean Harlow, which is still decorated with likenesses of John Barrymore, Garbo, John Gilbert and a few other former big M-G-M stars . . . Monique Van Vooren insists she wants a simple wedding: "Just me and a groom and money." . . . Curvy Loretta Thomas has a dual role in "This Day Alone," but you won't know it. Her back is featured in a scene of a girl walking out of an office, and her front is featured when she plays a sexy B-girl in a later scene. That's Hollywood For You.



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READERS INC...

What's Judy Like?

Judy Garland has, for a long time, been what is known as an entertainer's entertainer. She has always been a better singer than people several times her age, and a Garland performance has always meant entertainment in its most perfect form.

Recently she played the Riviera here in Detroit and I had the honor of seeing her. She was, as always, wonderful. Prior to this evening, I had called Judy at her hotel and told her manager I had some art work for her. I was told to come backstage after the show.

After identifying myself as the fifteen-year-old fellow who called her, I was directed to Judy's dressing room. I entered the room with the little gold star on the door.

There was Judy Garland in a white bathrobe sitting at her makeup table. "Hi there!" She smiled, sort of waving her hand without lifting her arm. "What have you got here?" she said as I handed her the drawings I had done.

I was scared to death. I knew that I was going to drop dead then and there. I knew the drawings didn't look at all like Judy Garland. I just knew this girl the whole world loved was going to laugh in my face.

"These are terrific, Sid!" she said to her husband, Sid Luft, who was shaking hands with me. "Sid, aren't these fabulous?"

Here was Judy Garland, just about the greatest talent in the world, telling me, a nobody, that I was talented. What a switch!

"Do you want me to sign them?" she asked.

"Miss Garland, I know they're not very good and they don't really look like you, but if you wouldn't mind, I'd like you to have them."

"Bob, I'd love to have them," she said.

We went on speaking for several minutes. Judy asked me what medium I used in the drawings and what I was inspired by. At no time during the conversation did Judy give a phony impression or act like a star.

Judy had sprained her ankle the night before. I heard a rumor to the effect that she had sprained it while onstage.

I told her how great she was.

"Oh sure," she smiled. "A great performance on one leg. I'll bet you were disappointed in the show. But I guess stupid things like that have to happen once in a while."

We spoke for another minute or two. I told her that I had better be going and again told her how great an entertainer she was.

"You keep this work up," Sid Luft said and extended his hand.

"Thank you very much for the pictures. You're really very talented. They are just wonderful." She bowed her head and lifted it.

"Thanks. Next time I'll do you in oils. Goodbye."

"You do that, and come see me again." Judy turned and smiled. She suddenly looked tired.

Outside, people were lined up for a half-block, waiting to see Judy. I couldn't help thinking to myself: "Gosh, to them she's a movie star, but I know she's a person like anybody else."

Robert Semak
Detroit, Mich.



To fans, she's a movie star; to a reader, Judy Garland's a wonderful person

Anybody Wanna Fight? (Foreign Intrigue Department)

Dick Sheppard's article in the August issue—"What Has She Got That Hollywood Hasn't?"—caught my interest. But my interest stopped dead after the sentence "The appeal of the foreigner lies in the old adage about 'the grass being greener.'"

Don't swallow that bait! Start wondering why your GIs married foreign girls after 1945—and lived happily ever after. The reason is obvious to me.

The average American "grownup teenager" is deliriously egocentric and just a duplicate of "the girl next door." A row of glamorous, flavorless non-personalities is the recruiting material for new American stars.

That's where the difference is—in general.

Hans Lau
Nakskov, Denmark

In "What Has She Got That Hollywood Hasn't?" Dick Sheppard truly distorts the situation by proclaiming foreign actresses (Italian in particular) superior to our own.

First, let me say I realize there are many talented and attractive foreign stars, but our girls are by no means all "pigtails and jeans" as he says. All too often even superior American talent is constantly cast as the little pony-tailed puritan or the tight-dressed low-necklined silver blonde with poor lines (spoken, of course).

At one point Sheppard answers his own title question by naming some foreign talent that did *not* meet with success here. These girls, talented and attractive for the most part, were sometimes miscast. At any rate they didn't hold the public's fancy.

So what does the foreign group have that American actresses do not? I imagine the best answer is: "American film outfits squarely behind them and pushing them with the best possible roles." It's Hollywood's international search for what we have in great quantity and quality right here, under our very noses!

Robert Noggle
Yonkers, New York

Congratulations to Dick Sheppard and Photoplay for having the courage to print "What Has She Got That Hollywood Hasn't?"

American stars ought to realize they have a real fight on their hands with the foreign invaders.

There just aren't any new American actresses with the stature, the charm or the personality of old-timers like Joan Crawford, Bette Davis and Barbara Stanwyck—to name only a few. And the new actresses will never have the hold on the public these older stars have until they stop trying to be just like everyone else. I say more power to the foreign imports—they may force our girls to stop being assembly-line products!

L.W.B.
Shreveport, La.

Continued on page 14



This is an actual photograph of the hands of Mrs. Margaret Lane, Seattle, Wash. Only her right hand was treated with Jergens.

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READERS INC.

continued

New Man In Town

I have just seen Jerry Lewis' "The Delicate Delinquent" and I was overwhelmed by the acting ability of Robert Ivers. Please let us have some information about him—if possible, maybe even a picture published. I am sure many other readers feel as I do, because Robert Ivers is a very good actor. I would also like to compliment Photoplay for the help they give new actresses and actors.

MARILEE KNOX
Las Vegas, Nev.



"Thanks for the boost, Marilee!" said Bob when we showed him your letter. And in answer to your request and the dozens more we've received this month for information about Robert Ivers, herewith are a few facts, with Bob's assistance, about Bob:

Robert Ivers was born Robert Prestlein in Seattle, Washington. "My father was a rodeo circuit rider for a short time when I was a kid." This was the extent of Bob's show-business background.

When he was a teenager, he and his family moved to Tucson, Ariz., where Bob graduated from high school and later attended the University of Arizona on a scholarship, majoring in dramatic arts.

A Paramount talent scout saw him in the role of Jimmy *in a campus production of "The Rainmaker" in February, 1956, and suggested he send some film of himself and a voice-recording to the studio. "This I did," explains Bob, "but the film was unprocessed and arrived ruined. The studio lost track of me."*

A few months later Bob was playing stock in Arizona. Jane Loew, daughter of M-G-M executive Arthur Loew, saw Bob, took some film of him and sent it to her father in New York. Mr. Loew liked what he saw and asked Bob to go to Hollywood for a test.

"I arrived ahead of time for the interview," says Bob, "and dropped in to see a friend at Paramount. Before I knew quite what was going on, I was given a test and signed for a contract." Bob never did get across town to M-G-M. He phoned, though, and apologized. You'll be seeing him next as Kyle, *the ruthless killer in Paramount's "Short Cut to Hell," directed by Jimmy Cagney.*—Ed.

It's Flattery, But We Love It!

The August issue of Photoplay was the first of its kind! It's perfectly unique and will always be first on *my* list! I'm heartbroken that I didn't discover Photoplay until now. . . .

DONNA BIEWENGA
La Grange, Ill.

Continued on page 16

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Joan Collins



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Teenage Glamour

It has occurred to me that during the last three years, Hollywood has been aiming quite a bit of its glamour at teenagers. But it should be made clear to the individuals responsible for such so-called entertainment as "Rock, Rock, Rock," "Rock, Pretty Baby," "Don't Knock the Rock," and "Runaway Daughters" (to mention only a few) that teenagers can and do appreciate taste and culture in entertainment as well as in anything else. It is films of this sort which tend to present the teenager as a weak-minded, easily swayed, emotionally unstable individual—which is assuredly not true.

I am a teenager and am literally praying for more movies like "A Man Called Peter," "The Ten Commandments," "The Glenn Miller Story," and "Daddy Long Legs," to mention only a few. It is from movies like these that a teenager can gain real enjoyment and morale-building material.

GERALD MILONI
Omaha, Nebraska

Questions and Suggestions

I have read many variations as to Yul Brynner's birthplace, the most common being that he was born on an island off the coast of Siberia. Recently I read where he was born in Vladivostok, Russia. Could you please tell me which story is true?

ALICE SYROISHKO
Hamilton, Ontario, Canada

Anyone seen Sherlock Holmes?

I just read the book "Mrs. Mike," and I think it would make a wonderful movie.

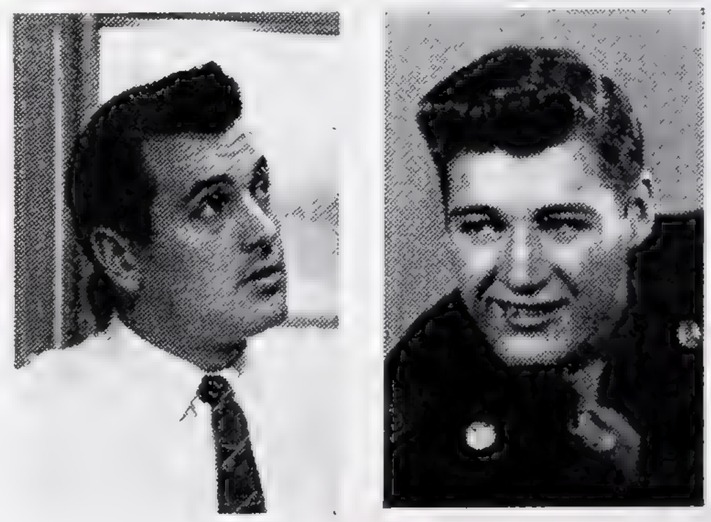
JILL REIDEMAN
North Canton, Ohio

It already has, as a 1950 United Artists release, starring Dick Powell and Evelyn Keyes.

Star Twins

Rock Hudson is the heartthrob of the nation. He is doubly so in my family, because my nephew is Rock Hudson made over. We never miss a Rock Hudson picture because Paul Nichols, my nephew, is his double.

G. B. WATSON
Houston, Texas



Reader Watson says nephew is carbon copy of Rock. What do you think?

Exclusively Yours

BY RADIE HARRIS

Dateline Europe—

Brandishing at Brando: When Marlon Brando scalded himself with a hot cup of tea in the cocktail bar of the "Prince de Galles" in Paris, while on location for "The Young Lions," the Hollywood gagsters immediately quipped, "Now they'll retitle the film 'Teahouse of the August Young Lion' or 'Fire Down Below!' " Poor Marlon! He didn't receive any sympathy from the French, either. "Whoever heard of anyone drinking tea at the cocktail hour in Paris?" they asked in amazement. "In London, yes—but in Paris, *c'est fou!*" (crazy, that is).

During Marlon's stay at the American Hospital, his great pal, Sam Gilman, came to visit his bedside. Sam had just bought a new camera, and he was as excited about it as a child with a new toy. Marlon, ordinarily a shy person, posed willingly enough as his first subject. Then just as Sam was all set to click the first picture, Marlon put a bedpan on his head, and popped a hard boiled egg into his mouth! Sam could have strangled him, but he couldn't help laughing, too.

Incidentally, Marlon, with his hair dyed blonde as the German soldier of "The Young Lions," was so unrecognizable to a great many people that a very funny incident took place on location. He was standing on the steps of Sacré Coeur when suddenly a little old French lady rushed at him and started to beat him on the chest with her purse, as she shouted in voluble French, "You German beast of a soldier! How dare you stand in front of this blessed, peaceful church, when you helped to destroy our peace here!" Fortunately, she was led quietly away before her "brandishing" sent Marlon back to the hospital.

Viva Vikings: Sitting with Kirk Douglas, his lovely wife, Anne, Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, at dinner in the dining room of the Grand Hotel in Dinard, a charming seaside resort on the north coast of Brittany, where I was Kirk and Anne's guest for a few days when they returned there for more location shooting on "The Vikings," the conversation veered around to the subject of picture making away from Hollywood. "Do you realize that of the last four Academy Award films, 'Anastasia' was made in London, 'On the Waterfront' and 'Marty' in New York, and 'Roman Holiday' in Rome?" observed Kirk. "Well, let's hope the trend continues, and the next winner is 'The Vikings,' shot in Norway, Dinard and Munich!" grinned Tony.

Remembering Tony, when he first arrived in Hollywood, and the trip out to New York, like a magic carpet to him, I asked him if he had ever dreamed of traveling in Europe when he was a poor youngster in the Bronx. And his answer was so typical of his candid memory of his early youth: "It never occurred to me to dream about going to Europe, because as far back as I can remember, my family was always scraping money together to bring some of our poor relations in Europe to America. And now that I am in the enviable position of being able to



Will "Vikings" be Oscar material? wonder Radie and Kirk



The Question: To play "Lions" scene Monty's way? . . .

Exclusively Yours

continued

travel abroad with Janet, the baby and a nurse, Mamma still wonders if I can afford it. 'Tony, are you saving your money?' is one of her favorite questions. The other is, 'Tony, are you well? Money and fame are good, but health is better!' " Tony is seeing that both his mother and father are sharing health, wealth and happiness with him. He has bought an apartment building in Hollywood with a lovely terrace apartment in it for them, and his father now manages it.

Big Scene: I didn't see Monty Clift before he took off for Strasbourg, but I'm told that while he was in Paris, he was his usual "lone wolf" self, secluding himself most of the time in his "Prince de Galles" suite. He and Marlon have only one scene together in "Young Lions," which is a great blessing to director Dmytryk, since their approach to a scene couldn't be at more variance. Can't wait to see whose interpretation Dmytryk uses.

Roman Holiday: Rome was "old home week" to everyone. Jeff Chandler ran into his favorite "Female on the Beach," Joan Crawford, and Joan ran into a sister alumna from her M-G-M days, Esther Williams. Decorating the lobby of the Grand Hotel was Rock Hudson's new leading lady, beautiful Cyd Charisse, who is co-starring with him in the U-I film, "Twilight of the Gods."

During Cyd and Tony Martin's brief stopover in Rome, I lunched with them. (Wouldn't you know that Cyd didn't gain a pound on the spaghetti we consumed, while I—well, "Slenderella" here I come!) Tony told me a most amusing story about his wife's winnings at the Sporting Club of Monte Carlo. "Cyd won $500, and because it immediately burned a hole in her pocket as soon as we arrived here, she and Jack Benny's equally 'economical' wife, Mary Livingston, went on a shopping spree together. Cyd came back with a little 'bijou' she had picked up for $2,500. Better she should have lost $500. Now I'm $2,000 out!"

My Fair Laddies: An American composer and lyricist were writing the score for a film in Paris, and they were put out of their hotel suite because some of the guests objected to the noise of a piano at night. This would not be a unique story if the composer and the lyricist didn't happen to be Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, who wrote "My Fair Lady," the fabulous musical Broadway success that most of these same guests would pay any amount of money to see when they come to New York. I hate to boast, but I have already seen it six times, so no one can accuse me of any ulterior motive when I predict that "Les Parisiennes," Alan and Fritz's first film together, will be the most creative and lovely musical ever to hit the screen. This isn't just an idle prophecy on my part. Happily, Alan and Fritz finally obtained a piano at the same hotel where I was staying in Paris; and on the day of my arrival, Fritz played the whole score for me while Alan read me the book and sang all the melodies. When this delightful interlude was over, I was so stimulated and excited, I felt as if I had downed a trayful of Martinis with a stinger chaser.

Continued on page 20



. . . or Marlon's? A tough choice for Director Dmytryk



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P

Exclusively Yours *continued*

Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Louis Jourdan, Eva Gabor and Hermione Gingold are the lucky stars to be cast in this "loverly" production, an adaptation from the play "Gigi." I lunched with Leslie, her husband Peter, and Louis. And had tea with ever-charming Maurice.

Eva Gabor, with whom I have endless phone conversations in New York and Hollywood, was another chum whom I caught up with when in Paris. She, too, was thrilled about being in "Parisiennes," especially since Cecil Beaton, who dressed her for the theater, has designed a breathtaking wardrobe for her. Naturally, we couldn't be in Paris without going to a fashion show, so we went to Pierre Balmain's, where we drooled over the divine creations. Eva ordered an exquisite ball gown for $1,000. Balmain confessed that it was breaking his heart to give it to her at this *special* price. "Well, it may be breaking your heart," retorted Eva, "but it is breaking my pocketbook!"



A costly shopping trip for Cyd; a free drink for Tony

Esther's "Eden": Esther Williams, who doesn't want to be a bathing beauty in films anymore, but does want to develop into a dramatic actress, has already given up swimsuits—for bikinis! She fell madly in love with this French and Italian beachwear that expose you more completely to the sun—and everyone else—while she was filming "Raw Wind in Eden," in a tiny coastal fishing village, Castiglione della Pascia, three hours north of Rome. Esther and her two co-stars, Jeff Chandler and Carlos Thompson, really roughed it in this primitive town, where there was no heat, no electricity and the plumbing was strictly a "do it yourself" problem.

Rendezvous with Carlos and Jeff: Esther had to come all the way to Rome to meet her two co-stars, Jeff Chandler and Carlos Thompson—and Lilli Palmer. Lilli flew from Germany to Castiglione della Pascia to visit the actor who has now changed her name from Mrs. Rex Harrison to Mrs. Carlos Thompson, and if she had gone to the North Pole and the South Pole she couldn't have come back with two more completely opposite personalities. Carlos, an Argentinian, is a brilliant linguist with a keen intellect like Lilli's. To while away the lonely hours away from her, when she was filming in Munich, he wrote a novel. He has already had two books published in South America. Lilli is perhaps the most important dramatic star in Germany today, and Carlos, who has now mastered German like a native, is building up a following playing opposite her.

Jeff Chandler had no problems of separation from his loved ones. His wife, Marjorie, and two young daughters, were with him, living in a huge castle they leased at Castiglione—with no heat, no electricity, etc., etc.! I never knew that Jeff had a hidden talent as a singer until he confided that, immediately on his return to the States, he was making an album of show tunes, and he hoped U-I would take the hint and put him in a musical! I had a drink with Jeff at Rome's most popular outdoor cafe, Doni's, and the Italian movie fans swooped down on him as if *they* were playing "Sons of Cochise." This is the picture they seem to have seen and like—*multo bene!*

Mario Magnifico: I couldn't say "Arrivederci, Roma," without seeing Mario Lanza who, coincidentally, is making a film called "Arrivederci, Roma." At least that's the Italian title. In America it will be called "Seven Hills of Rome." We lunched together at the Titanus Studios, where I had hoped to hear him sing one of the eight numbers he introduces in the film, but Mario had already

Continued on page 22

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Kerr-Seberg "mother-daughter" chat on "Tristesse" set

Exclusively Yours

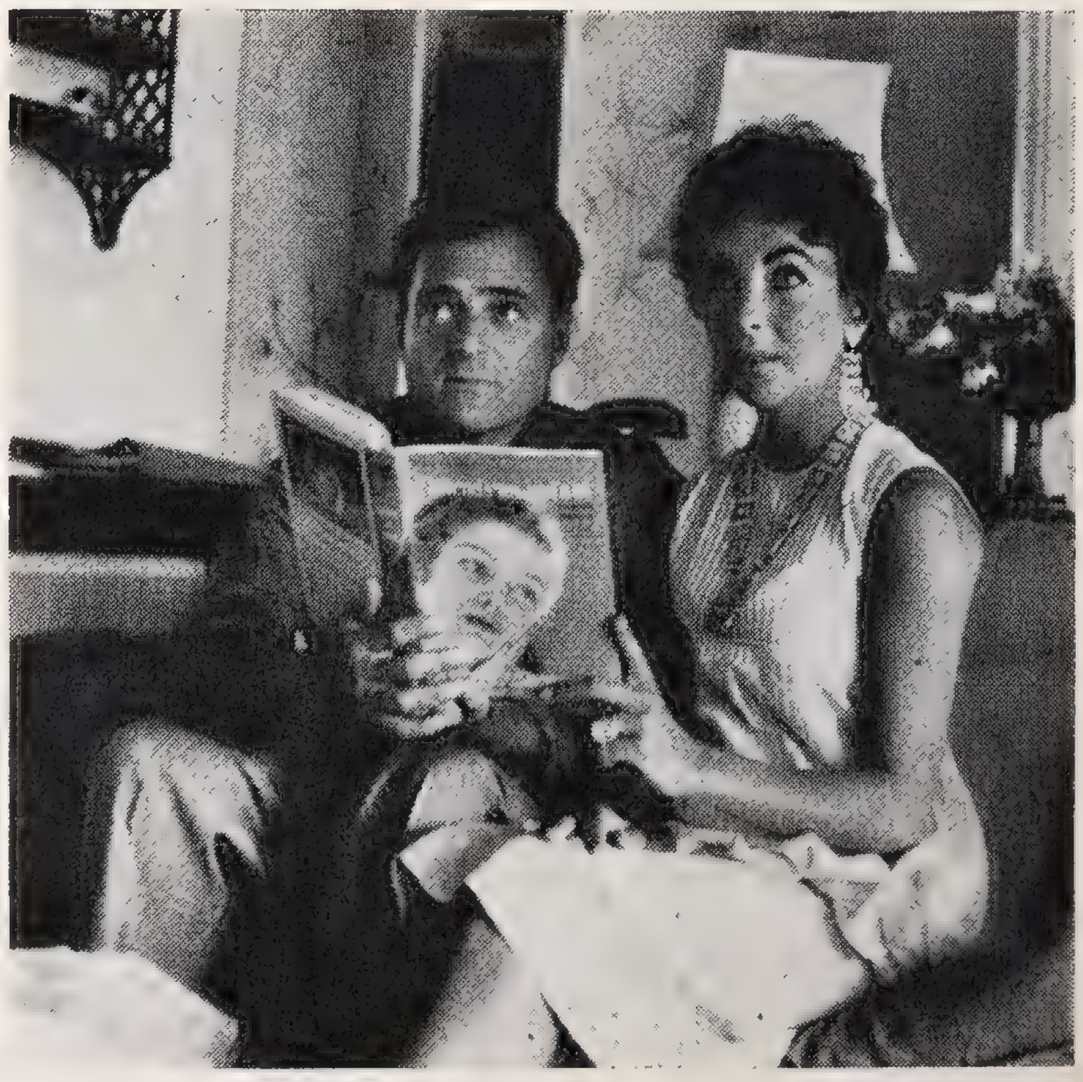
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recorded them in the record-breaking time of three four-hour sessions in the Pope's personal auditorium, the first time in Papal history that any outsider has ever been allowed to enter this sancta sanctorum. Lanza is an idol in Italy. When his boat landed in Naples, it required all the police force available to restrain the uncontrolled excited mobs, who consider him the greatest singer of Neapolitan songs in the world today. To all of Italy, he is their "Great Caruso." No wonder he has leased a villa here for two years, where he will base with his wife, Betty, and their four "bambinos," while he makes more pictures and recordings in addition to giving concert tours all over Europe. He's in wonderful form, literally as well as figuratively. He's down to 190 pounds and has never looked better, or seemed happier. "And he's a good boy," producer Jack Welsh and director Roy Rowland told me. "Never once late on the set, and wonderfully cooperative."

Bonjour, Paree: During my stay in Paris, I also caught up with my dear friend, Deborah Kerr, whom I also saw in London, and Jean Seberg. Deborah, who plays Jean's mother in "Bonjour Tristesse," didn't have any scenes to play until she reached location at San Tropez, so we were able to have a nice long, lingering gabfest over lunch at the Ritz. But Jean starts the picture in Paris, and so I went up to Montparnasse to watch her shoot her first scene, under the direction of Otto Preminger, who discovered her. I only wish Otto had launched her career with "Bonjour Tristesse," because she is so much more eminently suited to this young Francoise Sagan heroine. I'm sure there won't be any "burning" of critics this time, only praise for a matchless performance.

Acts of Todd: I've known Mike Todd a long time, and the longer I know him, the more fabulous he becomes. When they made him, they broke the mold, but then, as Elizabeth Taylor wisecracked, "I don't think the world is quite ready for another Mike Todd!"

For a week before "Around the World in 80 Days" opened in London, Mike had a balloon flown over the city, like the one that flies David Niven and Cantinflas in the film. A guest coming out of Claridge's, watching it float by, commented to the liveried doorman, "I guess that's some more of Mike Todd's showmanship for 'Around the World.'" Whereupon the doorman retorted, "I wouldn't know, m'lady, I thought it was an advertisement of some sort. But who is Mike Todd?" When this story was repeated to Mike, did he fire his army of press agents? He did not. Instead, he went around to Claridge's, found the doorman, who was unaware of his existence, and presented him with two opening night tickets at $150 each! Needless to say, from now on, the name Mike Todd will remain ever*green* in the doorman's memory!



Time for Liza's next feeding? Todds consult baby book

FINAL MARKETS
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The News Chronicle

NATION'S HEADLINE DAILY

Continued fair and warmer. Changing winds S.W. to N.E.

SECTION 1 — PAGE 1

VOTED BEST DRESSED WOMAN OF YEAR



Casual Elegance Keynotes New Collec

The most significant feature of the new fashions for winter is an air of casual elegance, underscored by a feeling of genuine comfort. Women slowly won't be confined by clothes that make unreasonable demands on their figures, or hamper their freedom in any way.

Significant of the new trend toward ease of movement is the latest development in bras by Maidenform. At last there's a bra on the market that satisfies fashion's most exacting requirements for high, rounded contours, while it releases the wearer from the pressures and tensions of ordinary bras. Smart women are planning to feature this bra in their fashion future. It's a born headline-maker.

New Silhouettes Are Relaxed

The continuing importance of the blouse is felt more strongly than ever this season. Combined with the casual fit of the new suits, the middy dress, and the plumbline sheath that falls straight-from-the-shoulder, this fashion has opened the way for a new era in undergarments. The accent is on a silhouette which remains effective even underneath the looser fashions. Since the cut of a dress can no longer be depended upon to enhance the bustline, a new kind of bra was required which could do the job on its own. And, the greater comfort of the relaxed fashions has resulted in a demand for action-free under-garments.

In response to these new requirements, Maidenform has created Concerto Tri-Line, a bra whose circular-stitched cups round the contour, and whose three-point straps offer an entirely new concept in comfort. These straps actually remove any trace of pressure from the shoulders, while they accent the outline of the contour. What is even more remarkable, the straps criss-cross in the center to make the bra cling where clingy counts, thus giving a really smooth separation.

Jackets Open Up . . . Blouses Put On A Bold Front

Chanel has made the influence of the thirties the starting point of the new look. Prominent in this Chanel influence is the strong return of blouses as a definite part of the ensemble. Suit jackets are worn open this year, and blouses are bursting forth in every fabric, both printed and plain.

The new emphasis on blouses focuses attention on another part of the wardrobe . . . the bra beneath the blouse. The beauty of the blouse is determined largely by the grace and contour of the figure that wears it. It has been found by stylists that the clear, curvy outline offered by Concerto Tri-Line, as well as the superior separation, best defines this season's blouse profile.

An important part of the relaxed silhouette is achieved with a new use of fabrics. Fabrics that flutter, fabrics that drape well are part of the plan to soften the silhouette. Chiffons, crepes, and fluid velvets are seen most often on collars and cuffs on afternoon dresses. Undergarments, too, have been influenced by the new trend. For example, Maidenform Concerto Tri-Line, although a functional bra in every respect, is delicately frosted with a flutter of lace to match the mold of the new fashions. It also goes particularly well with the fashions that feature ruffles or flchus over the bodice front. Ordinarily, these features might tend to make the figure look bulky, but Concerto Tri-Line's unusual straps tuck the bra to the figure smoothly, providing an ideal foil for all the frills a woman could wish for.

Soft Fabrics Are In Fashion This Season

There's a definite feeling for feminine touches, exemplified by the soft fichus on the new chiffon blouses, and the lace collars and cuffs on afternoon dresses. Undergarments, too, have been influenced by the new trend. For example, Maidenform Concerto Tri-Line, although a functional bra in every respect, is delicately frosted with a flutter of lace to match the mold of the new fashions. It also goes particularly well with the fashions that feature ruffles or fichus over the bodice front. Ordinarily, these features might tend to make the figure look bulky, but Concerto Tri-Line's unusual straps tuck the bra to the figure smoothly, providing an ideal foil for all the frills a woman could wish for.

Hand in hand with the liquid lines these new fabrics create, is a new development in brassieres. The soft, rounded contours of Maidenform Concerto Tri-Line have become a "must" among the best dressed women of two continents. They are thrilled to discover that the correct way to dress is also the comfortable way to dress, because Concerto Tri-Line's three-point straps remove every trace of tension from the shoulders, and the bra stays in place through-out. Especially enthusiastic about the no-nonsense design of Concerto Tri-Line. These girls-on-the-go really appreciate a bra that frees them from confinement.

The most significant feature of the new elegance, underscored by a feeling of genuine comfort, is the latest development in bras by Maidenform. At last there's a bra on the market that satisfies fashion's most exacting requirements for high, rounded contours, while it releases the wearer from the pressures and tensions of ordinary bras. Smart women are planning to feature this bra in their fashion future. It's a born headline-maker.

New Silhouettes Are Relaxed

The continuing importance of the blouse is felt more strongly than ever this season. Combined with the casual fit of the new suits, the middy dress and the plumbline sheath that falls straight-from-the-shoulder, this fashion has opened the way for a new era in undergarments. The accent is on a silhouette which remains effective even underneath the looser fashions. Since the cut of a dress can no longer be depended upon to enhance the bustline, a new kind of bra was required which could do the job on its own. And, the greater comfort of the relaxed fashions has resulted in a demand for action-free under-garments.

In response to these new requirements, Maidenform has created Concerto Tri-Line, a bra whose circular-stitched cups round the contour, and whose three-point straps offer an entirely new concept in comfort. These straps actually remove any trace of pressure from the shoulders, while they accent the outline of the contour. What is even more remarkable, the straps criss-cross in the center to make the bra cling where clingy counts, thus giving a really smooth separation.

Chanel has made the influence of the thirties the starting point of the new look. Prominent in this Chanel influence is the strong return of blouses as a definite part of the ensemble. Suit

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The Accent In Accessories . . . Strapped Shoes, Rope Jewelry

Fur-Trimmed Fashions Are Favored

Knits are such an important part of the new soft-fabric story, they deserve a section all to themselves. Knits have emerged on the fashion scene, after several seasons of growing success, in a more dramatic position than ever before. Now there are silk knits, ribbon knits, jeweled and furred knits for knits . . . in addition to the after five wear . . . in addition to the popular bulky knits, the shaggy Shetlands . . . the classic sweaters for day wear knits are now high fashion in everything from beach wear to dinner gowns . . . including suits and coats. Authorities are agreed that nothing sets off a knit fashion better than a Maidenform bra. The bra picked most often as perfect for the new knits is Concerto Tri-Line. Its rounded contour and carefree comfort seem created especially for the sweatered look. And the campus crowd, where the sweatered look has reigned supreme for years, is

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COSTUME BY JOHN FREDERICS

I dreamed I crashed the headlines in my *maidenform* bra

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LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

BEST ACTING: JAMES CAGNEY



"The Phantom of the Opera" killed them

Man of a Thousand Faces U-I, CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓✓ In a movie biography of unusually strong emotional substance, James Cagney does a yeoman job as the late Lon Chaney, top character star of the silents and early talkies. Chaney was known as a makeup artist, yet his own eloquently lined face reflected a deep human sadness. This movie suggests reasons, as Cagney portrays the son of deaf-mute parents (Celia Lovsky, Nolan Leary). His sympathy for people called "different" leads to his eventual triumph as a portrayer of grotesque characters. But his apprenticeship in movies sketches a history of Hollywood, starting as Jimmy plays target for custard pies in slapstick comedy. Dorothy Malone is effective as the brittle chorine who marries Jimmy—and recoils in horror from his parents' disability. The marriage breaks up in bitterness, the father finally taking custody of the baby son. Show-girl Jane Greer proves more understanding than Dorothy. Roger Smith as the grown son and Robert Evans, in his first role, as producer Irving Thalberg, also come across appealingly. FAMILY

A Man Escaped CONTINENTAL

✓✓✓✓ A powerful French film (titles in English) focuses on the eternally fascinating theme of escape from prison. It's classic in outline, though set in the ugliest period of modern times. As a French resistance fighter, Francois Leterrier is captured by the Nazis occupying his country. Condemned to death but left in suspense for endless months, he plans his getaway and works with incredible patience to unloose his cell door. Communications with frightened yet often courageous fellow prisoners are utterly touching. When the moment of escape is finally at hand, Leterrier finds himself stuck with a new cell-mate, a scared kid who may or may not be a Nazi spy. The story is based on fact, and it has the urgency of truth throughout. FAMILY

The Last Bridge UNION

✓✓✓✓ Extra interest centers on this German film (titles in English) because it stars Maria Schell, now working in Hollywood in "The Brothers Karamazov." A handsome, firm-featured blonde, Maria here portrays a nurse in the Nazi Army. Captured by Yugoslav partisans who seek medical care for their wounded, she is torn between loyalties: to her country and to her profession of healing. As a hearty guerilla leader, Bernard Wicki both distrusts and respects her, perhaps even loves her. It's an honest film, exposing the damage that war does to human souls, as well as bodies; and Maria shows acting ability to match her beauty. FAMILY

A Novel Affair CONTINENTAL; BLACK AND WHITE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓✓ Brilliant performances by Britain's Margaret Leighton and Ralph Richardson highlight a sparkling story-within-a-story film. Scientist crippled by polio, Richardson still manages to lead a pleasant suburban life with Margaret, his sensible wife. On the side, she writes popular romantic novels, and she gets new inspiration when Carlo Justini, a dashing young Italian, is hired as chauffeur. So she writes a book about a beautiful wife, a stern and disabled hus-

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓ GOOD
✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓ FAIR

band and an irresistible Italian Casanova. As the innocent chauffeur reads the manuscript, the movie goes into exuberant color and hilarious dead-pan parody of all such deadly triangles. Only trouble is, Carlo takes the book seriously and believes his boss's wife really loves him. Complications! ADULT

The Three Faces of Eve 20TH, CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓ An actual case history inspired this study of a schizophrenic, and the picture has the proper solidly realistic tone. Joanne Woodward plays the woman with the split personality, a subdued housewife in a Georgia town. She doesn't realize what happens to her when one of her blinding headaches occurs. At such times, or with less notice, *Eve White* turns into *Eve Black*, hard-drinking, man-chasing, contemptuous of husband and child. Strangely, the wicked alter ego knows all about the everyday life of the body she possesses—and is out to conquer and quench it. David Wayne does an expert job as Joanne's lunkhead of a husband, no help at all in her desperate crisis. But Lee J. Cobb offers serenity as her psychiatrist, and Ken Scott is attractive as a young man she meets after she has undergone treatment. ADULT

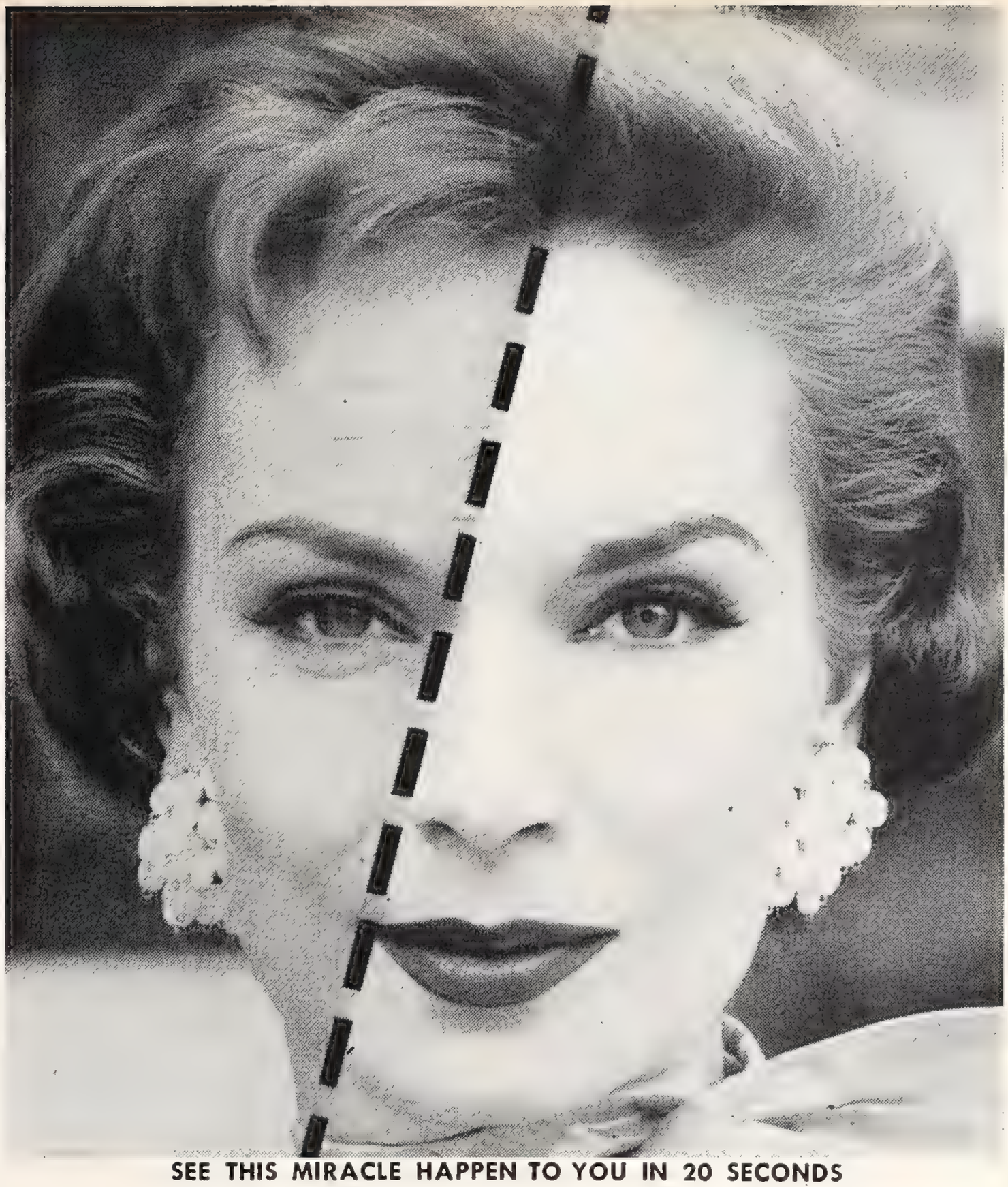
The Golden Virgin COLUMBIA

✓✓✓ Striking in appearance as ever, Joan Crawford gives another of her self-assured performances in a bitter story of a charity racket. But the delicate young beauty of Heather Sears dominates the picture. Heather plays a pitiable Irish girl, rendered deaf, blind and mute by a childhood accident. A wealthy tourist, Joan finds her maternal instincts roused by the girl's plight and devotes all her time and money to curing her. At least, she succeeds (with experienced help) in teaching Heather to speak. Willingly, the girl presents herself at rallies to raise money for others with the same affliction. And here Rossano Brazzi, as Joan's worthless estranged husband, enters the picture. He pretends love for his wife and genuine interest in her cause; actually, he just scents quick profits. ADULT

The Tin Star PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION

✓✓✓ A good, straightforward western gives Tony Perkins a likable role, with a minimum of soul-searching. As courageous young sheriff in a frontier town, he's confronted by gunmen with itchy trigger fingers—and citizens with too

continued



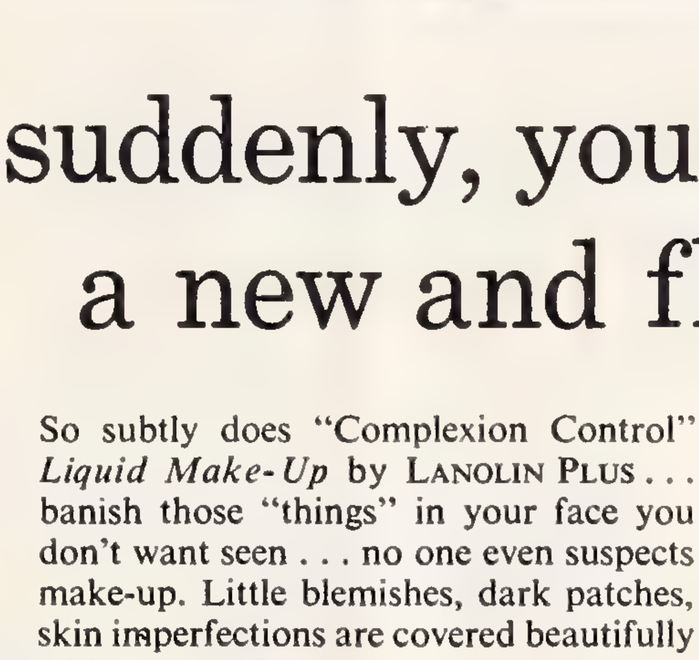
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P

MOVIES *continued*

ready a reach for the lynching rope. At first, Tony is convinced he can handle the situation on his own; he brushes aside advice offered by Henry Fonda, a mysterious drifter. But Tony eventually decides that the close-mouthed Fonda is an experienced law man, whose help is urgently needed. As a comely young widow, Betsy Palmer draws the attention of both men, and her small son (Michel Ray) insists on getting involved in the final fracas. FAMILY

The Sun Also Rises 20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ The Ernest Hemingway classic about World War I's "lost generation" has been well-cast, lavishly produced and adapted for the screen with commendable frankness. As an American veteran, Tyrone Power has suffered combat wounds that impair his manhood. Doing newspaper work after the war, he leads an aimless existence in exile, moving from France to Spain and back. His love for fellow American Ava Gardner is doomed to frustration, and she, returning it, leads a life hazed with liquor and decorated with many men. Among these are Mel Ferrer, a moody and humble sort, and Errol Flynn, forever-broke Britisher who hopes to marry her. After all the gags about his bravery in action pictures, Flynn turns to and gives a solid character performance, fooling his critics. Eddie Albert, as a pal of Ty's, lends a refreshing note of normality, and Bob Evans looks handsome as a matador who draws Ava's fancy. (See page 49.) In this day of the H-bomb, the characters' problems now seem pathetic, rather than tragic, but remain convincing. ADULT

Quantez U-I; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ Steady, quiet suspense, rather than lots of shooting, characterizes this efficient western. Fred MacMurray, longtime gunfighter who yearns to give up his trade, is among an outlaw group that holes up in a ghost town, eluding a posse but still haunted by threats of Apache warfare. As brutal leader of the gang, John Larch bullies Dorothy Malone, his illusionless girlfriend. Tension rises as she's defended by Fred, the gentle-mannered John Gavin and the enigmatic Sydney Chaplin, who's suspected of Indian sympathies, because of his upbringing as a child captive. The arrival of James Barton, as an ancient wanderer, brings on violence. FAMILY

No Sleep Till Dawn WARNERS; CINEMASCOPE, WARNERCOLOR

✓✓✓ Though Natalie Wood grows prettier film by film, though Karl Malden is at his sympathetic best, the roaring jets of our modern Air Force dominate this service picture. Natalie's handicapped by a sulky, generally unlovable role. As her dad, Karl is a sergeant dedicated to his task of keeping the imposing aircraft in top flying shape. Wife Marsha Hunt is proud of him, but Natalie is ashamed because he isn't an officer and resentful because he won't leave the service to take a better-paying civilian job. More family problems arise when Natalie falls in love with flyer Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., who drew Karl's hatred during an incident of the war in Korea. Eventually, both men are sent on a dangerous test flight for the Strategic Air Command. FAMILY

The Joker Is Wild PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION

✓✓✓✓ In the best film biography of a show-business personality since "Love Me or Leave Me," Frank Sinatra adeptly combines his known abilities as singer and actor, to portray Joe E. Lewis. Here we have no psychiatric searching into childhood backgrounds. Frank's problem is all too clear. In Chicago of the rowdy 'twenties, he insists on leaving a night club owned by mobster Ted De Corsia, to go to another owned by Harold Huber. As promised, De Corsia's hoodlums do a thorough smashing and carving job on Frank. He survives, but his singing voice is ruined. With the help of pal Eddie Albert, his accompanist, Frank stages a comeback as a comedian.

continued



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and

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Ann plays the piano-perched canary who made kids of the Jazz Age cry

Socialite Jeanne Crain loves him, trails him around the country, but finally must face the truth: He loves liquor and gambling more than he could any woman. Dancer Mitzi Gaynor is willing to take the plunge as his bride—and regrets her decision. In essence a sad story, it's so wittily dialogued and so filled with fine old tunes that it's consistently entertaining. ADULT

The Helen Morgan Story WARNERS, CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓ Sweet and wholesome Ann Blyth tosses herself with abandon into a role far removed from her own personality, playing the torch singer who electrified the jazz fans of the 'twenties with her high-pitched, tremolo blues on unhappy love. The film's story takes its cues from Helen's songs, rather than from her actual life. "Just My Bill"—that's Paul Newman, an arrogant carnie man who gives Ann her first show-business job and robs her of her virtue. She goes on to triumph on the Broadway stage, but she "Can't Help Lovin' That Man." Paul becomes a successful bootlegger; Ann thinks she's found a respectable type in lawyer Richard Carlson. Slight catch: Carlson has an equally respectable wife, who won't divorce him. And Paul keeps turning up in the picture, eventually driving Ann to drink. But sentiment overrides her degradation, and the fine songs carry the picture. ADULT

The Brothers Rico COLUMBIA

✓✓✓ Tough and tense, this story of organized crime presents some types not usually found in such bang-bang epics. Richard Conte looks on the rackets as simply a business and conceals his means of livelihood from wife Dianne Foster, who hopes to adopt a child. To the audience, it's soon apparent that Dick would be far from a model father in any agency's eyes. He has blandly given his younger brothers (Paul Picerni, James Darren) jobs in the organization. As the film opens, Darren has disappeared, vowing to go straight, and the top brass is gunning for this kid who knows too much. Conte sets out to find him before the gunmen do, in a painstaking routine of detective work that has an added impact in the hunter's agonized brotherly devotion. Though Darren comes on late in the film, he creates a strongly appealing character. So does Kathryn Grant, as his terrified young wife, soon to have a child. ADULT

Battle Hell DCA

✓✓✓ Richard Todd makes a doughty hero in a brisk, convincing action story, based on a true incident of 1949. The cold war suddenly turns mighty hot as Red Chinese guns open fire on a small British warship, peaceably sailing the Yangtze River. When rescue efforts fail, Todd is sent to take command of the stricken vessel, save as many of the men as he can, keep up the morale of the others—and bargain his ship out of its trap. For this, he must deal with Akim Tamiroff, the local Red commanding officer. The whole affair is like the present world situation in miniature, as Tamiroff keeps making promises, breaking them and repeating illogical demands that the British admit guilt. FAMILY

Pursuit of the Graf Spee RANK; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ The eye-filling spectacle of ships at war, rather than the human element, dominates this British film. Also based on fact, it returns to the very outset of World War II. Under the shrewd command of Peter Finch—the traditional gallant enemy—the German raider Graf Spee begins raising havoc with Allied shipping in the South Atlantic. John Gregson and Anthony Quayle are among officers on the British ships that stubbornly pursue the elusive killer; Bernard Lee is the captured commander of a British merchant ship. Navies of several nations cooperated to make the sea-battle scenes authentic; for instance, the redoubtable Graf Spee is portrayed by a United States heavy cruiser. FAMILY

The Roots HARRISON

✓✓✓ With no professional actors, this Mexican picture (titles in English) tells four stories of the Indian people whose ways are the deep foundation of our southern neighbor's culture. In "The Cows," a desperately poor young wife takes surprising means to help her husband and their baby. "Our Lady" exposes a naive anthropology student from the U. S. to the intimate, primitive life of Indian families deep in Yucatan. "One-Eyed" is a touching and ironic story of religious faith, centering on a little boy who is blind in one eye. And in "The Filly" a middle-aged archaeologist is overwhelmed by desire for a spirited Mexican maiden. Beautiful Alicia Del Lago, as the militant virgin, is the only member of the non-pro cast who has continued a film career. Done simply, the movie offers a fascinating picture of real people and scenes. ADULT

Johnny Trouble WARNERS

✓✓✓ A gentle and sweetly sentimental film stars Ethel Barrymore as an ancient widow who holds a lifetime lease on her apartment home. When the nearby college takes over the building for a men's dormitory, she serenely stays on, becoming honorary grandmother to her youthful neighbors. She takes a special interest in ex-marine Stuart Whitman—because he has the same name as her long-missing son, and she hopes wistfully that he may be her real grandson. Sprightly Carolyn Jones, college sweetie who develops a yen for domesticity after meeting Stuart, also arouses the old lady's concern. They're all a bunch of nice people, including Cecil Kellaway, as Miss Barrymore's former chauffeur and loyal friend, and Jesse White, as a bemused agent of the college. ADULT

The Unholy Wife U-I, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Touted as England's top pin-up girl, Diana Dors settles down and does a neat acting job in this well-plotted suspense story. For practical reasons, she has latched on to Rod Steiger, California vineyard owner. But she's eager to get rid of her husband after she meets Tom Tryon, hard-bitten rodeo rider. Her murder scheme goes awry; she shoots an innocent bystander—then plans to get rid of Rod by pinning the killing on him. In all her maneuverings, she's checked by Rod's brother, a priest (Arthur Franz). At times, Rod seems too much the new-style ham, Actors Studio brand. But Diana carries the picture. Naked of makeup, her pert little features are effective in framing prison scenes. ADULT

Woman of the River COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Real Italian backgrounds lend a note of realism to a sobby story about a peasant girl trapped in a hopeless love. Sophia Loren spurns the honest courtship of cop Gerard Oury, instead gives herself to a handsome smuggler (Rik Battaglia). About to have Rik's child, she informs on him. When he leaves jail, he goes vengefully for her, trailing her to the swamps where she works cutting cane to support her son. Though Sophia's acting is as admirable as her physical structure, the story is thin, held up by its interesting locales. ADULT

Black Patch WARNERS

✓✓ Unlike the usual, workmanlike George Montgomery western, this one tries hard to be offbeat, does achieve some distinction, but gets too wound up in plot and character complications. As an embittered Civil War vet, George faces involved problems on a frontier marshal's job. Leo Gordon, suspected of bank robbery, is a war buddy; Gordon's bride (Diane Brewster) is George's former sweetheart. Tom Pittman, as a gun-happy kid, and Sebastian Cabot, as a crooked saloonkeeper, harry the marshal further. FAMILY

Town on Trial COLUMBIA

✓✓ In a generally absorbing British-made mystery, Scotland Yard despatches hardworking John Mills to solve the murder of a small-town glamour babe. So many local reputations are involved that the citizens clam up in stubborn hostility against Mills. Even Charles Coburn, as a kindly doctor, and Barbara Bates, as a pretty nurse, aren't helpful at first. Mills' quest is urgent, because wild teenager Elizabeth Seal is a likely next victim for the killer. ADULT

The Devil's Hairpin PARAMOUNT, VISTAVISION

✓✓ The roar of racing cars promises excitement as one-time champ Cornel Wilde decides to try a comeback. His project saddens the loving Jean Wallace and infuriates his mother (strongly portrayed by Mary Astor)—for Cornel's rough tactics on the track caused the death of his kid brother. In the upcoming race, he must round the same dangerous curve where his brother died. FAMILY

The Spanish Gardener RANK; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ A slender, too-sweet story is overshadowed by the magnificent vistas of Spain, where Dirk Bogarde goes Latin to play an impossibly noble character. He serves as gardener to Michael Hordern, a rigid-minded Englishman. Hordern's tyranny crushes the life of his young son (Jon Whiteley), until Dirk offers the boy gentle friendship. In jealousy, the father allows the gardener to be framed on a theft charge. FAMILY

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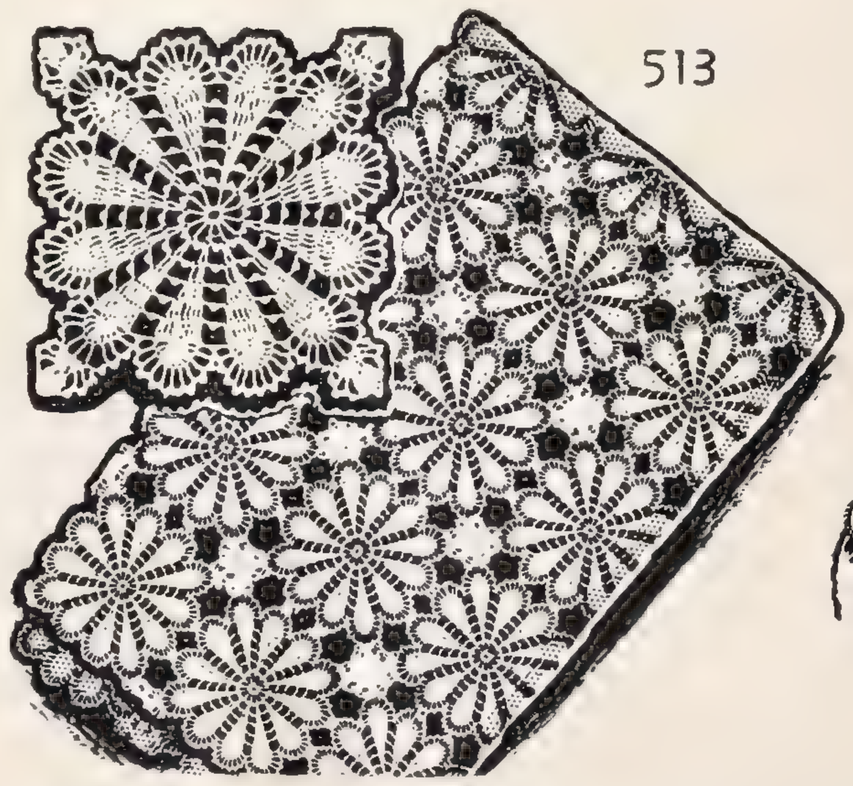
513—Each pretty square takes just a short time to crochet. Join squares for a scarf, tablecloth, bedspread. Crochet directions for 7-inch square

7312—Heirloom beauty—a picture in simplest embroidery stitches of Christ, the Good Shepherd. Transfer is 16 x 19 inches. Directions, color chart



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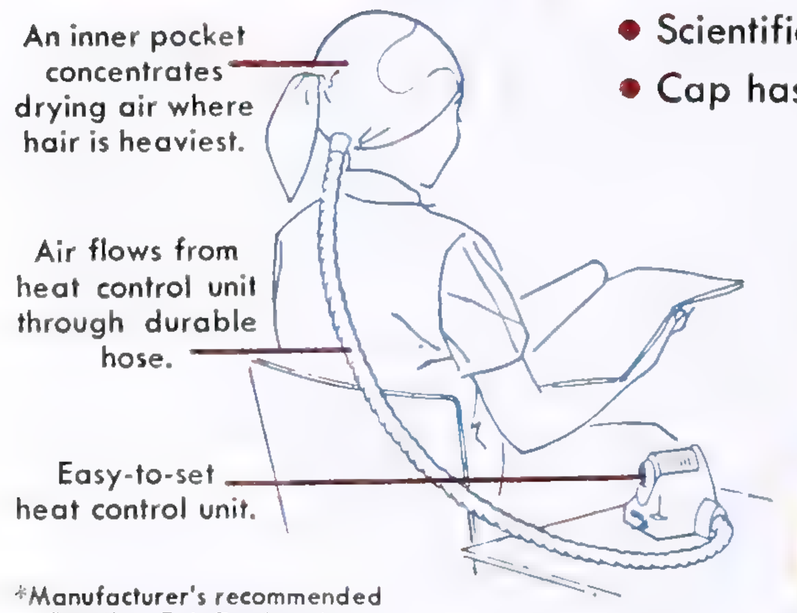
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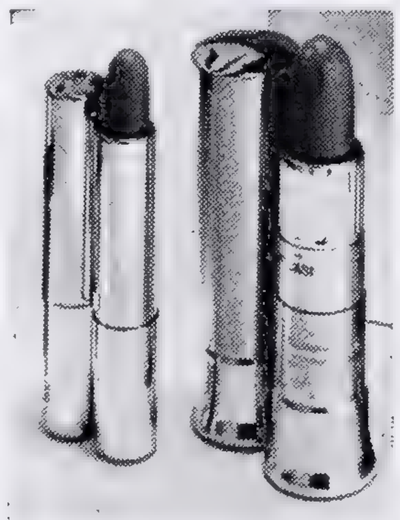
becoming attractions



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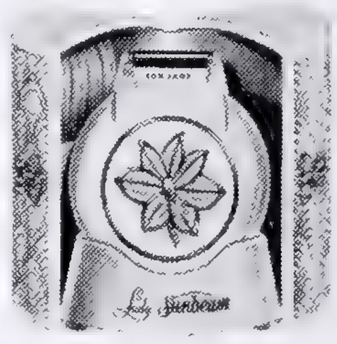
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E

A. *Bliss, new creme home permanent in a tube is designed to give speedy, long-lasting curls that need no resetting. Can be recapped and used again. $2.00**

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C. *Toni's Adorn hair spray is designed to spray on* before *you comb your hair, to help you style it while you comb. No stiff or dulling film. 7 ounces, $1.50**

D. *For this fall's glowing fashion colors: Dorothy Gray's brilliant, blue-tinged Royalty Red lipstick, $2.00* and Royalty Blue eye shadow stick, $1.25**

E. *Deluxe Lady Sunbeam Shavemaster is precision-designed to absorb vibration and suppress noise. Elegantly packaged, $17.95. Others, $15.95; $11.95*

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For beauty the modern way

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- ***Washes right out with your next shampoo!***
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There's *never* been hair color like DuBarry Color Glo! Not a rinse—not a color shampoo—but a whole new way to color your hair. This fabulous foam gives a new *color-lift* to every shade of hair under the sun!

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Choose from these newest, truest-to-life colors . . .

Golden Leopard *puts golden gleam in blonde hair, a twinkle in brown hair.*

Midnight Panther *deepens black hair to sparkling jet. Gives brown a velvety depth.*

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BLACK PATCH—Warners. Directed by Allen H. Miner: *Clay Morgan,* George Montgomery; *Helen Danner,* Diane Brewster; *Flytrap,* Tom Pittman; *Hank Danner,* Leo Gordon; *Holman,* House Peters, Jr.; *Kitty,* Lynn Cartwright; *Frenchy De'Vere,* Sebastian Cabot.

BROTHERS RICO, THE—Columbia. Directed by Phil Karlson: *Eddie Rico,* Richard Conte; *Alice Rico,* Dianne Foster; *Norah,* Kathryn Grant; *Sid Kubik,* Larry Gates; *Johnny Rico,* James Darren; *Mrs. Rico,* Argentina Brunetti; *Peter Malaks,* Lamont Johnson; *Mike Lamotta,* Harry Bellaver; *Gino Rico,* Paul Picerni.

DEVIL'S HAIRPIN, THE—Paramount. Directed by Cornel Wilde: *Nick,* Cornel Wilde; *Kelly,* Jean Wallace; *Rhinegold,* Arthur Franz; *Mrs. Jargin,* Mary Astor; *Doc,* Paul Fix.

GOLDEN VIRGIN, THE—Columbia. Directed by David Miller: *Margaret Landi,* Joan Crawford; *Carlo Landi,* Rossano Brazzi; *Esther Costello,* Heather Sears; *Harry Grant,* Lee Patterson; *Wenzel,* Ron Randell; *Mother Superior,* Fay Compton; *Paul Marchant,* John Loder; *Father Devlin,* Denis O'Dea.

HELEN MORGAN STORY, THE—Warners. Directed by Michael Curtiz: *Helen Morgan,* Ann Blyth; *Larry,* Paul Newman; *Wade,* Richard Carlson; *Whitey Krause,* Gene Evans; *Ben,* Alan King; *Dolly,* Cara Williams.

JOHNNY TROUBLE—Warners. Directed by John H. Auer: *Mrs. Chandler,* Ethel Barrymore; *Tom McKay,* Cecil Kellaway; *Julie,* Carolyn Jones; *Parsons,* Jesse White; *Phil,* Rand Harper; *Johnny,* Stuart Whitman; *Eddie,* Jack Larson.

JOKER IS WILD, THE—Paramount. Directed by Charles Vidor: *Joe E. Lewis,* Frank Sinatra; *Lettie,* Jeanne Crain; *Martha,* Mitzi Gaynor; *Austin,* Eddie Albert; *Swifty,* Jackie Coogan; *Parker,* Ted De Corsia; *Cassie,* Beverly Garland.

MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES—U-I. Directed by Joseph Pevney: *Lon Chaney,* James Cagney; *Cleva Chaney,* Dorothy Malone; *Hazel Chaney,* Jane Greer; *Gert,* Marjorie Rambeau; *Clarence Locan,* Jim Backus; *Creighton Chaney (4 yrs.),* Dennis Rush; *Creighton Chaney (8 yrs.),* Rickie Sorenson; *Creighton Chaney (13 yrs.),* Robert Lydon; *Creighton Chaney (19 yrs.),* Roger Smith.

NO SLEEP TILL DAWN—Warners. Directed by Gordon Douglas: *Lois Brennan,* Natalie Wood; *Sgt. Chuck Brennan,* Karl Malden; *Edith Brennan,* Marsha Hunt; *Col. Jim Herlihy,* Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.

NOVEL AFFAIR, A—Lion International. Directed by Muriel Box: *Professor Roger Winter, Sir Clement Hathaway,* Sir Ralph Richardson; *Judith Winter, Leonie Hathaway,* Margaret Leighton; *Emily, Betty,* Patricia Dainton; *Carlo, Mario,* Carlo Justini.

PURSUIT OF THE GRAF SPEE—Rank. Directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger: *Captain Bell,* John Gregson; *Commodore Harwood,* Anthony Quayle; *Captain Langsdorff,* Peter Finch; *Captain Dove,* Bernard Lee; *Captain Woodhouse,* Ian Hunter.

QUANTEZ—U-I. Directed by Harry Keller: *Gentry, John Coventry,* Fred MacMurray; *Chaney,* Dorothy Malone; *Minstrel,* James Barton; *Gato,* Sydney Chaplin; *Teach,* John Gavin; *Heller,* John Larch; *Delgadito,* Michael Ansara.

SPANISH GARDENER—Rank, Directed by Philip Leacock: *Jose,* Dirk Bogarde; *Nicholas Brande,* Jon Whiteley; *Harrington Brande,* Michael Hordern; *Garcia,* Cyril Cusack; *Maria,* Maureen Swanson; *Robert Burton,* Lyndon Brook.

SUN ALSO RISES, THE—20th. Directed by Henry King: *Jake Barnes,* Tyrone Power; *Lady Brett Ashley,* Ava Gardner; *Robert Cohn,* Mel Ferrer; *Mike Campbell,* Errol Flynn; *Bill Gorton,* Eddie Albert; *Count Mippipopolous,* Gregory Ratoff; *Georgette,* Juliette Greco; *Zizi,* Marcel Dalio; *Doctor,* Henry Daniell; *Harris,* Bob Cunningham; *The Girl,* Danik Patisson; *Romero,* Robert Evans.

THREE FACES OF EVE, THE—20th. Directed by Nunnally Johnson: *Eve,* Joanne Woodward; *Ralph White,* David Wayne; *Dr. Luther,* Lee J. Cobb; *Dr. Day,* Edwin Jerome; *Secretary,* Alena Murray; *Mrs. Black,* Nancy Kulp; *Mr. Black,* Douglas Spencer; *Bonnie,* Terry Ann Ross; *Earl,* Ken Scott.

UNHOLY WIFE, THE—U-I. Directed by John Farrow: *Phyllis Hochen,* Diana Dors; *Paul Hochen,* Rod Steiger; *San,* Tom Tryon; *Emma Hochen,* Beulah Bondi; *Gwen,* Marie Windsor; *Rev. Stephen Hochen,* Arthur Franz; *Ezra Benton,* Luis Van Rooten; *Gino Verdugo,* Joe De Santis; *Theresa,* Argentina Brunetti.

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. . . *Rita Hayworth*









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It does so much for your morale to wake up beautiful—ripe color on your lips! With Coty "24", the lipstick cleanses off at night but the color stays on. Your lips are soft, smooth... have that luscious moist-gleam, always bright and glistening. Coty "24" won't cake or splotch or feather. It creams on; never dries your lips. And from dawning to yawning, your lips are "alive" with color! Quick, quick...see for yourself.

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For a glamorous
hair spray, ask for
PERFUMED CURL-SET
—rich with true Coty perfumes.

HOLLYWOOD'S BIGGEST COMEBACK

We had to bring you this story. Because, from the hundreds of letters Photoplay has received, we know that it intrigues you as much as it does us. Because it is the biggest story in Hollywood today, and nothing like it has ever happened before. Because it is the story, not of one star's comeback, but of many stars'. Because, in drama, pathos, comedy, tragedy, thrills and surprises, it has never been equaled. (*continued*)

HOLLYWOOD'S BIGGEST COMEBACK

"Tell us about them!" you have begged. "What happened to them? Where are they now?" The great stars of yesterday have returned

Suddenly, they live again on your home screen: the eternally lovely face of Greta Garbo, the gay and lively charm of Carole Lombard, the dark magnetism of John Garfield. "It's fascinating to see Hollywood's history unrolled on your home screen," you've written us, and deluged our office with queries about the old-time stars and their movie classics. As TV fans, eyeing your sets in awe, you've proven you're still movie fans at heart. (In one typical week, viewers devoted 36.8 per cent of their TV time to old movies!) And, to a new generation—today's teens—stars are nightly being born anew.

"Please tell me about Greta Garbo, please," letters read. "I've asked my mother but she can't remember much."

"I just love Jean Arthur," wrote a Texas high-school student. "She's my ideal. Tell me, is she still acting?"

Photoplay staffers started tracking down the answers, became so intrigued that we ended up with this, the first of a two-part article. We enjoyed every minute we spent collecting the information—the time we called up Alice Faye; the day we talked with Cary Grant (who insists "there's not a kid on the block who takes me seriously since they've seen me whooping it up on TV"); the letter we received from Ronald Colman and the day we tracked Greta Garbo to the Museum of Modern Art, star-struck as we watched her viewing (*Continued on page* 100)

Do you remember? If you aren't sure, see page 108 for the names of players and films


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by DEE PHILLIPS

Are the current sexpots going too far? The girl who has plenty of smart angles for the girls with the sharp curves, Jane Russell, sounds off on . . .

The shape they're in

When Jane Russell tore herself away from her happy home grounds recently to go on a rare tour in connection with her latest picture, "The Fuzzy Pink Nightgown," reporters from coast to coast turned out joyfully, in full force. To eye the famous Russell figure? Sure. But also, for a reason the public doesn't know: Jane is one gal who can handle a loaded question the way a Yankee outfielder handles a hot ball.

Right off, one of the newshawks came up with a dilly: "What do *you* think of the new type of sultry, busty Italian actress, Miss Russell?"

Miss Russell fixed those big brown eyes upon him, and grinned. "New?" she drawled. "Do you remember a picture called 'The Outlaw'?"

That stopped him cold. Who but Jane Russell originated the earthy, dark-skinned, disheveled sex bomb who is currently scorching the screen anew in the curvy persons of Sophia Loren, Gina Lollobrigida and company? (*Continued on page* 115)



There's a reason why Jane has very great admiration for her biggest rival, Marilyn Monroe



Hailed as "a second Marilyn," Mamie Van Doren appears to be following Jane's advice



Jayne Mansfield admits she's learned to heed Jane's words of warning by bitter experience

KODACHROME BY DICK MILLER

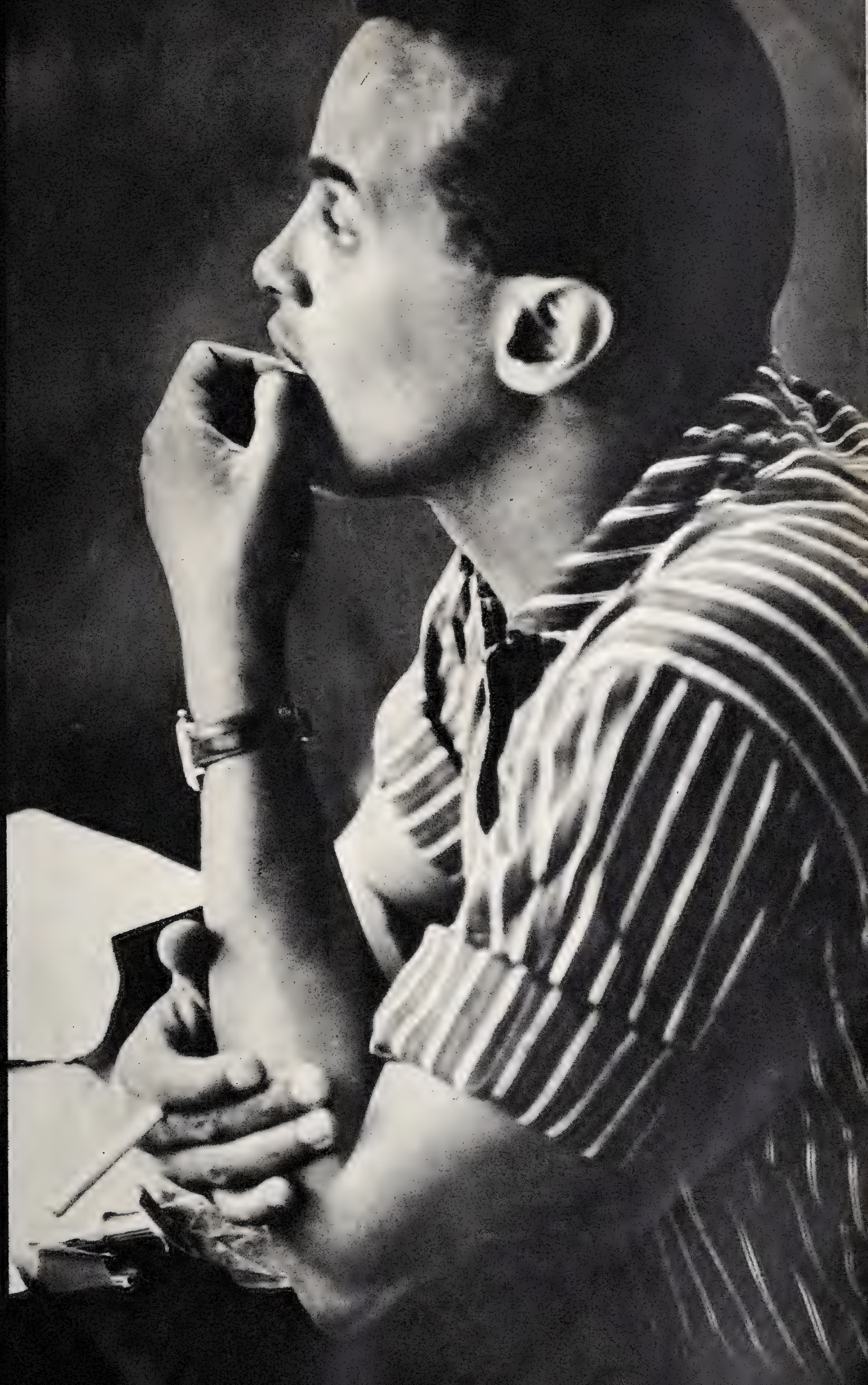


MIKE WALLACE CROSS-EXAMINES BELAFONTE



The hottest new personality on television today is Mike Wallace, who steams up millions of TViewers by putting celebrities on the hot seat on ABC-TV's "The Mike Wallace Interview." The hottest new figure in show business today is Harry Belafonte, whose performances and offstage statements are equally explosive. Photoplay is proud to bring the exclusive interview of this highly combustible combination to readers for the first time. Now, let's get on with the fireworks:

MIKE: Harry George Belafonte, Jr. has made a million twice, although he never got through high school. He has been called "the first Negro matinee idol." He is hailed as King of Calypso, a title he claims to loathe. In the "New York Mirror" on April 6th, he stated, "I'll never pose in one of those straw hats." The March 6th issue of "Downbeat" carried a picture of him, complete with straw hat, with an article titled, "The Responsibility of the Artist." He has been accused of being pretentious. He does not allow waiters to serve while he sings. Last February 28th he was divorced by his first wife, child psychologist Frances Marguerite Byrd, mother of his two children, Adrienne and Shari. On March 8th, he secretly married Julie Robinson, formerly the only white dancer with the Katharine Dunham troupe. He has been quoted as saying, "I have a great impatience with intolerance." Would you please explain. (*Continued on page* 113)





Robert Evans ...they're calling him "a return to the matinee idol"



On the set of "The Sun Also Rises," Bob, the actor, stunned Ava Gardner by saying casually, "Ava, you're wearing my pants." She laughed when he explained that he manufactured her slacks, said they're the only kind she wears and that she owns over a hundred pairs! At left, Bob, the business man, in his plush, modern New York showroom, with aspiring actress Jennifer Statler in Evan-Picone velvet cocktail slacks

A tall, impeccably dressed young man stepped out of the elevator into a plush Manhattan showroom. Crossing it, he entered his own luxurious offices. He opened the blinds on three walls, exposing a breath-taking Cinerama-view of New York's harbor. A ringing telephone on his long, walnut desk interrupted his thoughts. Quietly, he asked if Hollywood could be phoned back later. He said good morning to the smartly dressed woman who entered, carrying a swatch of brocade. "It's too heavy, don't you agree?" he asked the reporter just arriving to interview him. The young man was acting newcomer Bob Evans—a designer-executive who, as Pedro Romero in "The Sun Also Rises," has critics harking back twenty years to Ty Power to find a near-romantic comparison. (Interestingly, Ty also plays in "Sun.") In his twenties, lean, deeply tanned, ("He looks like a matador," wrote one newshen), Bob did not plan his movie career. "Norma Shearer is responsible," he explained. "She found me sitting at the Beverly Hills pool and coaxed me into testing and playing her late husband, Irving Thalberg, in 'Man of 1,000 Faces.' It was a great experience. No, I refused a contract. I had my business to get back to in New York." Plain facts were: It would cost Bob time, and time away from a multi-million-dollar business meant money. It was Darryl F. Zanuck, who, dining one evening at New York's El Morocco, caught a look at Bob and finally talked him into combining both careers, had him screen tested, signed (exclusively for two films a year) and reciting love to Ava Gardner in Mexico within a month. Upon release, the picture made Bob a romantic sensation overnight. Contrary to rumor, Bob is not Latin, but a New Yorker ("born, bred and matured there"), the son of a successful dentist and onetime concert pianist. He was, at 17, the youngest disc jockey in the country, had his own orchestra. Today, reputed to be a self-made millionaire, Bob politely evades the question: "A man does not discuss his bank account." Definite in his manner and ideas, he talks with easy assuredness, in a compelling voice ("I never learned to whisper") finely-trained by some eight years of radio experience as a child ("Every soap opera in the country, I've been on"). He knows what he likes: On his career: "It seemed fated—being discovered twice within months . . . It's challenging . . . Someday I'd love to play the part of a (*continued*)

KODACHROME BY LEO FRIEDMAN



Busy young man: Bob, in showroom

BOB EVANS, fashion designer: " . . . a woman shouldn't look vivid . . . she should look tailored and neat, that's the way she's most attractive and feminine"

young hood. On women, "I like them feminine. I like American girls. Some speak of foreign women as being more intriguing. I don't agree." On marriage: "I'm definitely interested." On his social life: "You might say it's dull right now. My business dominates it, especially with films. But I'm not a social person really—one for nightclubs, country-clubs. I like reading. Enjoy dancing —but at home. I've boxed since I was 15, like judo, tennis." On himself: "I'm not the All-American boy, I know that. I have no pretense. It's always best to know yourself and I know what I'm not. Yes, I'm emotional, lose my temper easily, am often too impatient." And what made Bob Evans a current heartthrob? A director recently summed it up: "Perfect timing. Girls were eager for romance and tired of getting it from the boy next door, which Bob is not."

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LEOMBRUNO-BODI JEWELRY BY LA TAUSCA SPERRY



"Our Bermuda shorts are shorter than most, more flattering because they don't accentuate knees." About $15



"I like the tapered look in slacks, vivid colored cocktail pants in rich fabrics." This tweed pair: $16.95



"Casual clothes are most becoming. I like a tailored look, nothing fancy or flowery." Above skirt about $15

You can wear these fashions, too. For store information write Merchandise Mgr., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

IS KIM GETTING MARRIED?

Has Kim Novak been charmed by the dashing Mario Bandini into deserting Hollywood and Mac Krim? Here's the inside story with exclusive photos by her secretary-companion, Norma Kasell

IS KIM GETTING MARRIED?

Kim was silent in the plane beside me. Saying nothing and yet saying everything—and I could feel tears that weren't there. All of Paris, a magic carpet of gaiety and romance, sparkled below us. But not for Kim.

Somewhere down there a train was taking Mario Bandini back to Rome, and Kim and I were on a plane headed for home.

I knew that she was enveloped in a misty world of her own thoughts. Of happiness remembered, and of farewells that had been said. The same quiet reflective world she had shared with Mario before leaving, in the Church Sacré Coeur. . . .

During their last hours together Kim and Mario had gone to Montmartre to see an artist, Gentilini, whose works Kim admires very much. And before going their separate ways, they'd climbed the long, beautiful flight of (*Continued on page* 110)



"As I watched them together when I took these offguard snapshots," says close friend Norma Kasell, "I had the feeling that Mario was introducing Kim to a life he wanted her to share just with him . . ."



"They dined in famous, but romantic restaurants in Rome. Mario always ordered for Kim—usually canelloni. She collected recipes!"

"No sooner did Kim mention that she admired the work of the artist Gentilini than Mario took her to see him. He turned out to be the wrong Gentilini —the other lives in Paris —but Kim went away with four of his paintings."





"At seven, Roman night life begins, and Mario was always there to pick Kim up in his car. It was wonderful, the way this man, so gentle and retiring by nature, became shy Kim's strong protector whenever the crowds mobbed her. And she loved it so!"

"Strolling hand-in-hand, they listened to street musicians play 'their song'— Carezzimo. They went to see the site where Mario, a wealthy engineer, is building a beautiful penthouse apartment. They won't admit it, but it could become their home."





"Best of all, they loved just being alone together. Their talks were long and serious—and too intimate to intrude upon. Mario is very proud of Kim's career. But is it too big an obstacle to love? They must decide this . . ."

Photoplay takes a peek inside the palace to get

the answer to the question everyone is asking—

IS GRACE



by JOSEF MANN

GETTING BORED?

People living along the Riviera call Monaco "le bijou"—the jewel. Clinging to the rocky mountainside above the sea, it sparkles and glows with color in the clear, warm sunshine. White, gleaming buildings spot the comparatively new town of Monte Carlo; soft, time-washed pastel-colored houses outline the older part, and everywhere the rich red-tile roofs catch the sunlight, adding gaiety.

There are brilliant flowers everywhere, too. Orange trees line some of the streets, palms and plane trees others. Balconies and window sills are filled with geraniums, petunias and rarer plants. Even the traffic islands in Monte Carlo are decorated with flowers. And the country sparkles with the cleanliness and loving care of its inhabitants.

The palace itself looks like a fairy-tale castle, sometimes a gloomily bewitched one. Perched atop sheer cliffs hundreds of feet above the sea, its fortress walls enclose it on all sides except that facing the broad square in front. The palace guards, in colorful uniforms, maintain a constant vigil from the red-and-white striped sentry boxes on either side of the great entrance through which only members of the Prince's family pass.

This is the land—Monaco—for which Grace Kelly gave up her throne in Hollywood, almost a year and a half ago, bringing with her marriage and the birth of Princess Caroline continued Monegasque independence. And what has this brought to Princess Grace? Is there a longing for the glamour of the past?



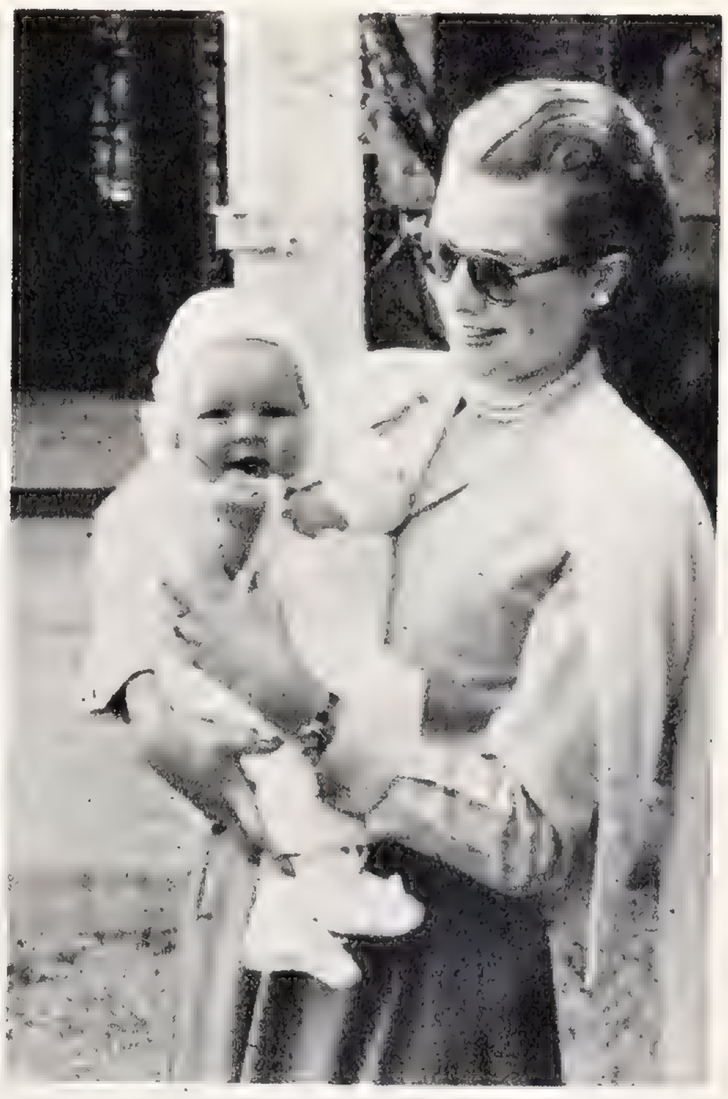
How does one raise a princess? Will little Caroline's laughter and play echo loneliness in the huge palace?

A tall, slender blonde woman stands at the window of a room —one of 200 in the Palace of Monaco. In her hand, she reads over and over again the question that, in her heart and in her mind, she must satisfy . . . a letter from the United States. Should she go back to that other life, even as briefly as the letter asks?

A discreet sound behind her and Princess Grace turns rather sharply to face one of the people, the responsibilities, she cannot escape: the majordomo asks her decision on a problem from the royal kitchen.

She turns her back on the softly closed door and to her more personal problem. People had predicted: "You will give up too much when you marry Prince Rainier. Your independence, your career, your stardom." She glanced down at the letter. Suddenly, the words loomed up at her: "*Would you be interested in making a movie, if it could be filmed in Monaco?*" Her mind darted back.

Just a few weeks before she was married, in April, 1956, Grace had talked enthusiastically about the possibility of doing another picture. (She had been slated for "Designing Woman"), and the proposal of a Broadway play. At almost the same time, over in Monaco and, apparently, without consulting her at all, Prince Rainier was announcing that it had (*Continued on page* 98)



"I don't look upon myself as a princess," Grace says. "I am the wife of a wonderful husband, and a mother"

by ALEX JOYCE

ELVIS

why can't he get married?

"I'd like to get married," says Elvis. For the first time, the girls he dates reveal why it's impossible for him to make his dream come true



From visit with Elvis in Memphis, latest flame, Venetia Stevenson, learned the truth about him

In a backstage dressing room, Elvis Presley slumped wearily on a couch. For a moment he sat, lost in thought, absent-mindedly rubbing the fingers of his right hand, stiff from signing autographs. Then he looked up at his cousin, Gene Smith, and grinned ruefully.

"Ain't I a sorry sight, Gene?" he said, fingering the big rents in his red satin shirt, the torn trouser leg.

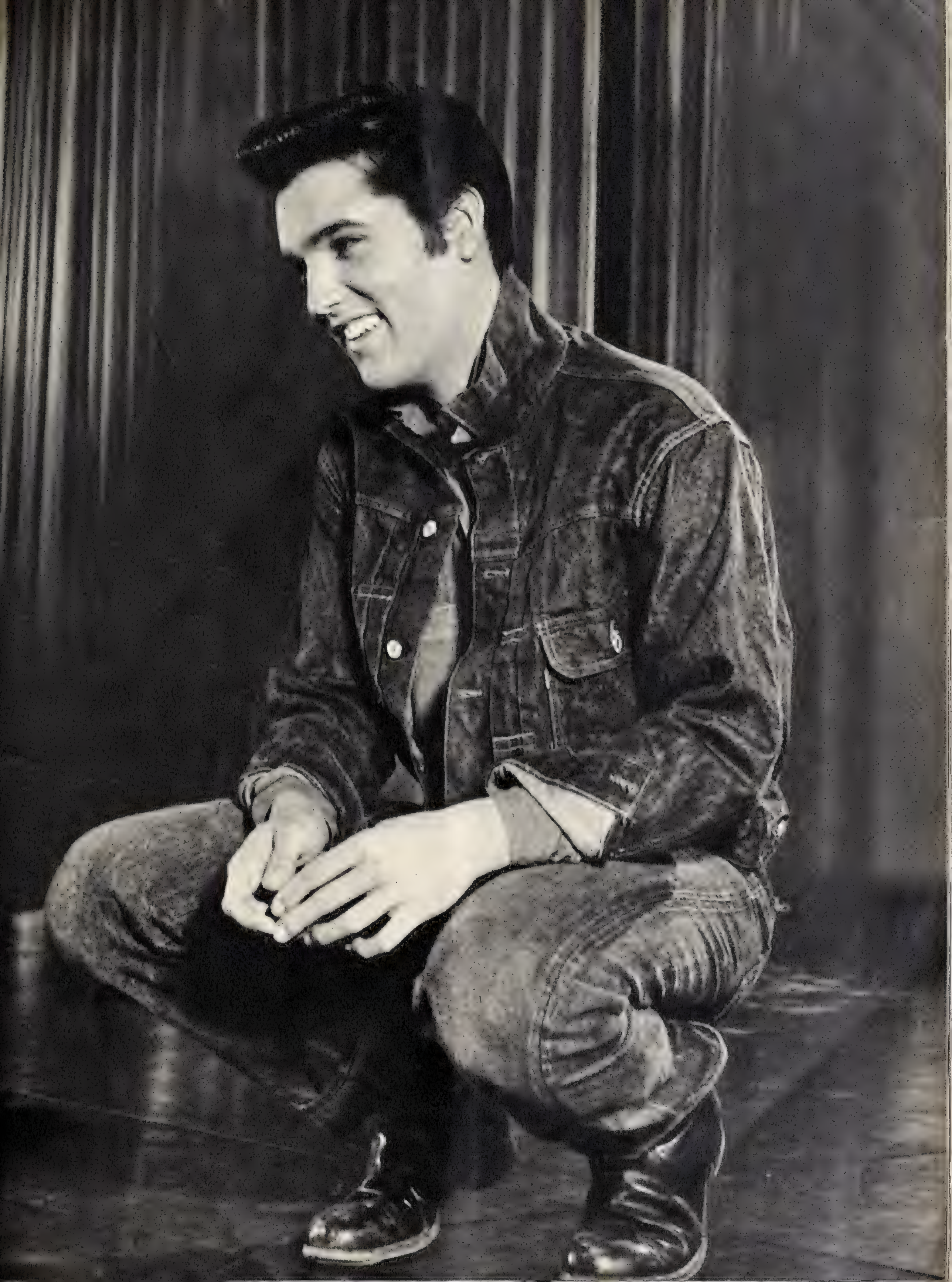
"Man, those little ol' gals sure go for you," said Gene.

"They don't mean any harm," said Elvis. "They're real nice kids, and they've been swell to me."

"Notice that pretty blonde, and the redhead?"

"Yeah, sure I noticed . . ." Suddenly, Elvis hit a pillow with a vicious punch, sending it flying across the room. "So what? Can I ask them for a date? Can I even get a little bit friendly?"

He put his head in his hands, and his voice trembled. "Everybody thinks this is such a great big ball, Gene. They ought to know what it feels like, to be in my shoes. If I even talk to a girl, I'm (*Continued on page* 104)



If anybody handed out Academy Awards for TV-*viewing, Ernest Borgnine could corral another Oscar for his mantelpiece. In Ernie's house, the big show is in front of the television set*

Where's the ample smile? Where's the imposing frontal elevation? Jayne Mansfield's forgotten the whole act during an air-borne snooze, and Gordon Scott's amused to see her caught candid

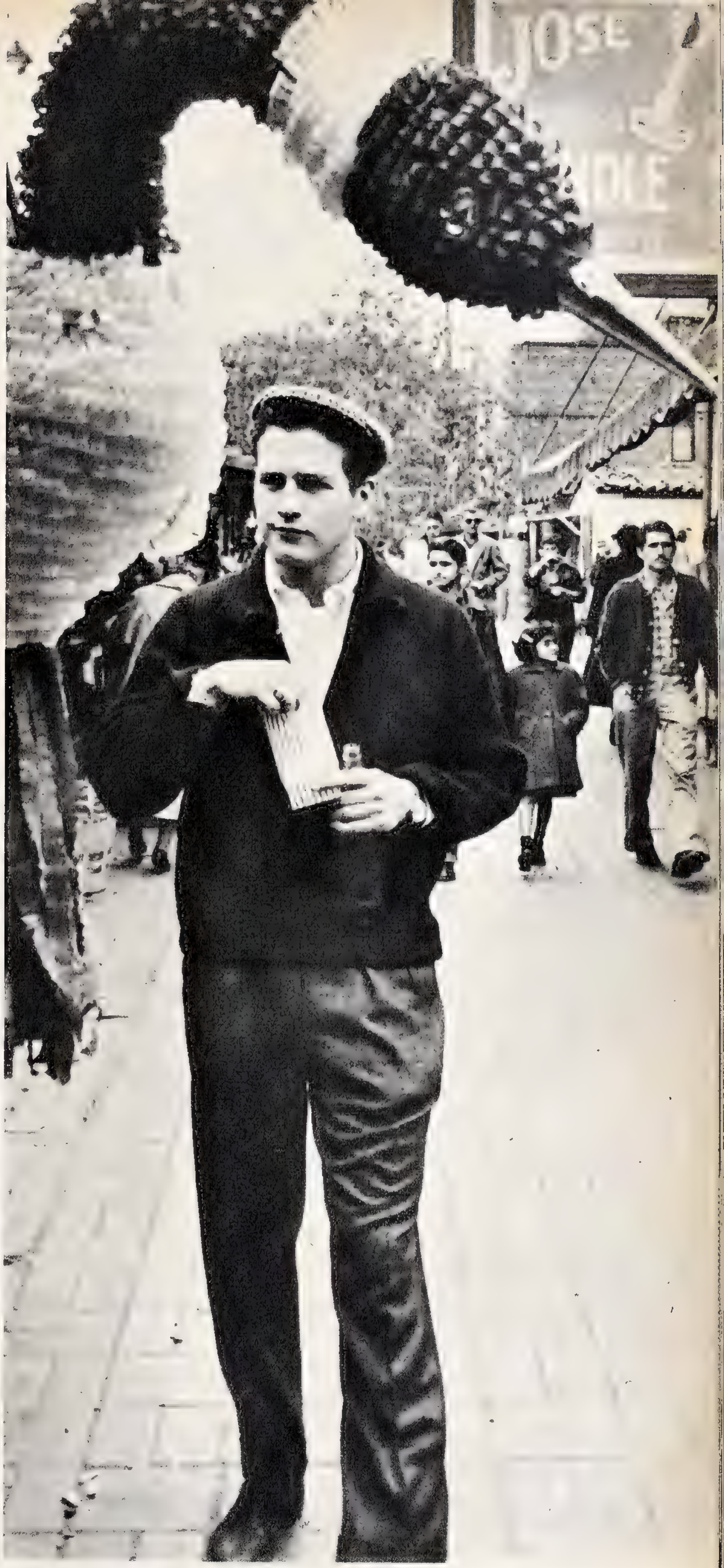




CAUGHT! OOPS! SNOOP SCOOPS!

Seems these movie stars are nothing but plain old people, just like us! So say Photoplay's offguard photos







Here's a sight-seer blandly munching a snack, playing tourist on Los Angeles' Olvera Street, Mexican section. He happens to be Paul Newman

Takes a lot of tweed to cover a torso the size of Jeff Chandler's. The shoulder bone's connected to the tail bone by a long reach of spine





The

There was a nip in the air that afternoon in late summer. A few dry leaves floated from the lacy trees along New York's East River, hinting of fall. A family of sea gulls swooped down on the water, picking up billsfull of crumbs and soaring high again. It was a good day to be alive, thought Cynthia Lemmon Robertson, as she gazed across the water, and pulled her sweater closer around her. The sun felt good. She was happy—happier than she could ever remember being. She was in love, and loved.

She laughed as she watched her husband, Cliff, a few feet away, trying hard to balance himself as he walked along a bench. She watched his boyish face and lanky frame for a moment—and then suddenly rushed over to him. Jumping down, Cliff ran to meet her, gathering her in his arms for a bear hug.

"I'll bet I do a better job of bench-balancing than you!" she cried, breaking away and jumping up on the bench herself. Stealthily, and with concentration, she scaled the narrow structure, leaning to one side and then the other, half a dozen times, amid Cliff's chidings and her own gales of (*Continued on page* 94)



by LAWRENCE J. QUIRK

Marriage to Cynthia has brought Cliff Robertson through

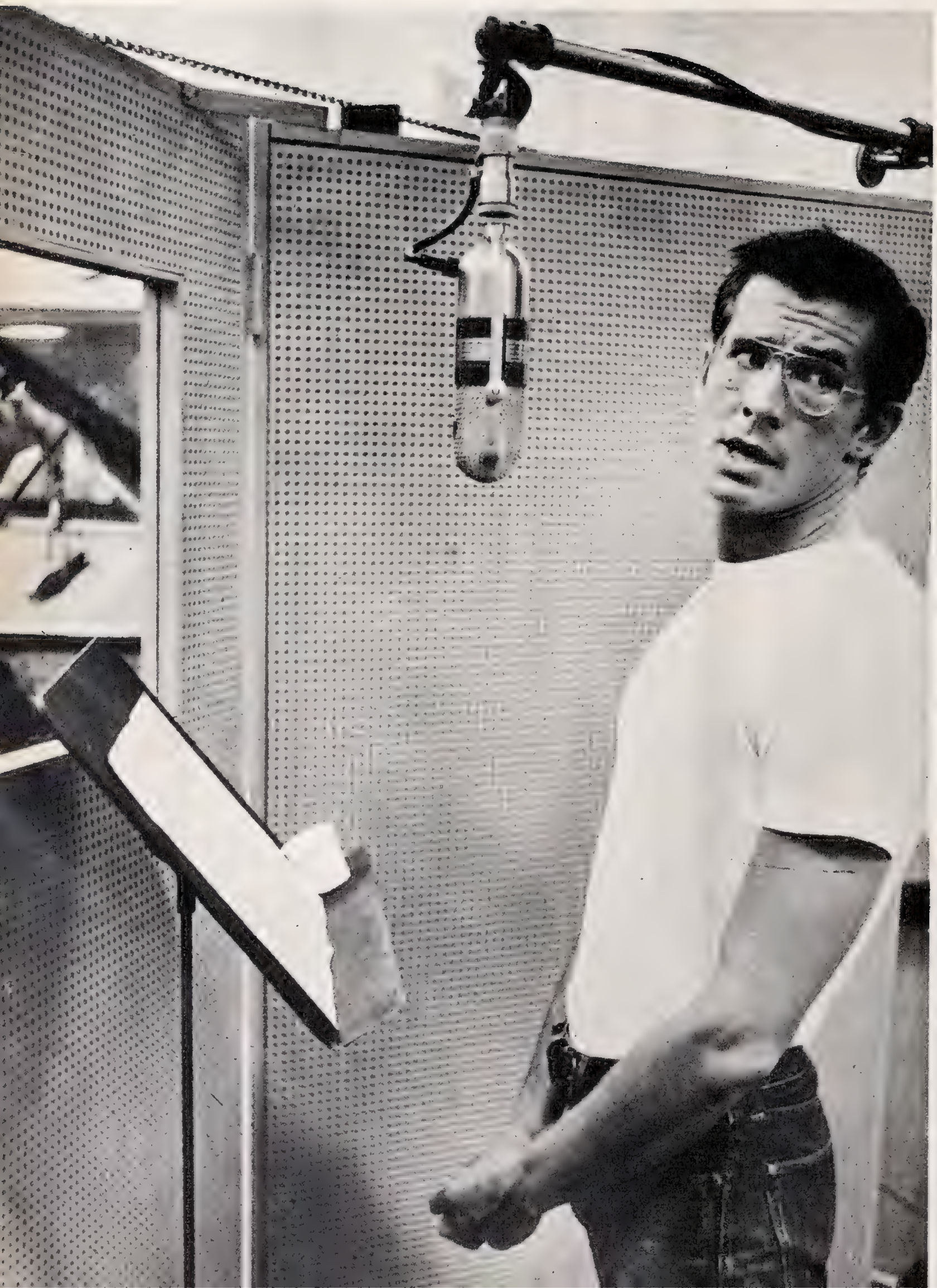
the torment and heartache of a long night's journey into day

Magic of Love



GOING AROUND IN CIRCLES





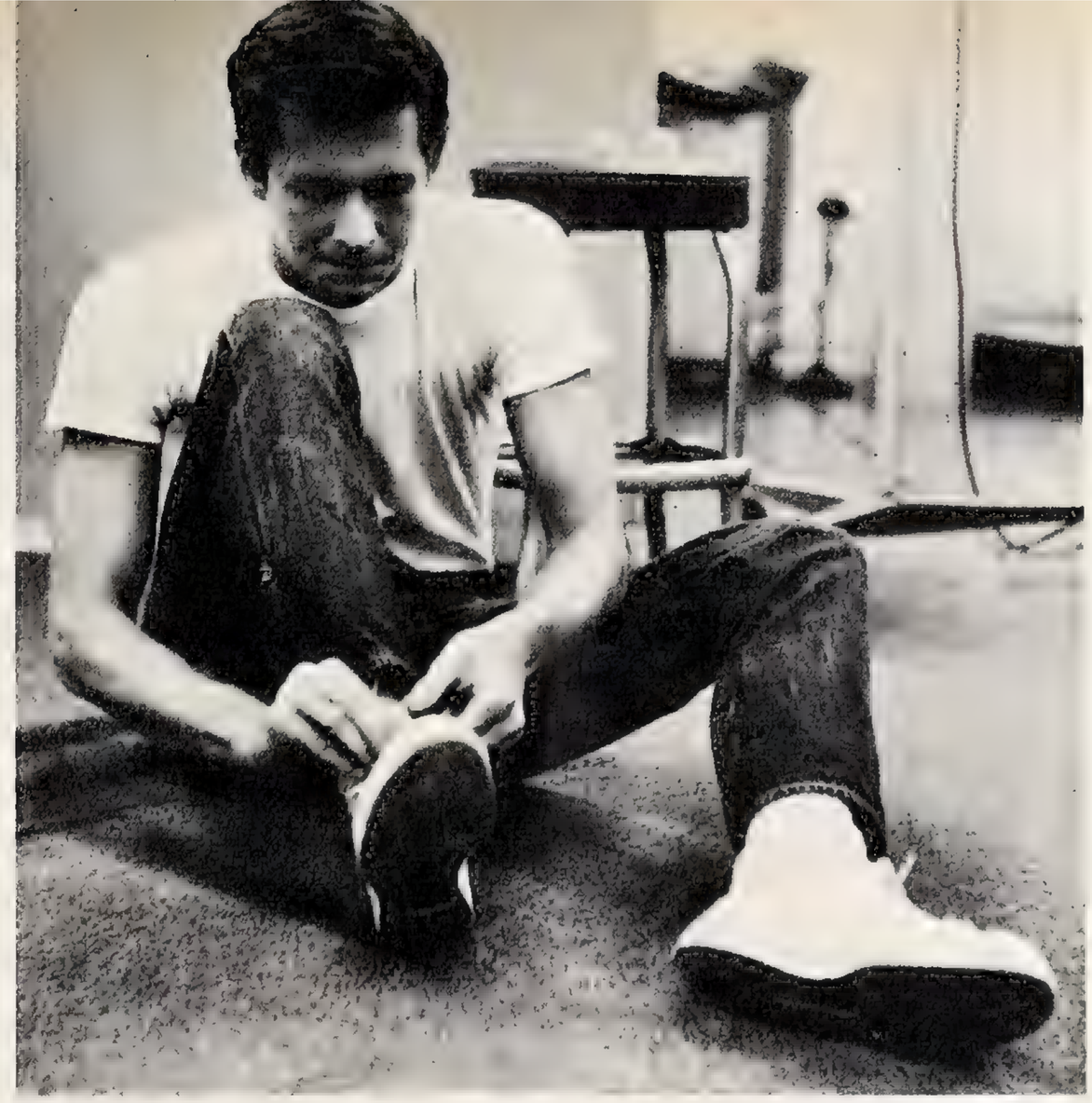
Well, we all have our little idiosyncrasies and Tony Perkins' is that he can't concentrate with shoes on. It took him three hours to record his latest album, "Tony Perkins," released this month, and he was utterly miserable until he unloaded the sneakers that have become his trademark. Once off, he wiggled his toes in delighted freedom and let loose with enthusiasm on such songs as "Accidents Will Happen," "This Time the Dream's on Me," in an untrained, yet cool, after-hours jazz-style all his own.

Friends Venetia Stevenson and Tab Hunter, who'd dropped in to sit on the sidelines, silently cheered him on. Venetia admitted afterward, "I was so nervous. I could hardly sit still." Tab kidded: "You may not be a Caruso, but it sounds good to me." But Tony, still tense, simply pushed his glasses on top of his head and stared at the man in the control booth, waiting for the final playback. He literally jumped straight into the air when given the signal that meant he could go over to the booth to hear himself. All through the session he was like a little boy, looking from one person to another for approval.

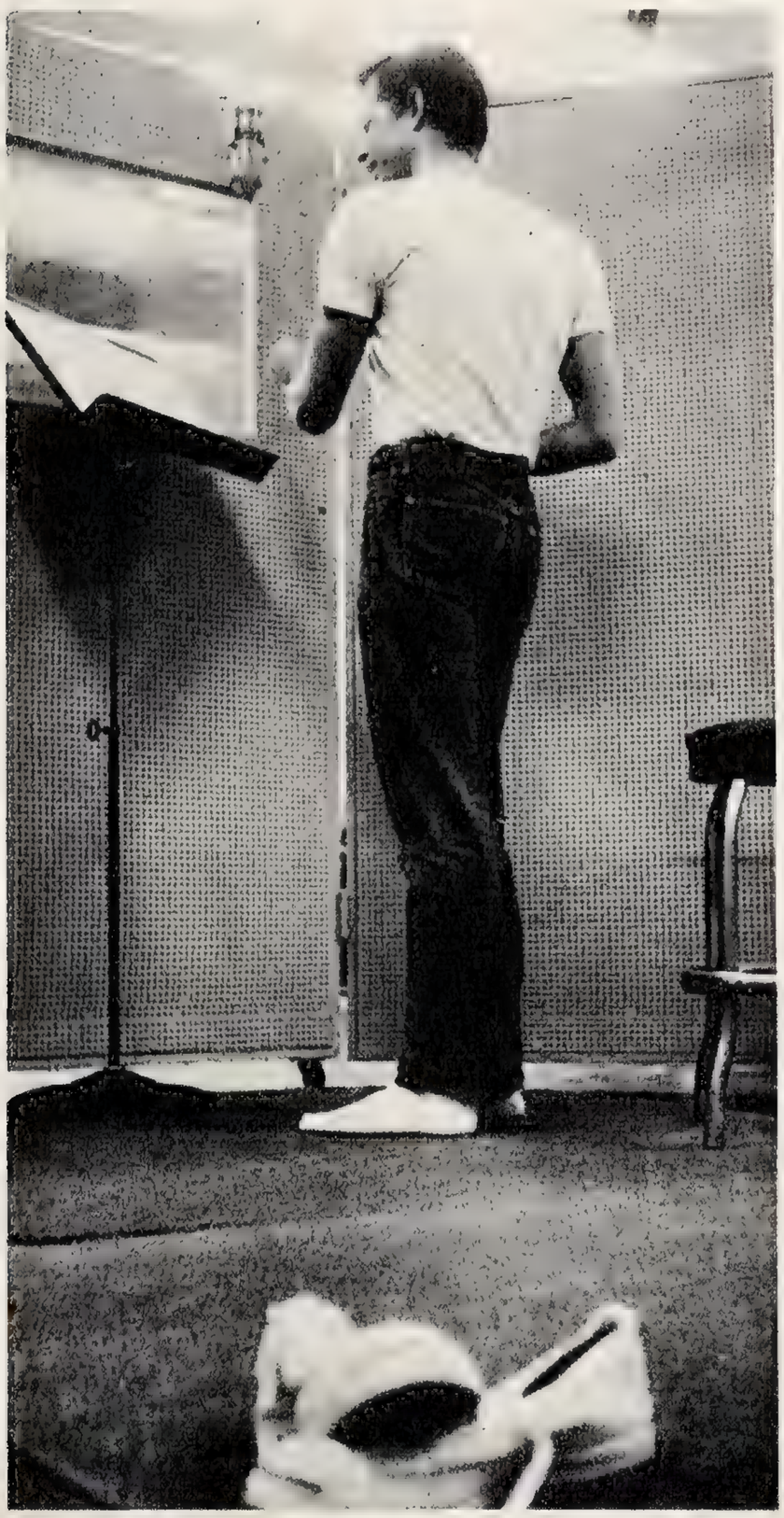
"Approval"—that's an important word in Tony's scheme of things. He has been called "basically insecure" and therefore in need of approval. Saddled with a fifteen-million-dollar investment by his studio, he must have fans and critics' approval to survive. In an effort to win the approbation he both wants and needs, some say Tony's biting off more than he can chew. So far there have been seven films in a row, TV shows, a Broadway play slated for this fall and now records. But we're betting, unlike the disc he's cutting above, Tony's future is destined for much more than going around in circles.

Looking over his shoulder, Tony frowns, then falters. As his voice dies away, somebody in the orchestra whispers: "Hey, what's the matter?"





Bouncing out of the recording booth with a sheepish expression on his face, Tony asks, "Hey, fellows, can you wait a minute? Nope, there's nothing wrong with my vocal cords, I'm having foot trouble." Loping back inside again, he carefully removes first the right sneaker, then the left; piles them in one corner, and at last is able to work





Perking comfortably, Tony ravels his baritone around a song. (Right)—Tired Tony hears a playback of "How Long Has This Been Going On!" ("an eternity," he sighs.)

She's kicking over the traces, flabbergasting her friends,

going wild on the set! All Hollywood is wondering—

can this be Jane Powell

You should've seen her on the set over at Universal the other day," a cameraman said to a grip in the M-G-M commissary. "In a word—Wow!"

"I've never seen such a change in anyone," an attractive woman whispered to a friend at Ciro's. "I've known her for years, and she isn't one bit like the girl she used to be."

"The way she talked up to me!" a movie mogul remarked, "I had to pinch myself to believe it was really happening."

What *is* this gossip all about? Jane Powell, that's what. Yes, sweet, demure little Janie, the girl who has never been associated with anything more exciting than puppy love and spring, has been setting Hollywood on its collective ear.

There must be reasons. Of course, everybody knows that Jane, during the past few years, has put a lot of distance between herself and that sticky-sweet adolescent she used to play on the screen. Today, she is a woman of twenty-eight, mother of three and a divorcée on her second marriage. So, why all the shouting *now*?

To find out, you have to give it the full treatment, a real Sherlock Holmes job—the kind that works over not only the lady herself, but the people close to her.

The change in Jane hits you as soon as you walk in the door of her Pacific Palisades home. Gone are the ruffles, the chintz and Early American maple that Jane used to dote on. In their place is a living room right out of the House of Tomorrow. Not large and pretentious, mind you. But, oh, so *modern*.

A wall-length window looks out upon the patio. Walls and rugs are beige, and a twenty-foot contour divan overflows with red, blue and white pillows. Of course, there's a grand piano. A beautiful turquoise seat with gold legs and a red pillow, large black coffee table, beige drapes and a black-and-white marble fireplace complete the picture.

In comes Jane. No ruffles on *her*, either. She (*Continued on page* 96)

by CARL CLEMENT









When Vince Romaine first applied beard, Janet and Tony were dubious. Tony asked us, "Will the fans like me in it?"

TONY GETS THE BRUSH

Tony Curtis not only gets a change of pace for the upcoming four-million-dollar production "The Vikings," but a change of face too. Laid in the non-safety-razor days of Tenth Century Scandinavia and filmed almost entirely in the breathtaking fjords of Norway, the movie requires all the male leads—including Tony, Kirk Douglas and Ernest Borgnine—to wear beards.

Tony started growing his own so that eventually he could discard the fabulous fake created by Buddy Westmore. But nature takes time and, until the real thing came along, Tony had his chin thatched. Nature finally came through, saving the studio $3,600 and 35 working days.

His wife and "Viking" co-star Janet Leigh kibitzed the job shown here. In the space of thirty minutes she counted seven studio passersby who referred to Tony as "Trader Horn," five who mistook him for Gabby Hayes and two who swore he was Monty Woolley, all of which left Janet unconcerned. Her comment: "*I* know who he is!"



Tony's beard was held on with spirit gum. "It stiffened my face so that I could hardly eat." Janet, who seemed to be against it at first, later said: "I couldn't see *Tony wearing one, but now I really like it. It gives him a certain—maturity"*

NOLAN PATTERSON

by JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

the man nobody knows

Cheers and jeers, praise and panning,

distortion and lies have obscured

Frank Sinatra beyond recognition.

Here is the unvarnished truth

He has a hair-trigger temper.

He loves chocolate bars, but hates chocolate malts. He owns a taxicab company in Philly and is perpetually torn between passionate loyalties and sudden disillusionments.

Today he is considered the most consistent record-album seller in the business, after nearly hitting bottom in 1951.

He can't stand ashtrays with butts in them.

He weighed thirteen-and-a-half pounds at birth. During the filming of Columbia's "Pal Joey," in which Rita Hayworth and Kim Novak scrap for his affections, he observed: "The less clothes girls put on, the more chance they have of losing a man."

He is the most controversial figure in show business today.

He has a strong aversion to dirty money.

He's a restless sleeper and a restless liver.

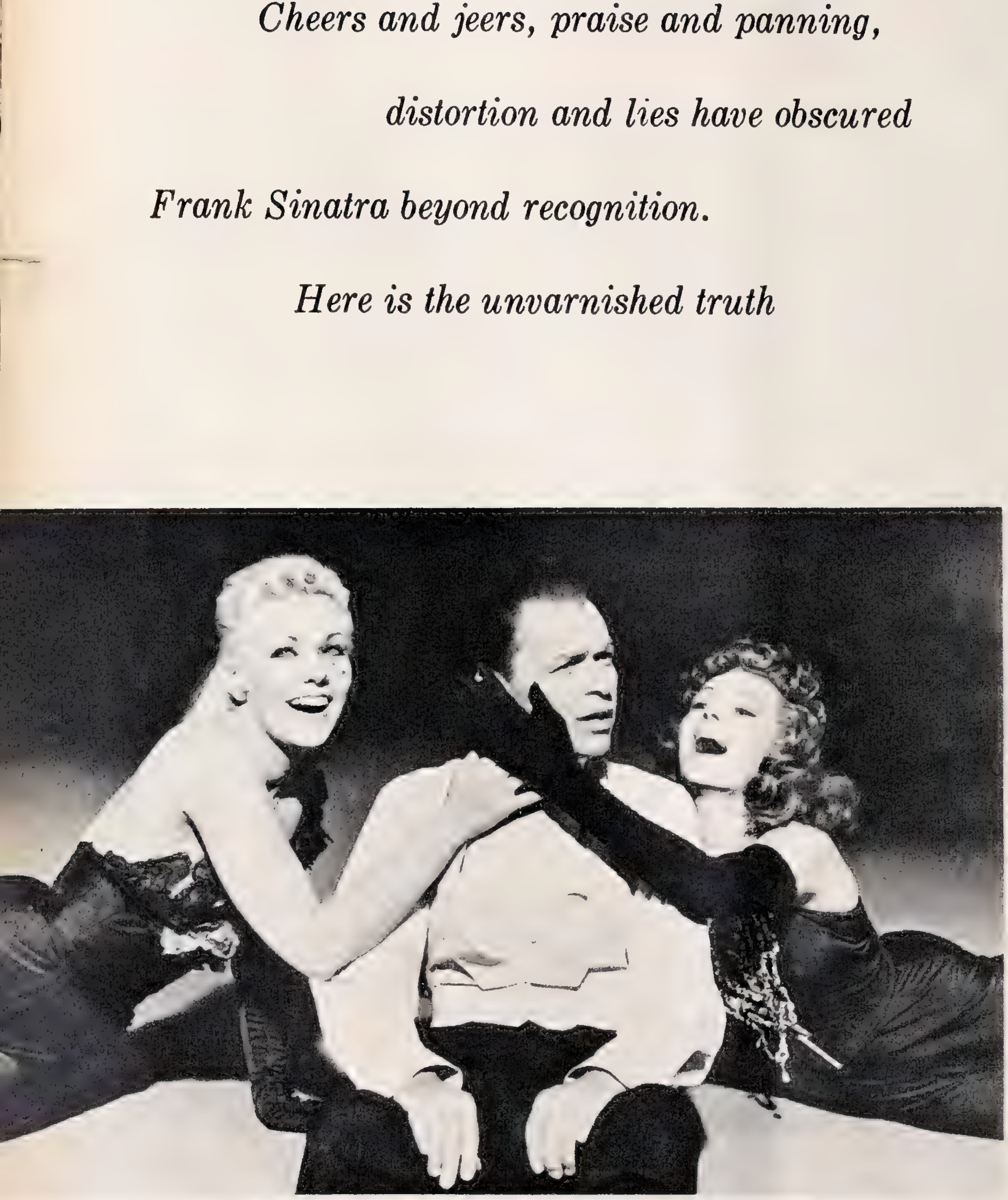
He has been known to make a transatlantic call merely to place a bet. His generosity is as monumental as his outbursts of anger.

His name is Francis Albert Sinatra.

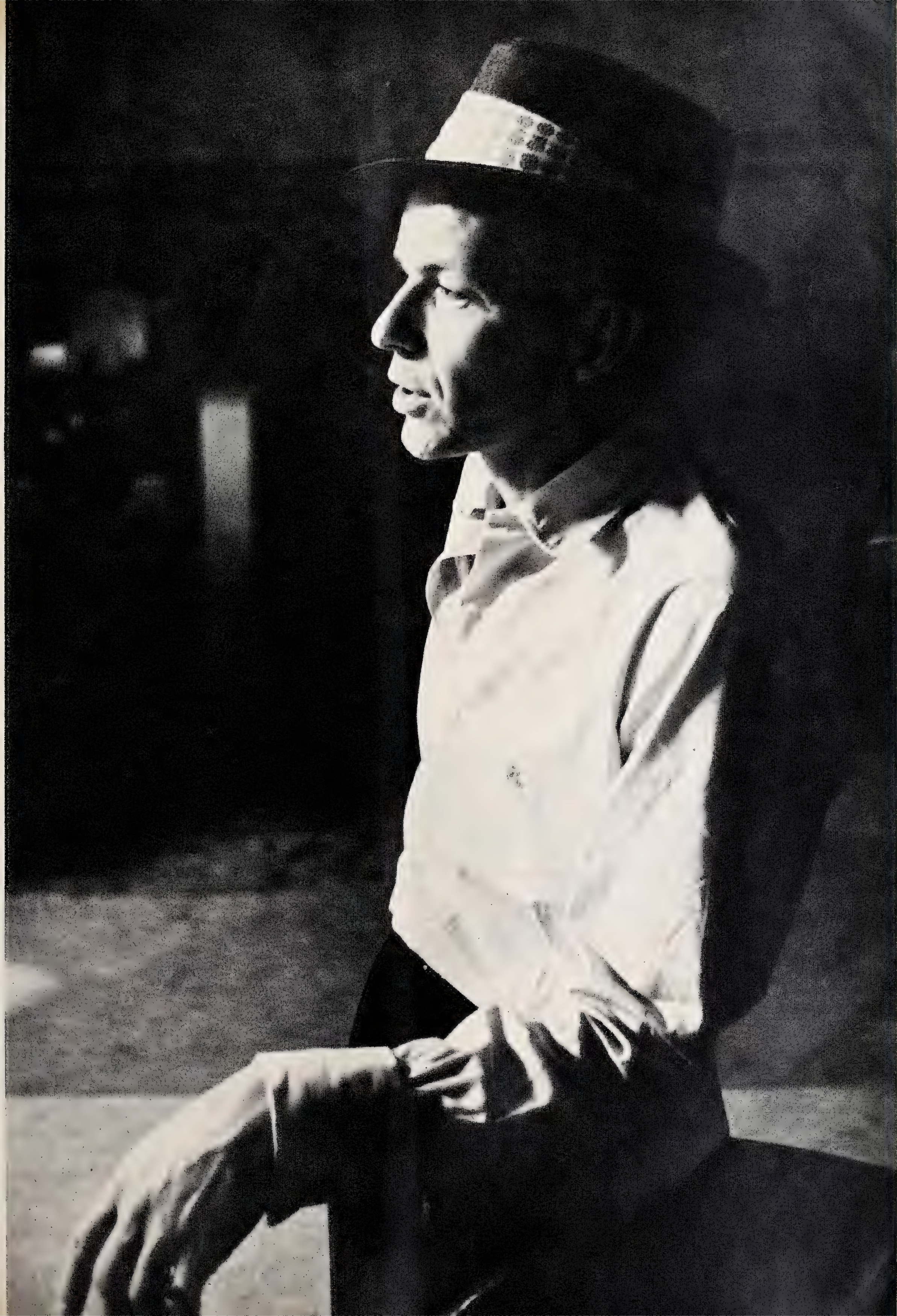
He met his first wife, Nancy Barbato, in 1935, when he was nineteen and she, sixteen. He was singing for two dollars a night at local lodge meetings.

He has made millions and tossed it away.

He does (*Continued on page* 92)



Onscreen in "Pal Joey," Kim Novak and Rita Hayworth react to Frankie as the ladies always do. But since divorce from Ava Gardner, he's still fancy-free





by JOHN MAYNARD

What's wrong with me

Joan Collins is battling the biggest problem of her career. After you've read this unusually frank interview, you'll be rooting for her—as we are now

Four years ago, a young, unknown British actress named Joan Collins stepped off a giant Constellation airliner at Los Angeles International Airport with a 20th-Century Fox contract in one pocket and a ticket to Hollywood in another. She had all the trimmings to make a star—so the predictions went: good looks, talent, youth, and, what's more, a series of top productions scheduled for her.

She went immediately into a film. Her first, a colorful period piece called "The Virgin Queen," had her co-starring with pro Bette Davis. However, while it showed her as attractively feminine, it hid her acting talents behind an only fair swashbuckling plot. Her second, "The Girl on the Red Velvet Swing," was touted beforehand, and as the biography of Ziegfeld beauty Evelyn Nesbitt, it had, in talent scout lingo, the makings of swinging Joan Collins into velvet stardom. It didn't.

But Joan was kept busy, and she was a boon to the press. Known around Hollywood as somewhat of a mystery girl, she captured columnist eyes. Quick, wise-cracking, funloving, she felt happiest in torreador pants, jazzy t-shirts and sweaters. She also managed, at her swift pace, to make, in five years, almost one dozen films.

Joan's probably one of the "most seen young personalities" on the screen today, with three of her pictures showing the past few months: "Island in the Sun," "The Wayward Bus," "Seawife," and "Stopover Tokyo" in the can, awaiting release.

Yet, after receiving three "most promising actress" awards, she raised eyebrows not too long ago by stating: "I'm afraid I'll be a has-been before I'm finished being promising." How come? we (*Continued on page* 106)

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANK POWOLNY





PHOTOGRAPHED BY LARRY BARBIER, JR.

Daddy Fisher's favorite photos from first-year album starring Carrie, with Mama Debbie in supporting role

Happy Birthday, Baby Carrie

Look who is one! O star-produced

Princess Carrie, you are introduced

So blithe and bonnie, good and gay,

Being born on the Sabbath day ! !

Kindly fairies, your next of kin,

Charm the crib that you sleep in,

While pink as rose and white as snow

One by one your beauties show.

Wonderful was the shining noon

When you arrived (a trifle soon)

To make us millions of fan-friends glad

For your dancing mother and singing dad.

Our whole world echoes any time

Your dad lulls you with notes and rhyme;

And we are happy to know you prize

Your mother's daily rock-a-byes.

Princess Carrie, one day you—

Now one—will toddle on to two,

First steps, new teeth, an upset tum

Making all around you hum.

(And one year, when you're grown and free,

You'll meet *your* one and, too, be three!)

So, coo to you, now, birthday baby,

We love *you* and don't mean maybe ! !





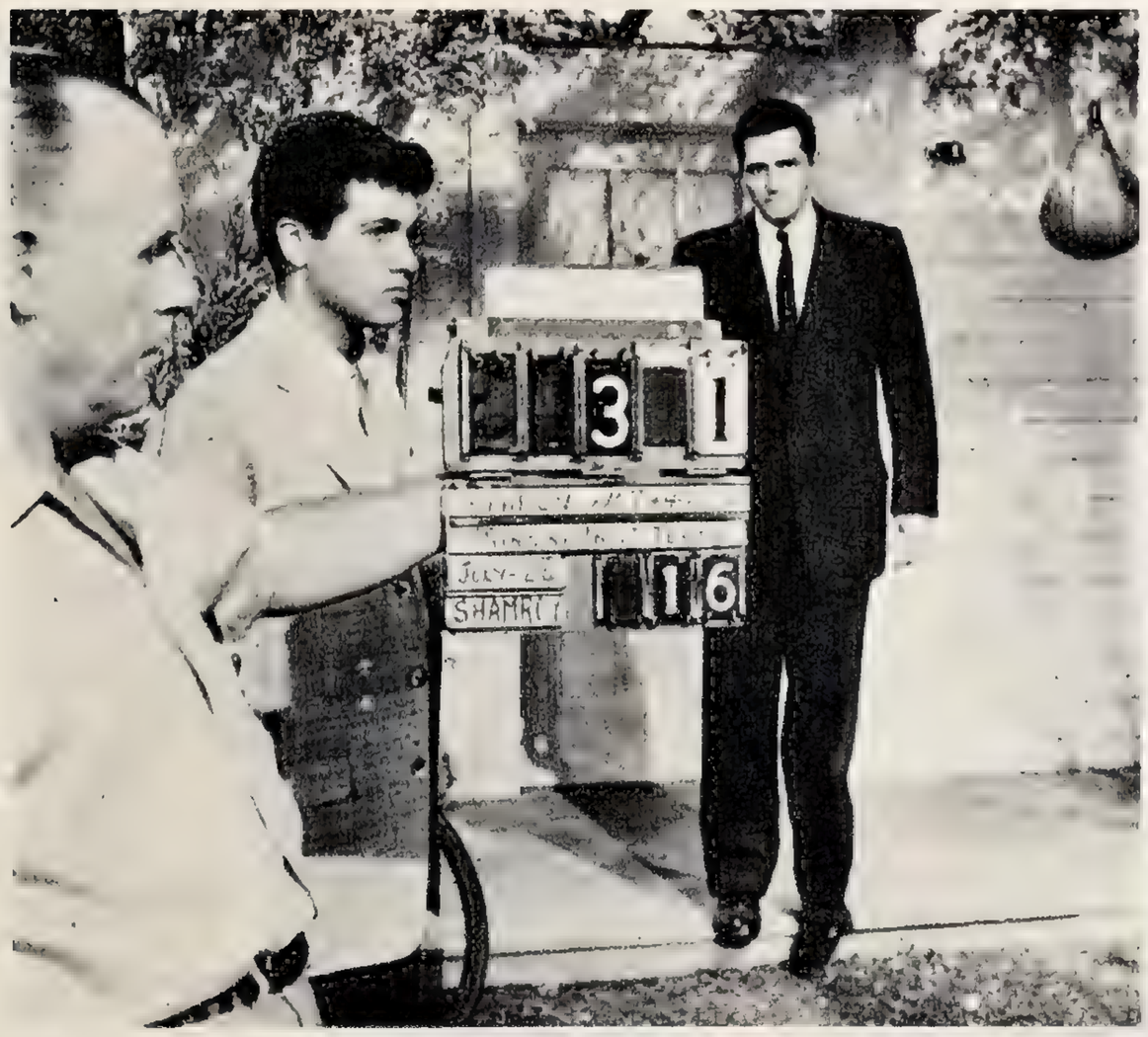
With cameras set to roll, assistant director Joe Rickards fixes the slate: "Misc. tests of Tommy Sands." Meantime, technicians do a routine job. At twenty, Tommy has just attained full growth, isn't sure of his exact height. (Note to Tommy: You measure five feet ten.) Makeup man Jack Hamilton has an easy task, touching up this youthful face. Then (at right) Tommy and Al Hedison, who plays his manager in the test scene, prepare for action, hear last-minute coaching from producer Henry Ephron. Love stuff with Diane Jergens looks easy, but it really takes work

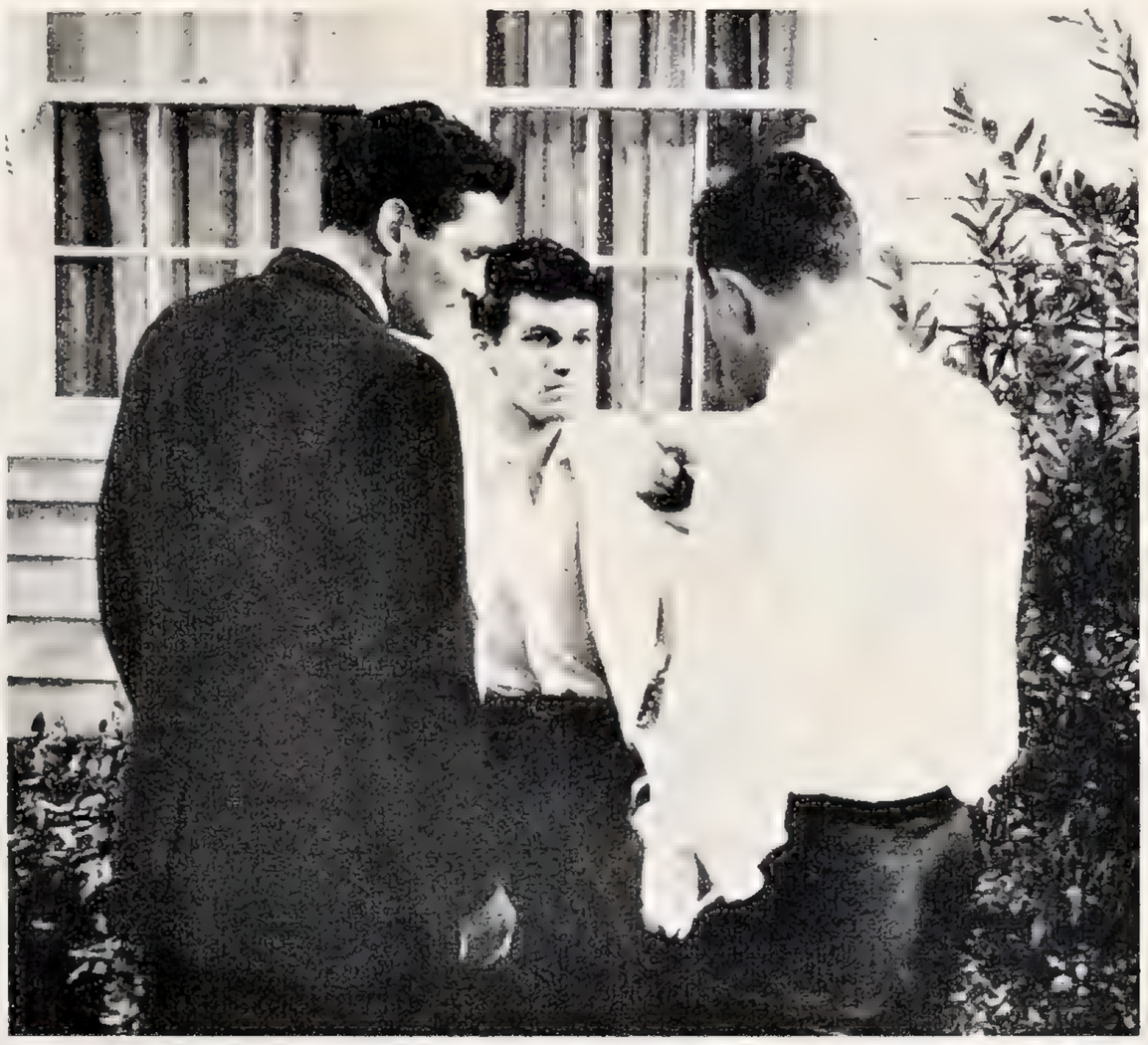
Photoplay was there!

the day Tommy Sands became a movie star

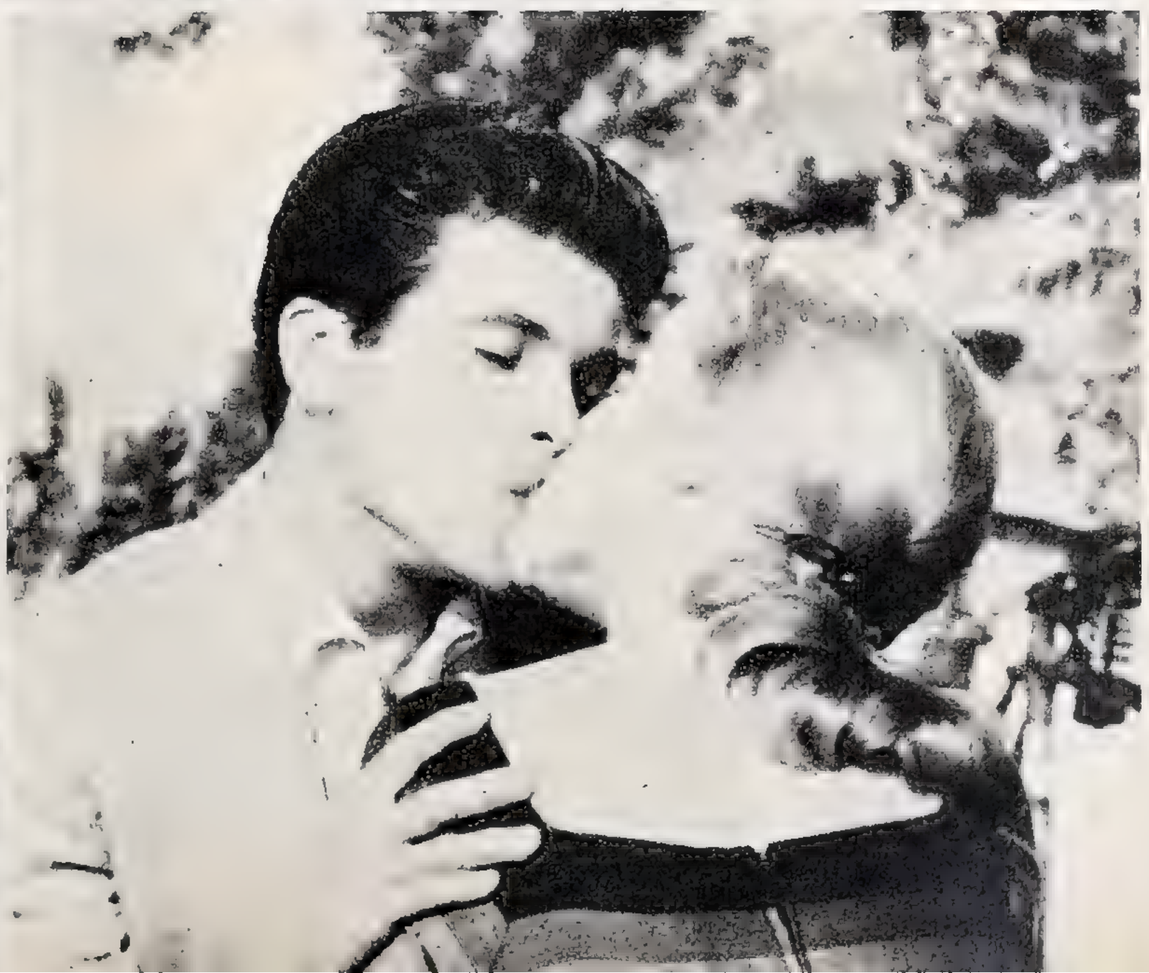
Were we there? Well, we may safely say that Photoplay has the one and only exclusive bathtub interview with Tommy Sands. Stuck with an all-week schedule of talk, photography, TV rehearsals, warm-ups for an appearance at the Hollywood Bowl, Tommy was trying to relax in the tub when Photoplay's reporter got him on the phone, the morning of the screen test. "I'm worried," Tommy admitted. "I've never done a screen test before." It was 10:00 a.m., and that day he would try out for "The Singin' Idol" at 20th. "By this time," Tommy said, "I figure it's too late to get nervous. That wouldn't do me much good. It would only hurt me. But I couldn't sleep all last night. I know it's going to be my big break, my big chance. If I mess it up . . ." His voice trailed off.

He managed to go on. "I signed my contract with Fox, but if I don't pass this screen test, my contract will be torn up." So the big day began, with a battalion of co-workers to share Tommy's ordeal: fellow players Diane Jergens and Al Hedison; pro-











Hit that guitar, kid! Lionel Newman, 20th's orchestra conductor, listens critically as Tommy belts out "Teenage Crush" (just for the test, not for film use). Then, tired, he returns to his dressing room, washes up, starts waiting for the verdict

Photoplay was there!

continued

ducer Henry Ephron; Ted Wick, Tommy's manager; Leon Shamroy, veteran cinematographer, Oscar-winner who rarely does so minor a chore as a newcomer's screen test. And 20th's top men, Spyros Skouras and Buddy Adler, were to judge the results. The players had spent one day reading the script (adapted from Tommy's hit TV play about a Presley-type idol); they had spent a second day rehearsing.

Part of the action in the test scene required Tommy to kiss pretty young Diane Jergens. "I get a real funny feeling about that," Tommy said. "During our rehearsals, Diane and I said, 'Here's where the kiss comes'—and we agreed to skip it. We'd say to each other, 'Let's pretend we're kissing.'"

This was the day of the test, and producer Ephron insisted that the kids really kiss as the camera focused on them. The next day, Tommy told your reporter, "He made us kiss each other nine or ten times. You know, I got to like it!" (P.S.: So did the top brass at 20th; they gave Tommy the job.)

young ideas:

BABY TALK

Time was when babies weren't mentioned in Hollywood—but all's changed! Here's the baby section you asked us for!



Several months ago, Vera Miles, mother of two and more than somewhat pregnant, instructed her agent to find her a picture that started two weeks after September 22nd —expected delivery date for her third baby!

"Why not?" asks Vera, blonde, delicately beautiful and glowing with energy. "One of the nicest things about being pregnant is that it can do as much for your good looks as a well-supervised nine-month beauty program. Even if you don't have a perfect figure to start with, you can wind up with one after the birth of your baby."

Modern obstetricians confirm Vera's experience. The routine they prescribe to assure healthy pregnancy (*Continued on page* 109)



Not fashionable but fun! Pier made Marisa's streamer bonnet by tying together ribbons from all the presents she received

FORECAST: SHOWERS

Atmosphere: Warm

Gifts: Variable

Nobody can do anything about the weather but everyone can do something about giving a shower. Pier Angeli gave her sister a charming one (with Helen Sorell, an old friend, as co-hostess) to welcome her baby. And you'll no doubt have occasion to do the same thing for a friend soon. So for your future benefit and the fun of it, here's how Pier gave a party for Marisa.

We checked our pink and blue invitations, which Pier had sent out ten days in advance, for the time of the shower and were off with a pretty package in hand. The party started at three Saturday afternoon and we arrived in time to greet the guest of honor, who was sporting a short, French-style haircut and becoming white Italian lace coat, belted in back.

An hour after the guests arrived (twenty-four in all, including Zsa Zsa

Good things come in small, large and *medium packages. Marisa's gifts varied in size and kind but were wrapped so beautifully that she hated opening them! Many had rattles or toys attached. This little sweater, knitted by a thoughtful and handy guest, thoroughly delighted Marisa*







The table was a treat to see with its silver service and display of tantalizing delicacies. Mrs. Casilli d'Aragona, wife of the Italian consul, had the honor of pouring for the guests (you can serve coffee or tea or both), who helped themselves to the buffet, ate in the living room



Sir Stork, perfect baby shower motif, has his hat adjusted by Pier. One of two white paper storks (trimmed with blue, the other with pink), he stood on one side of the floral centerpiece of white stock, pink roses and blue delphiniums. Tiny dolls were hidden in the flowers on the table

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Get your entry blank at your local jewelry store today! . . . all entries must be postmarked no later than contest closing date—December 31, 1957

EASY! Just complete this sentence in 25 words or less—"I prefer to buy gifts at my Jeweler's because_____"

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FORECAST: SHOWERS

continued



Future hostesses, note Pier's smiling entrance with tray of tempting treats

Gabor and her poodle Suzy), we gathered around, still chattering and sipping champagne while Marisa opened the presents. (Those who could not attend sent their gifts the day before.) They ranged from sheets, blankets and pillows to silver and, for herself, a bed jacket to wear in the hospital. The card read, "Everything can't be for the baby." Husband Jean Pierre got something, too: a large bottle of tranquilizer pills with a card that said, "For the forgotten man—the father." Marisa continually expressed her appreciation for the gifts.

And when refreshment time came, the guests voiced *their* delight over the little cakes decorated with baby shoes, the eclairs and fresh strawberry sandwiches (made by crushing fresh strawberries in mayonnaise). Also on the table, covered with a pale pink cloth, were pink bowls filled with nuts and trimmed with storks.

Marisa could not indulge as much as we did because she was watching her weight, but this did not dampen the good time she had seeing old friends and catching up on the news (there wasn't enough time for games!). We left at six o'clock wondering who had enjoyed the party the most—Pier, the gracious hostess, Marisa, the beaming guest of honor, or all of her many visiting friends!



Now, an **INSTANT MAKE-UP**
You'll look just the way you want to look...in 12 seconds!

's a modern miracle! Now you can look our very prettiest *instantly* – from the inute you wake up every morning. And ou'll do it in 12 seconds with Creme Puff* y Max Factor . . . because it's *instant* ake-up . . . the most exciting news in eauty since mirrors were invented.

In just 12 seconds – you'll smooth on complexion so fresh, so flawless, so liciously natural-looking . . . your face ill be "dressed for inspection" before you can stir up a cup of instant coffee!

All you need is Creme Puff. In one velvety disc are sheerest powder, dewy base *and* delicate complexion tone . . . blended to apply all at once with a caress of the puff. Carry Creme Puff in your purse. Use it anytime – anywhere. Instantly – you can be the Face He'd Love to Face.

Refillable Ivory Compact, 1.25; or Golden-tone, 2.25; Refill in metal case with puff, 85¢. All prices plus tax.

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MAKE YOUR OWN 12-SECOND TEST!
SEND FOR A "TRY-SIZE" CREME PUFF

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Hollywood 28, Calif.

Please send me a "try-size" Creme Puff compact so I can try this new Instant Make-up. Also send me FREE Max Factor's booklet "You at Your Loveliest." I enclose 25¢ to help cover cost of postage and handling.

My skin coloring is (check one)

☐ fair (pink & white) ☐ natural (creamy) ☐ medium (ruddy) ☐ olive (golden)

Name.....
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Offer good in U.S.A. only





Left: Vera shopped in comfort in her royal blue bulky-knit sweater. Warm and flattering, it has a tasseled hood, is perfect over black knit pants

Right: Vera's youngest daughter, Kelly, helps button Mother's beige felt top with black braid embroidery. Black cotton blouse is worn under it

MATERNITY CAMOUFLAGE

It's easy to be pretty while you're pregnant nowadays," says Vera Miles. "Maternity clothes are more stylish, follow the latest fashion trends and come in more varied styles than ever before." Here are three of Vera's favorite outfits. They're a far cry from the blatantly maternal-looking clothes of yesteryear, don't you agree? In fact, Vera says she wouldn't mind wearing them whether she was pregnant or not! Looking for warmth, comfort and, of course, beauty, to see her through the fall and winter days, Vera found all three in these flattering silhouettes created by the Page Boy Maternity Company.



Attractive and especially appropriate for the wife of Gordon "Tarzan" Scott is this leopard cloth blouse

FOR WHERE TO BUY FASHIONS SHOWN ON THIS PAGE, WRITE MERCHANDISE MGR., PHOTOPLAY, 205 E. 42ND ST., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

your golden hour . . . your own special time . . . when you alone can know the wonder of a warm SweetHeart bath

Such a lovely interlude, your own SweetHeart Bath. The quiet luxury of a little leisure. Then the warm glow, and the fresh, lively tingle your skin adores. How SweetHeart manages to make you feel so good is SweetHeart's own special secret. We can tell you this much though: SweetHeart's blossom-light fragrance, graceful oval swirl and gentle, gentle softness are only part of it. The rest? Well, try SweetHeart for your hands and face or all of you and see.



now "glamorapped" in new gleaming foil

because SweetHeart adores you so!

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See the new Perry Mason show Saturday nights on CBS-TV



THE MacLAINE METHOD* OF CHILD CARE

Did you and Steve plan to have Stephanie?

Sure, about a year later. It was two months before I found out I was pregnant. I had a mad craving for angel-food cake and giant Hershey bars with almonds. (They had to be giant. The little ones didn't taste the same.) After two months of gorging on this peculiar diet, I said to myself, "Girl, sompin's going on here." Since we had no calendar in the house, there was no organized way to figure it out. I thought, "Maybe I'm dying," when I began being sick every morning. Then I told me, "It's probably the New Year's food I ate in Japan." You know, little delicacies like canned grasshoppers. We'd just returned after filming "Around the World in 80 Days." I had been rocking and rolling on a fishing junk, and for days I spent most of my time (*Continued on page* 86)

* *Shirley MacLaine and her producer-director husband, Steve Parker, are the parents of a thirteen-month-old daughter, Stephanie. Shirley believes in active motherhood. Her approach included sleeping in the snow during pregnancy, driving herself to the hospital for delivery and asking her agent for a job five minutes after her baby was born. Shirley, soon to be seen in Paramount's "Hot Spell" and "The Matchmaker," maintains that she'd rather* (1) *be a good wife and mother and* (2) *clown and make jokes, than do anything else. She stopped her fluff and nonsense long enough recently to answer these questions for Photoplay on motherhood—or* did *she?*



Precious possession, your many splendid charms in Lovable's Diamond-Lift bra. Here is a rare new display of the bra-maker's art . . . with Diamond-Lift cup insets to lift you from above . . . and deft stitching to curve you with luxury. A treasure in white cotton, at a glimmer of a price, **$1.50.** With foam-lined cups, $2.00. Longline, $3.00.

IT COSTS SO LITTLE TO LOOK LOVABLE • THE LOVABLE BRASSIERE COMPANY, 180 MADISON AVENUE, N.Y. 16 • ALSO SOLD IN CANADA

Undercover Strategy

begins with Skippies by Formfit



Skippies Girdle and Pantie
also available in handy pick-up package

Even a trip to the zoo is exciting . . . when you know you look your loveliest. Thanks to Skippies lithe-minded styling you look and feel beautiful all day long. But see for yourself . . . be fitted for blissful comfort in America's most popular figure-maker . . . Skippies. At fine stores everywhere.

Skippies Girdle 945 (matching Pantie-Girdle 845). Nylon Elastic net with Satin-elastic front panel, 2½-in. waistband. Sizes S. M. L. Ex. L. in White or Black. **$6.50.** Shown with all-elastic **"Revel"** Bra No. 583. Embroidered Nylon sheer cups. 32A to 38C. $3.00

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KNIT DRESS AND COAT BY GOLDWORM. HAT BY DACHETTE • PHOTOGRAPHED IN CENTRAL PARK

leaning over the rail. Then—I got a mad craving for apple pie. (There are no giant Hershey bars with almonds in Japan.) The waitress finally got my message, and served up a beautiful wedge of apple pie almost hidden by a magnificent pile of whipped cream—I thought. When I took my first bite, I sat stunned for as long as it took my stomach to send a message to my brain. Then I headed for the bathroom. My gorgeous apple pie was topped with *mayonnaise!* Having seen a picture in an American magazine, my waitress figured that's what the white topping was. It was after that experience I realized Stephie was on the way.

Do you believe in being active while pregnant?

Yes, in every sense of the word. Most women have morning sickness, mine lasted all day long! Other than that, I didn't stop running around. When I was six months along, Steve and I packed into the High Sierras with sleeping bags and the whole bit. We climbed mountains together until Steve got tired. Then I went on climbing by myself. I think it piqued him (*Continued on page* 89)



"You can imagine the reactions of the mothers of America on seeing this!"

is it true

MORE BLONDES WEAR MINK?

You'll find out when you blonde your hair with ***Lady Clairol®*** *Whipped Creme* ***Hair Lightener.*** Actually *silkens* hair as it *lightens* it . . . in *one fast action!* Lady Clairol whips instantly to a soft, rich cream . . . never runs or drips. Nothing like it for ease or speed . . . for clear, even tone. Leaves hair easy to manage . . . never coarse or brassy. For a glamorous change in your looks . . . your personality . . . try amazing, new ***Lady Clairol. The Whipped Creme makes the fabulous difference!***





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Must you always be cast as an outsider when you're married to a star?

A million women envy you. You, wife of Larry Noble...actor, star, dazzling image of everything they want. But they never guess your loneliness–Larry wrapped up in a play, Larry infatuated with a leading lady, showing her the devotion that should be yours. You alone know the pain...waiting in the wings for love, for the man who is your *world.* Can you ever be a part of *his?* You can get the *whole* story–even while you work–when you listen to daytime radio. Hear **BACKSTAGE WIFE** on the **CBS RADIO NETWORK.**

Monday through Friday. See your local paper for station and time.

a little, but sleeping out in the open in the snow was wonderful. He finally forgave me, though.

Is it true that you drove your car—a racy MG—all the time you were pregnant?

Sure. The steering wheel was so low I didn't have any problem—except not seeing the speedometer. I got a lot of traffic tickets. I would explain this to the cop by saying, "Officer, I'm sorry, but in my condition I couldn't see the speedometer." Then he'd say, "What condition?" And being shy as I am, I'd drop my eyes coyly and refuse to answer. I always got the ticket. One night I was tired and nervous, and when the cop pulled me over and looked at my driver's license, he asked, "Do you work, Mrs. Parker?" I started to blubber, and between my self-pitying little sobs, I quavered, "Yes—I'm an actress and I work at Paramount . . ." I think the fine went up twenty-five bucks immediately. But I like to drive. I even drove (*Continued on page* 97)

"Stephie and I love to talk girl-talk, clown, and make faces at each other (below). She's very accomplished with the art, and can out-funny-face her mother! At right, as you can see, she's getting fat, so I'm looking for a waist-cincher to hold her in!"





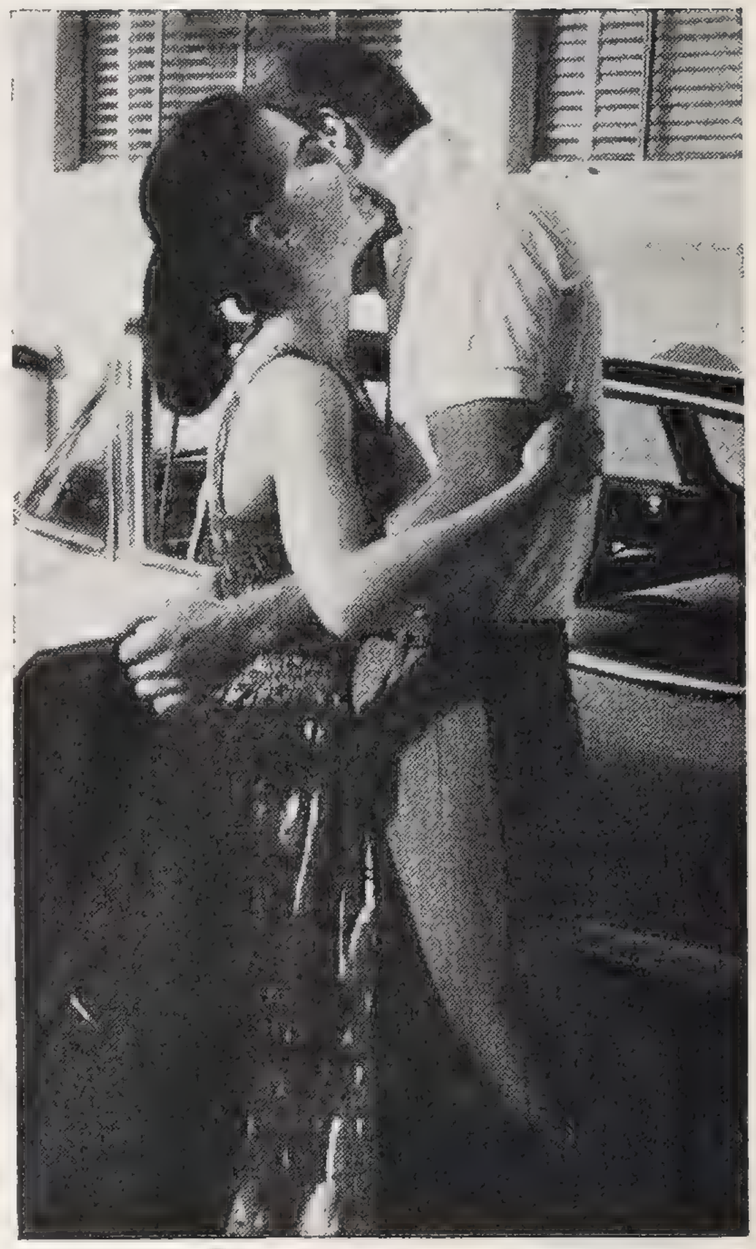
LAST MINUTE FLASH

Bob's folks approve!

I'm in love with Bob!" says Natalie Wood. "I'm in love with Natalie!" says Bob Wagner. And Photoplay's sleuth, after watching the two at Scaroon Manor, the New York resort where Nat was filming scenes for "Marjorie Morningstar," reports, "There's no doubt about it—this is the real thing. Bob and Natalie were together all the time when she wasn't working. When Bob left for a few days to see relatives in Pittsburgh, Nat wailed, 'Oh, I miss that big guy!' And you should have seen the bedlam that broke loose when a phone call was announced during dinner over the loud speaker! All hands dashed madly across the field. An assistant director got there first, and yelled, 'Shall I take it, Nat?' 'No siree!' she gasped, 'that call's for me!' Then, 'Guess RJ got lonesome,' she reported. 'He's coming back tomorrow instead of Sunday.' Natalie looked positively radiant!"

But the big question that no one dared to ask remained unanswered —until now. For weeks, it has been rumored that the very social and strictly upper-class parents of Bob Wagner take a very dim view of his marriage to any actress—and Natalie Wood in particular. And that Bob, a loving and respectful son, would accede to their wishes. The facts: Bob took Nat home to dinner one night, and the R. J. Wagner Srs. liked her at once!







Caught by our cameraman when they came to the studio to go to a screening with Natalie and Bob, his publicity-shy parents are really very fond of Nat. It was Bob's father who comforted her on seeing her eyes mist when Bob left on a personal appearance tour. Putting his arm around her, he said, "Don't cry, little Nat"—Bob's pet name for her, when he isn't calling her "Little Bug." Then Bob's mother drew him away, saying "I think these two should have the last few minutes for themselves!" But Bob's parents, like Natalie's, feel the wedding should be postponed for a while, so love will last, as theirs has



18 GLAMOR-AIDS FOR FACIAL BEAUTY

TO GLAMORIZE YOUR LIPS... YOUR EYES... YOUR EYEBROWS

ALL 18 YOURS FOR THE MIRACLE PRICE OF $1.00

Once In A Lifetime Offer that can Change your Whole Appearance. Not 10, not 15, but 18 thrilling Beauty Aids at the sensational price of $1.00. Each one promising you alluring enchantment... The Expensive "Beauty Shop" Look Every Day.

Study each one of the 18 separate beauty aids in this amazing $1.00 offer. Picture the breath-taking change they'll make in your appearance the very day you receive them. Then try these 18 individual beauty essentials entirely at our risk. You must be completely delighted in every way or you receive every penny of the purchase price back.

Just look at these 18 essentials you get for only $1

Beauty Essentials #1 and #2: Your choice of 2 Patricia de Paree stay-on lipsticks. You can have one for daylight excitement, one for romance-filled evenings.



1. ORANGE — A sun-kissed color charred with excitement;
2. SCARLET — High-voltage red with electrifying appeal;
3. RASPBERRY — Luscious as sun-warmed berries;
4. PETAL — Petal pink . . . youthful and enchanting;
5. ROSETTE — Press a rose petal to your lips;
6. MAGIC RED — Eve knew its secret;
7. CYCLAMEN — Pulsating hue with tremendous lavender impact.

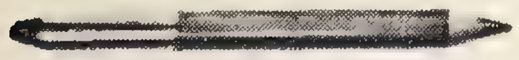
The 2 lipsticks alone are worth $1.00, but they are only a small part of this sensational $1.00 offer.

Beauty Essential #3:



Your choice of one of the 3 special Patricia de Paree *Lip Lining Pencils.* The type used by Hollywood make-up men on Movie Stars to make the perfect pencil outline needed for teasing lips.
1. PINK; 2. MEDIUM RED; 3. DARK RED.
The special *Lip Lining Pencil* is yours not for $1.00 itself, but as 1/18th of this sensational $1.00 offer.

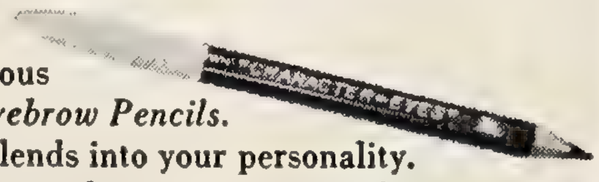
Beauty Essential #4: Your choice of one of the 5 Patricia de Paree professional *Eye Lid Lining Pencils.* Glamourous women use it to dramatize eyes, bring out every bit of the hidden excitement lurking in their depths.



1. BLUE — A beautiful blue that harmonizes with shadows.
2. GRAY — For the conservative lass who needs no color.
3. SILVER — For the girl who wants to be different.
4. BLACK — A standard color for all occasions.
5. GREEN — Dramatic, the latest fashion.

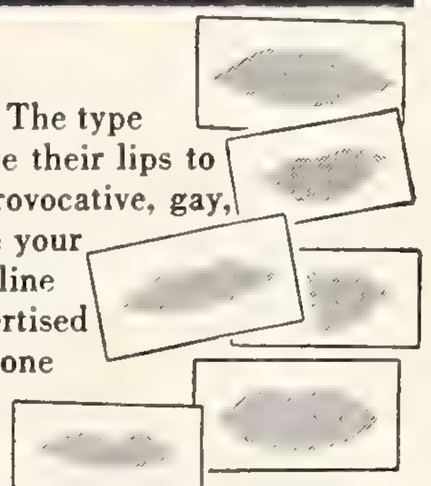
This special *Eye Lid Lining Pencil* is yours not for $1.00 itself but as only 1/18th of this sensational $1.00 offer.

Beauty Essential #5:



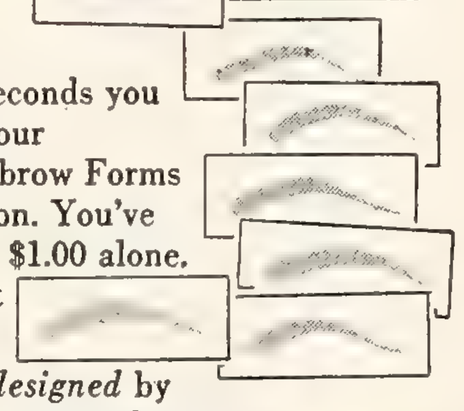
Your choice of one of the 5 famous Patricia de Paree *Hollywood Eyebrow Pencils.*
Choose the exciting color that blends into your personality.
You'll love the natural look of your glamourous new eyebrows.
Your friends will be amazed at your "Beauty Parlor" appearance.
1. LIGHT BROWN, 2. MEDIUM BROWN, 3. DARK BROWN, 4. AUBURN, 5. BLACK
This special Eyebrow Pencil is yours, not for $1.00 itself, but as only 1/18th of this sensational $1.00 offer.

Beauty Essentials #6 — #11:



You receive *6 exquisite Lip Outline Forms.* The type make-up men use on Movie Stars to change their lips to fit the mood of the picture. Do you feel provocative, gay, carefree, serious? It will be easy to change your lips to match your mood. There's a Lip Outline for each. You've seen these Lip Forms advertised for $1.00 alone. Now they are yours as just one small part of this sensational $1.00 offer.

Beauty Essentials #12 — #17:



Six specially designed Eyebrow Outlines. The perfect mates to the Lip Forms. In seconds you create chic, perfect eyebrows, matching your glamourous personality. Six different Eyebrow Forms to add just the right touch for any occasion. You've seen these Eyebrow Forms advertised for $1.00 alone. Now they are yours as just one small part of this sensational $1.00 offer.

Beauty Essential #18: *A Beauty Course designed* by Patricia de Paree, beauty consultant to the most glamourous women in the world. Jammed with beauty hints and information showing you the professional way to determine your type of face . . . proper make-up and hair styling for each of the 7 basics; technique for perfect lip shaping, eye lining; adding the doe-eye dash; applying eye shadow; mascara techniques; eye shadow coloring; and creating the perfect brow outline.



Forget about *expensive Beauty Parlor treatments.* You'll *save plenty* and you'll *look as beautiful as the Movie Stars.* You can *change* thin, wide or heavy lips to *luscious perfect* lips; you can *change* shapeless mismatched, straggly eyebrows to perfectly formed *face flattering* brows. Just think of it . . . you get beauty perfection that will last years . . . perhaps for a lifetime with the 18 piece Patricia de Paree Beauty Essentials Kit. A *miracle value* at only *$1.00 plus 25c to cover postage and handling.*

Try the 18 piece Beauty Essentials kit for 10 days at our expense. You must find you have a new enticing romantic appearance, or return the kit for full refund of purchase price.

MAIL TODAY FOR IMMEDIATE BEAUTY!

PATRICIA DE PAREE • DEPT N-58 • 228 LEXINGTON AVE. • NEW YORK, N. Y.

Rush to me the 18 piece Beauty Essentials Kit. I am enclosing $1.00 PLUS 25c to cover postage and handling for each set I order. Here is $ please send me sets at $1.00 plus 25c (to cover postage and handling) for each. If I am not completely satisfied I will return the kit(s) for full refund of purchase price.

Enclosed is ☐ check ☐ cash ☐ money order

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

I get my choice of 2 Lipsticks
1 *(order by color)*
2

I get my choice of 1 Eye Lining Pencil
1 *(order by color)*

I get my choice of 1 Eyebrow Pencil
1 *(order by color)*

I get my choice of 1 Lip Lining Pencil
1 *(order by color)*

And I get 6 Lip Outlines, 6 Eyebrow Outlines, and 1 Beauty Perfection course.

THE MAN NOBODY KNOWS

Continued from page 68

not own a sports car—isn't interested.

He is completely unpredictable—a chameleon of moods which can change a dozen times in twenty-four hours. He is an indefatigable worker for liberal causes. He possesses a superb collection of symphonic records, which he can discuss among experts.

He is inordinately fond of hotdogs embellished "with the works" and downed with a Coke.

His father was born in Sicily, and his grandfather, who came from Genoa, was a skilled lithographer. His mother insisted on dressing him "in sissy clothes" when he was a little boy. He cherishes very fond memories of his grandmother and a family neighbor, Mrs. Gordon. When he was a boy, she gave him a *mezuzah,* a Jewish religious charm. He always wears it.

He is 5'11" tall, has blue eyes and dark brown hair, and attended Demarest High School, Hoboken. He worked on a newspaper delivery truck after school hours.

His father, Martin, was a bantamweight prizefighter who fought under the name of *Marty O'Brien.*

It wasn't long ago when all Frank had to lean upon was a microphone. Today he has fifty-five people working for or with him. "Suddenly, I'm a one-man industry."

He owns the Atlantic City race track, sponsors a string of fighters, is stricken by sudden spells of self-doubt and can expound intelligently on politics, electronics or literature.

He has a low opinion of rock 'n' roll, owns a powerful telescope and photographs excitingly.

He is a fair amateur painter—landscapes and clowns.

He carries a St. Genesius medal. On the back of it is a tiny Oscar in bas-relief and the inscription: *"Dad, we'll love you from here to eternity."* A present from Nancy, given him the evening before he got the Academy Award for his unforgettable *Maggio* in "From Here to Eternity."

He'd rather eat alone than dine with "a table-hopper, a head-twister, or an arm waver. They're about as relaxing as a blow to the Adam's apple, and do just as much damage to the appetite."

His house in Beverly Hills' Coldwater Canyon is decorated in his favorite colors—black and white. His likes and dislikes are also black and white. There are no grays in his attitudes.

Frank Sinatra has two dominant passions—his work and his children, Nancy, sixteen; Frank, twelve, and Tina, eight.

He is paradoxical and impulsive and possesses a physical stamina that frequently wears out his more athletic associates.

His aspirations recognize their limitations: "I've got no hunger for a dramatic part on Broadway or in London, with people like Sir Laurence Olivier or John Gielgud. I'm not in their league."

He married Nancy Barbato, his boyhood sweetheart, on February 4, 1939. They divorced October 30, 1951.

He is an avid reader, an impeccable dresser, and twenty-two years ago got his first break with the late Tommy Dorsey in a Paramount movie titled "Las Vegas Nights," for which he was paid less than two hundred dollars a week.

He is fanatically orderly—suits, socks and shoes must always be in their proper place.

He heads his own record subsidiary company and is equally conversant with big-time gambling and the seamier side of prizefighting.

He gets fighting mad for the underdog.

He is an expert on Puccini and Berlioz. His mother Natalie, who dabbled in politics, was for many years a leader of the ward in which they lived. She was also the local midwife during his childhood.

He was born in the Hoboken apartment of his parents on December 12, 1915.

He visits art galleries, likes staying up late, and is constantly finding excuses to see his children, whom he adores.

He was the only actor whom nightclub comedian Joe E. Lewis, a friend of many years, would okay to portray him in Paramount's "The Joker Is Wild." He becomes so immersed in the role that Lewis was prompted to remark, "Frank had a better time playing my life than I had living it."

Frank Sinatra has a keen sense of humor and loves to send and receive gag wires. When he read recently that his friend, Tony Curtis, had been hit in the eye by a flying arrow during the filming abroad of "The Vikings," Frank sent him a two word cable: "Dope, duck!"

His former tendency towards a flashy wardrobe has been greatly modified; he now is most frequently seen in a plain dark suit with a solid-colored tie.

He was the prime influence in furthering the careers of Jackie Gleason, Phil Silvers and Sam Davis, Jr.

He is violently defensive about his private life.

His Beverly Hills home was built for him by famous architect Paul Williams. It is decorated in Chinese modern. His closest friend is his personal manager—Hank Sanicola, whom he has known since his earliest days.

He is involved in many businesses but does not invest in oil. He prefers to invest in things he understands.

He smokes moderately, has no desire to own a yacht and thinks baseball and show business are very much alike. "I was up to bat many times through the years on the Hollywood lots before I blasted one ('From Here to Eternity') into the bleachers and became a star."

He married Ava Gardner in Philadelphia on November 7, 1951, separated two years later, and was divorced last month.

He has a penchant for giving lavish and expensive gifts.

He follows a backbreaking schedule—films, records, television, stage appearances—but not for money or security. Simply, he is more relaxed and happy when he is up to his ears in self-expression. While engaged on one phase of his career, he is constantly thinking of the others. While doing a picture, his piano player, Bill Miller, is always on hand to run through a new song or a new arrangement whenever Sinatra has a break.

His home away from home is the Villa Capri restaurant in Hollywood, of which he is part owner. He visits it nearly every night. His other favorite restaurant is Romanoff's in Beverly Hills, where he lunches every chance he gets. Mike and Gloria Romanoff are close friends.

His father was a member of the Hoboken fire department nineteen years.

He got his first break in show business by appearing on Major Bowes' Amateur Hour with a quartet known as the *Hoboken Four.* The quartet flopped, but Frank made good with a solo of "Night and Day."

He was paid $8,000 for his Oscar-winning role in "Eternity," but the same studio, Columbia, paid him $150,000 for "Pal Joey," plus unconditional ownership of thirty percent of the film in perpetuity.

He is fond of garlic, hates sweet pickles, has no patience for chess, and cannot abide "gabby women" and "personality boys."

He is very proud of an Academy Award-winning movie short, "The House I Live In," which he made as a plea for racial tolerance.

On a Christmas Day in Las Vegas, he once got up at seven, chartered a plane to Los Angeles, spent the day with his children and got back in time to do his show.

He is bored by football, wrestling and mystery stories. He hates short, droopy socks.

His advice to girls: "Don't stalk a man, or you'll wind up somewhere along the matrimonial creek without a paddle. Decide how often he begins to take you for granted. Go out with other men. Jealousy in small doses is insurance against boredom and familiarity."

Frequently he sneaks away to his desert retreat in Palm Springs. "That's where I really relax. I don't dress. I don't shave. I just sit. Even golf is too much work, although my house is next to a fairway."

He cannot be induced to do a story in which he does not believe, for any amount of money. Contrary to what has been published about him, he numbers many columnists and newspapermen among his closest friends.

What Have They Got Against Girl Singers?

Plus

Exclusive Features about

Steve Allen • Jayne Meadows

Joan Caulfield • Ralph Edwards

and

New Voices on Your Hit Parade



all in the November TV RADIO MIRROR at all newsstands

He is not affected by great heights, swims fairly.

He is particularly proud of the Hi-Fi set he designed for his Coldwater Canyon home.

Frank Sinatra's is probably the most sensational career in the annals of the show world. He is equally at home in tragedy, comedy, farce, or simply as a nightclub entertainer.

He has been called "the man with the golden charm," and with good reason—he holds an extraordinary fascination for women of all ages. He has never been described as handsome.

He is an indefatigable perfectionist in any work he undertakes. He frequently reads himself to sleep in the small hours of the night, and thus piles up an amazing amount of reading—all the magazines and best-sellers.

He is probably the champion telephoner in the business, calling someone every time he catches his breath. When Fat Jack Leonard, a friend of his, was ill in the East two years ago, Sinatra called the hospital at least once a day for weeks.

He decided to become a singer when he heard a Bing Crosby record in 1936. Now, thirteen years after his first hit, he still evokes cries of "Oh, Frankie" whenever he essays an old-time glissando.

He recalls his beginnings: "I used to sing in all kinds of joints. A guy never knew if he had a steady job until the boss said to him: 'You're eating with me.' That phrase meant the job was yours."

He followed the Major Bowes vaudeville tour doing a lot of sustaining programs around New York, after which he became singing m.c. and headwaiter at the Rustic Cabin roadhouse.

His attorneys and accountants, agents, producers and public relations advisors all play a part in his multifarious activities, including a young lady named Gloria Lovell, who is his executive assistant and "girl Friday." She runs the Sinatra office in Beverly Hills and keeps the complex machinery well-oiled.

He still loves to make records—whether he sings on them or conducts the orchestra (as he did recently for an album of Peggy Lee songs). He personally selects the titles for his own record albums.

He collaborates with the artist in designing the covers.

His new television deal with ABC will bring him three million a year for twenty-eight shows, lifting his annual gross to more than four million dollars—possibly an all-time high.

He co-stars on the Bing Crosby-Frank Sinatra TV spectacular Sunday night, October 13. A novelty of the show is that it will be the first time Frank and Bing have appeared together on a live telecast.

His thoughts on women's clothes: "A smartly dressed girl will catch a man's roving eye faster than a girl in all-out bra and shorts. It isn't what the masculine eye sees, but what it thinks it sees that counts. A lot of tomatoes think that all they have to do is give a man a bird's-eye view of their assets, and he'll drop to his knees with a proposal of marriage. They couldn't be wronger."

Frank Sinatra has been way down, even out and has come back stronger than ever. He happens to love every moment of it.

"I don't work this hard for money. To me, the work is a satisfaction in itself. I am at ease when I work. I'm restless when I'm not working towards anything.

"I've got no plan, no wish for a lazy retirement. I just want to do what I can, as well as I can." THE END

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THE MAGIC OF LOVE

Continued from page 60

breathless, girlish laughter at her success.

They felt like children again, playing along the river after school, the chill breeze toying at their warm sweaters and tingling cheeks. There was a feeling of completeness, of fulfillment, and for the first time in years, Cynthia and Cliff forgot themselves, and thought only of each other.

Life had not always been so full for Cynthia. Nor for Cliff. Cynthia and Jack Lemmon had been divorced in December, 1956, after six and a half years of marriage, and an eight-month separation. On splitting, the couple had announced to a surprised press that the break was no sudden step. "We'd parted once before, before we had come to Hollywood. We're happier apart," they felt. Calmly and intelligently, Jack announced, "We just haven't been able to get along together, and we thought this would be best for our child . . . There is no thought of reconciliation. There is no other man and no other woman—just two people who can't get along." And filmdom, although saddened at the breakup of one of Hollywood's seemingly happy young couples, respected Jack's forthrightness.

Cynthia was admired for obtaining a quiet divorce without hoopla dramatics, or even a word of condemnation. "It was simply a matter of incompatibility in some personal respects," she says. "Believe me, Jack never ceased to be the sweet, simple, sincere, decent guy he was when I married him almost seven years ago. He never 'went Hollywood' in the slightest, as some folks have unkindly hinted. I respected him throughout our marriage, and I respect him now. I know he loves our boy, and he can see him whenever he wishes. Cliff and I consider Jack our good friend, and we hope for his happiness. He will always be welcomed in our house."

And Cliff? Thirty-two, a New Yorker from LaJolla, California, a dedicated actor struggling, angling for success, Cliff knew life and he knew himself. He was lonely—and the first to admit it. But he once said, "I think it would be fatal for me to marry just because of loneliness." He knew himself well enough to recognize that beneath a cheerful, warm, outgoing facade, he was a complex, self-absorbed individual.

Cliff, like every man, knew what his memories were. His restlessness and career drive stemmed from childhood—a childhood it still hurts to remember, for Cliff never knew his parents. He had no memory of either his mother or father; both having died when he was two. His grandmother raised him, along with two of his orphaned cousins.

"Though that home in La Jolla was a good home," he remembers, "and Grandmother was a kind and conscientious woman who gave me affection and attention and worked to support us, I missed my mother—even though I never knew her. Other kids would talk about theirs. After school I'd sometimes be invited over to their houses, and there would always be a mother there, waiting, with cookies and milk. On Saturdays other kids would talk about baseball games with their fathers, and swimming and fishing trips. I used to hate to listen. Whenever the kids came to our house, my grandmother treated us all kindly, but it wasn't the same. She felt my need, too, and it hurt her. A boy needs his own mother, for the thousand comforts and consolations that only she can give. The apron string to grab when tumbling off the seesaw, the hand to hold when you're frightened. At least, these are the things I longed for."

Cliff longed for a Dad, too, and this has left a void that perhaps nothing can ever fill. "A kid needs a father for the guidance, advice and emotional bolstering, the kind of assurance that only identification with a male parent can give. A Pop who pretends not to see your tears after a fight with the kids next door, but instead takes you through the ropes and shows you a few grips and defenses for next time.

"I remember how I felt as high school graduation approached. I began wondering 'Who am I?' With no mother and no father for guidance, where was I headed? While the other kids talked about and planned for college in the fall, I sat on the sidelines and listened. I didn't dare even think about college. How could I ask my grandmother to send me, I had no place. I was sixteen, but instead of beginning to feel adult, I felt like a rejected kid."

In search of a "home," Cliff joined the Merchant Marine and went to sea. He was happy in the camaraderie he discovered, the buddies with whom he shared good times and confidences. Even during the dangers of invasion landings in the Mediterranean and Pacific, the hazards were offset by the closeness and group spirit that he had never known before, a feeling of belonging which he missed after leaving the service, and found himself wandering from one nondescript, menial job to another, back into a life of aloneness.

Cliff can talk about those days with calm and understanding today, half as though they belonged to someone else. "Love is a strange, fragile, illusive thing," he will explain. "When you find it, so much is opened up. I was twenty-two . . . when I met Becky. She was young and gay and warm, and suddenly I found an entirely new world and began to understand myself a little, began to understand what I was looking for. There's something touching about a young love. It seems to hold so much purpose and meaning. Becky held all this for me. I loved her with all my heart, as only a twenty-two-year-old can. She did, too, I'm sure. We were never married, though. A few months before the wedding, she died. I'd felt for so long—until Cynthia—that I'd never find love again.

"I was ready for marriage—a man can't live a life without sharing. I looked, too. It wasn't that I didn't give. But, watching fate weave in and out of lives and seeing marriages collapse or compromise—well . . .

"After Becky's death, I went on to New York. I found a small apartment, a little hideaway on a back street in Greenwich Village near the piers. I could listen to the lapping sound of the sea, and yet, feel the vitality of the city. New York is a magnificent city." Cliff suddenly stopped talking. "It's my home. Here I found the beginnings of myself, an identification. I learned I wanted to be an actor.

"Ah, let me say in the beginning, an actor's life is not an easy one. Casting directors don't have hearts of gold. How can they? And office girls in casting offices! They know how to make an actor cool his heels. And don't think television directors are easily impressed. 'Okay, so you're a good-looking kid,' they'd say. 'So what? Good-looking kids, in New York, are a dime a dozen.'

"Actors Studio helped me a lot. I was grateful to be accepted," Cliff explained. "And I don't run around in a T-shirt either! Little by little, with TV jobs and classes, I developed an understanding of acting, and what's so important, a better understanding of life. I suddenly made friends and I began to crawl out of my shell. Once an orphan, not necessarily always an orphan. I began to be able to recognize this.

"I'm no overnight success, believe me," Cliff explained further. "Getting the role in 'Picnic,' was great but a lot of street-pounding and dreary hours in casting offices went into it."

To Columbia, Cliff's performance in "Picnic" was promising and they immediately signed him to a contract (strangely, Jack Lemmon and he are Columbia's two biggest male stars) and put him opposite Joan Crawford in "Autumn Leaves." Unfortunately, pictures they'd planned for Cliff failed to materialize and, with the long periods of inactivity, Cliff frequently, these past months, has felt itchy about his career.

It was Broadway finally, not Hollywood, that gave him his biggest challenge. Early this year, he played in Tennessee Williams' "Orpheus Descending," to brilliant reviews. ("Cliff Robertson is superb—hand-



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some, manly, modest and clear," enthused the New York Times drama critic, while the Journal-American praised Cliff as "a most prepossessing young actor, who handles the role of the migrant charmer with assurance and vigor.") The play folded after only two months on the boards.

In the meantime, fans were howling: "When are we going to see Cliff Robertson?" The cry still goes on, but unfortunately, because of distribution changes, RKO's "The Girl Most Likely" has been kept off the nation's screens for a year. Cliff had banked heavily on the film, and even though Columbia's added two more years to his contract, "these past series of events," says Cliff, "are hardly the ideal climate for proposing marriage. And on top of that I took a loss on salary to the studio in exchange for permission to do 'Orpheus Descending.'" Columbia recently broke Cliff's streak of bad luck by signing him to portray Van Heflin's son in "Gunman's Walk." "And most important," Cliff added, suddenly smiling, "I *did* get Cynthia."

"Those rumors aren't correct," said Cliff, "that I stole Jack Lemmon's wife. The gossip's really unfair. Jack and I had been friendly, but honest, I never knew Cynthia beyond the hello-how-are-you stage until after their breakup."

"I knew Cliff for years," Cynthia seriously explained, "but only as a good actor and one of Jack's co-workers. I never really knew him until this past spring. It was early spring and I was visiting some friends in New York, just vacationing, shopping, and taking in the shows. One afternoon, I tried for a matinee performance of 'Orpheus Descending,' and luckily was able to get a ticket. I thoroughly enjoyed the play and Cliff's performance, so afterwards, I went backstage just to say hello and congratulate him."

"More out of politeness," Cliff teases, "I invited Cinnie for coffee. Somehow, in the cozy seclusion of an off-Broadway coffee shop, we found a common warmth and understanding. I asked Cinnie to have dinner with me the following night—and, you see what happened, she insisted upon doing it every night.

"I'd been searching for someone like Cinnie, someone who'd put up with me. Who'd be there when I needed her, but who would also possess the intelligence—I guess you'd call it that—the subtlety and wisdom to kind of leave me alone at certain times. So I could feel I was growing on my own. I'd been running wild on the range, bucking like a bronco for almost three decades, I knew I was kind of a patience killer. I was hoping I could find someone who'd accept me as I am and let me be myself in certain ways. No reformer—you understand, don't you?"

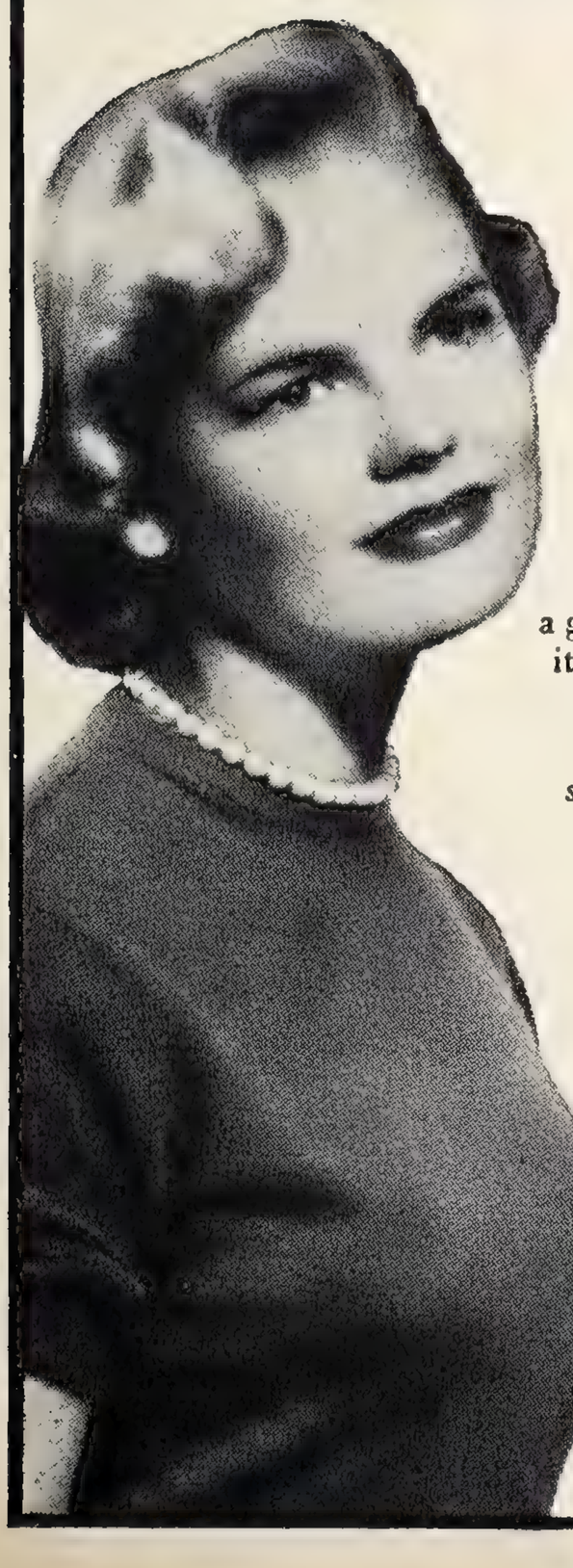
Cynthia, a former actress herself, understands Cliff's drive. "She's right for him," said an old acting buddy of Cliff's. "Somehow, don't ask me, you think she'd known him all his life. She's on the same emotional beam and can talk to him about his career like a Dutch uncle, giving him reassurance when he needs it and recognition in ways that help him most."

"It's not so strange that Cynthia can deal successfully with a guy as complex as Cliff," a friend of Cynthia's explained during their small, intimate wedding (so quiet that the press hardly got wind of it). "She's got a good head and strong shoulders. She knows the pitfalls of marriage and is determined to avoid them on her second try. She puts a lot into what she does and you can bet she's going to give their marriage everything she has. Cynthia's one girl who can understand sorrow and loneliness and make Cliff a family."

"I've got a perfect family—a catalogue family," Cliff laughs heartily. "Just like shopping in a Sears book. A tall, blonde, beautiful wife. A lovely home, impeccably decorated. A small, impish, loving new son. All, with only a big fat down-payment of happiness." A world to share. No longer "the strange one" set apart from other children, struggling through adolescence and manhood to find his own private world. He once said: "Being without parents, feeling oneself an orphan, it's like being the scissored-out center of a paper. It's just a void, a nothingness. A child's need is only fulfilled by the mirror of love and approval held up to him by his parents. The satisfaction or denial of that need is like the difference between darkness and sunlight."

Today, that darkness has become sunlight and that sunlight is Cynthia. Today, a brisk walk in the park, a nippy Sunday afternoon outdoors; a silly joke, a private embrace: all these are the things Cliff's world is made of, bringing warmth and happiness for they're brought by the wonderful, elusive, magic of love. Cliff Robertson never asked for more, not even as a boy, for he knew only this was worth wanting and waiting for.

Recalling a very favorite childhood story, Cliff told us recently, "Once upon a time, there were three little boys. They were good boys and the good fairy offered to each of them one wish. 'You have only one,' she cautioned, 'so consider your choice very seriously.' Without a moment's hesitation, the first little boy raised his hand. 'I want fame,' he said. The second little boy quickly raised his hand, too. 'I want money,' he answered. But the third child, shier and more retiring than the others, hesitated long and seriously, then slowly gave to the fairy his answer. 'I want,' he said, 'to be loved.' That little boy was me." THE END



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CAN THIS BE JANE POWELL?

Continued from page 64

looks sleek, smartly dressed. Her hairdo is short and chic.

"What's been happening?" she laughs. "I've been *busy*. I did 'Ruggles of Red Gap' on television, had Lindsey last year, finished 'The Girl Most Likely' at RKO, sang at the President's Press Photographers Ball, played a date at the Desert Inn in Las Vegas, just cut an album, am in the middle of a new television series, and I've just finished working on 'The Female Animal' at U-I—and, I might add—it's a dramatic role—*no singing*. That's what I've been after, and that's why the television series looks so good, too. Mostly, I'll act—not sing.

"Acting is no obsession with me," she goes on. "I've never had a one-track drive. I just realize that a performer has to be versatile."

But a close friend and business associate at U-I says a lot about this that Jane doesn't. "Jane knows exactly what she's doing every minute," he points out. "She's had a burning desire to prove herself as an actress for a long time. She took the role in 'Female Animal' because it's meaty. Hedy Lamarr plays her mother. Immediately you think—'Aha, Janie is a daughter again.' Well, there's a difference. In this little epic, the mother and daughter are both in love with the same man and they fight it out—no holds barred. It's Oscar bait. A woman star has to go through an alcoholic binge or dampen the scenery with tears and agony to get an Oscar bid. Well, Jane gets a chance to go hog wild in the histrionics department. A year from now the public will have forgotten all about her teenage decade. They'll think of her as a dramatic actress."

A close personal friend of hers explains objectively, "So you can open your mouth and break a glass at twenty paces. You can't keep singing 'The Bell Song' for the rest of your life. Jane's got a brain and she calls her shots pretty well. In the last few years, she's established herself as a top night-club entertainer, she's made a lot of records and has an album out with Buddy Bregman. She has a lot of movie commitments, including three for U-I and two back home at M-G-M. She has made herself a package television deal with David Niven, Charles Boyer, Jack Lemmon and Robert Ryan (notice she's the only girl). Jane's scheduled for five or six plays a year and an occasional spectacular. She's spreading herself carefully through all entertainment media. She won't saturate any one market, but her versatility will certainly be showing."

Quite a switch for Little Miss Sunshine! Or is it? Could it be that this sharp new Janie has simply been hidden under the sugar-coating of her screen roles, right along?

Says Anne Jeffreys Sterling, "Robert and I love Pat Nerney like a member of the tribe. When he was free wheeling, we always asked him to bring his date to our backyard barbecues. When he up and said one day that Jane Powell was his date for that night, I kept a poker face, but I laughed inside. I had a sudden mental picture of little miss ickygoo, smiling that sweet, sweet smile through thousands of M-G-M musicals. I told him firmly that our bash was strictly a shorts-on, shoes-off affair, and would he please remind little Miss Powell.

"When we answered the front door that night, lo and behold! Miss Jane Powell was done up in a *white satin* dress. *B-ruther*, I thought, the movie-star bit, the whole treatment. She murmured an apology about having to sing at a benefit before she came. She was pleasant enough throughout the evening, but the feline in me simply couldn't skip that dress.

"Later when Pat insisted that he and Jane return the honors, and said Jane insisted it be *in*formal. I dusted off the sterling silver and crown jools and *dressed*. So? Jane was informal and delightful and I felt like Mrs. Astor's plush horse. It was then I began to know Jane. She's unpretentious and as unmovie-starrish as you can get. She has a lusty sense of humor and, I'm not kidding you, there's a smart lot under that pretty lid. She's honest, straightforward, exuberant and bright. In short, my kind of person. Robert and I were delighted when they married. We've been close friends since."

But another close friend vows that Pat Nerney is responsible for the "new" Jane Powell. "Pat has changed Jane's life," he says. "He has shown her the cosmopolitan side of New York, London, Paris and all of Europe. He has introduced her to art, music and culture in a way unknown to her before. In the last few years she has become very polished, urbane and sophisticated. At the same time, she is homebody enough to enjoy cooking and caring for her home. When Pat was still in the car business, Jane would come home from a day at the studio and cook a dinner for the kids. When Pat came in about ten p.m., she would have another dinner ready for him. She loves it. But the smooth, big-city personality is a far cry from little Janie, girl singer."

It's true that with her marriage in 1954 to Pat Nerney, Jane seems to have found the happiness and pure joy of living she lacked. With the birth of their first child, Lindsey Averill, (named after her friends, Lindsey and Averill Dalitz of the Desert Inn), the gears of her life seem to mesh for the first time.

Jane, herself, admits that Pat has changed her outlook on life. "We just met, fell in love and married," she says simply. "As for adjustments, naturally we had the children to think of. Pat's daughter, Mona, lives with her mother, Mona Freeman. But she visits us quite often. She's nine, and she talks to me like a girl friend, and I love it. She's very alert and aware, and she always wanted brothers and sisters. She's still young enough to enjoy them and she's mad for the baby. Of course, she's so busy with her social life, the Brownies, tap-dancing lessons, lunch and dinner with her girl friends, that we haven't seen much of her lately. As for Jay and Cissie, they were fond of Pat before we married, so there was no problem with them. Pat is a very understanding adult. He was aware of their needs without any discussion. I guess he was aware of mine, too. He's opened new vistas for me. Pat is an avid art collector and he's taught me to appreciate and enjoy paintings. We have a little Renoir, a Lautrec, a Paul Clemens, a Utrillo and a Grandma Moses. Paul Clemens is going to do the children soon."

Paul Clemens, famous artist-husband of Eleanor Parker, is another close friend of the Nerneys. Paul, who's known Pat for years, takes a bit of the credit for the Powell-Nerney match. "One Sunday when Pat was without a date," he recalls, "I suggested Jane. After that first date, they were together steadily. They both have mercurial dispositions, senses of humor and are charming. Pat is bright and gay, a man Jane can be proud of. She needs that."

And how does Jane Powell explain her transformation from a naive, unsophisticated youngster into the exciting, accomplished young woman of today?

Her career struggles to become a mature actress had nothing to do with it! Jane feels that marriage is the answer. Being so close to another person naturally creates a desire for growth. Why? Because a wife—or a husband—who is truly in love will try to improve faults and shortcomings, will try to develop to the utmost, just to make the marriage work. Then the time comes, as it has to Jane today, when a woman can look back and say, "How I've changed!" And the deep satisfaction that comes with that knowledge of inner growth is one of the greatest rewards marriage can give. It is something, Jane knows, that a career cannot give—and something that every married woman can achieve.

"Experience makes a person," she says. "A woman must be aware of what's going on around her and change with the times. Why, children do at twelve today, what I did at fourteen. I feel I'm completely normal. I work, as most women do today. And I adjust my life to the necessity of change. As for growing, I think I have normally. As for the future, I don't make plans."

One instance of the change marriage has wrought was her introduction to life on the briny. "I didn't know a thing about boats, but I knew Pat loved them. When he asked which I'd prefer for my birthday—a diamond necklace, a mink coat or a boat—I chose a boat. *Étoile* is a forty-footer. The first time we went out it was just the two of us. We have sails but no motor. There was a storm warning up which we didn't notice. We had all our sail up instead of reefing (half way up) as we should have. It got a bit scary but we had a wonderful time. You know, you never know your husband or wife until you're completely alone. We were, and we still like each other. Now *Etoile* is a big part of our life. The whole family goes to Balboa every weekend. It's a wonderful way for us to share fun."

Now that Pat is a writer instead of a car dealer they can plan their time to enjoy the boat more. From Pat, too, she has acquired the confidence to say what she thinks. She used to bend over backwards to please. She wasn't really an individual. Now she will analyze a situation carefully and say, yes, or no, firmly. She can be persuaded to change her mind only if the reasons are stronger than her objections. She has fortitude that shows in many ways. With those who work with her now, it is a surprise, but the end result of her efforts leaves them with glowing enthusiasm.

Jane looks ahead to the future. "I'd like a couple more children. Then, I look forward to their growing up. I think your togetherness is multiplied when they're adults on their own and not tied so closely to you. I want to continue combining home and career with planning. With an understanding husband, that's possible. Without one, it's impossible, no matter what the work is. Pat knows our home is uppermost with me, so I have no problem there—" She was suddenly interrupted by her breathless young son, Jay, who, racing into the room, begged: "Can I have more television time."

"You can have it if you . . . what?" prompted his mother.

"If my table manners are good and I take a nap," responded Jay seriously.

"He's coming along very well," Jane smiled proudly.

So is Jane. THE END

THE MacLAINE METHOD

Continued from page 89

myself to the hospital the day Stephie was born. Steve was livid, but, being an expectant father and a very nervous husband, he let me have my way.

Did you read baby books before Stephanie was born?

No. Unless you drop your baby on her head or smash her nose, I think a mother's instinct is good enough. If the instinct is accurate, you'll never need a book on "How To."

Do you think women today make too much of having a baby?

Yes, because they've had a lot of help in the thinking. Doctors, pediatricians and publishers are making birth a *big* thing. You'd think babies had just been discovered. Of course, there are exceptions in complicated birth, but for the average woman, pregnancy is a state of mind. And babies are fun.

When did you first realize she had a personality?

The day my cat, Bolo, pulled the bassinet off the night table. Bolo's a pretty strong personality himself. He thinks he's a dog. Honestly. He growls and pants and chases dogs down the beach and into the ocean. Well, that day Bolo took a flying leap and got his claws into the edge of the bassinet. He hung on for dear life and finally bassinet, Bolo and baby landed on the floor. Bolo and Stephie were caught together underneath the bassinet. They were in there screaming and biting at each other. When we got them out, Bolo tore out the front door and disappeared . . . for good. He hasn't been back since. That's when it dawned on me that Stephie had a pretty strong personality if she could best Bolo.

How do you feel about raising your baby?

Strongly. I think now (I may change my mind) that raising a child is simple. Nothing as complex as doctors, magazine articles and people in general try to make it. Babies and young people are pure emotion. They can't control themselves. So I have to have control. However, I plan to be myself. Sometimes I'm inward and moody; sometimes I'm happy and bubbling. I have no intention of controlling myself so that I'm always the same standard-type adult to Stephie. If I tried to hide how I felt, she'd sense it. I'm not pulling any punches with her, because nobody else will when she grows up. I want her to be prepared to go out and be a person. I want to *let* her grow up and not envelop her in a parental cocoon that will leave her helpless and indecisive. I believe in TLC (tender loving care) to the nth degree, and as much possible freedom in individual choice that's safe for her. Even now, as a baby, those choices are available. She is also as myopic as her mother. When she learned to crawl, she was constantly banging her head into a chair leg or lamp base. No one would run up with sympathetic cluckings. She simply stopped, rubbed her sore noggin, then amiably set out to bash it on something else. When she is content to sit quietly and play alone, that very aloneness is important to her. She must some day learn to enjoy herself without company. THE END



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IS GRACE GETTING BORED?

Continued from page 55

been definitely decided she would never act again. It was not fitting, he indicated firmly, for the consort of the ruler by divine right of a European state to toil for money, even as a world-famous actress.

Quiet and gentle as she was, the old Grace Kelly could never be pushed to do anything against her will. If it were right for her, she did what people asked willingly, happily. If not, wild horses could not make her. There were scoffers who said this girl and the scion of the royal Grimaldis would clash. There were skeptics who said she would never be able to give up the heady delights of movie stardom. The letter in the blonde girl's hand suddenly felt heavy as she thought of those clamoring voices.

But, to date, Princess Grace has done no acting. She, who had so often refused to let others control her life, accepted her future husband's decision submissively, and has given no sign that she is not happy doing it. But are there no secret pangs?

Acting and her success gave Grace an immense satisfaction for which it would seem hard, if not impossible, to find a substitute. Has she really found satisfaction in being the eternally smiling focus of royal ceremonies before the adoring people of Monaco, the sober lady do-gooder chairing meetings of the Monacan Red Cross?

The Grace Kelly of two years ago moved among brilliant and witty men, chic and intelligent women. Talented musicians, writers, and actors surrounded her, and many of them adored her. Her days were filled with the excitement of creative work, stimulating company, iridescent conversation. She herself was a leader in beauty, in artistry, in clothes. She was hailed as one of the world's best-dressed women.

Today, Prince Rainier chooses many of her clothes. At the beginning, Princess Grace sometimes disagreed with his selections—but she always gave in dutifully. Now it is being said by those who have seen her recently in Switzerland that, jeweled and royal though her raiment is, from the viewpoint of chicness and high fashion, *Princess Grace is showing signs of dowdiness!* "She used to have a superb fashion sense," one friend has remarked ruefully. Princess Grace has been seen to wear the same dress over and over again, though she can well afford new ones.

As for exciting company, aside from the official visits of brilliant personalities like President Coty of France and Sir Winston Churchill, the social whirl of a princess is limited. Her subjects curtsy and kiss her hand. The members of her household hang on her every word. A small number of old friends, such as the Cary Grants, the David Nivens, Jay and Judy Balaban Kanter, drop in to visit her whenever their mutual busy schedules permit it. But all that hardly compares with the social life she enjoyed in the old days.

Another old friend, Rita Gam, in a conversation just before the royal wedding, pictured Grace as hoping to spend a good part of her time in Paris, visit London and New York often to see all the plays, and cause frequent happy flurries in the social purlieus of Philadelphia. The reality has not been anything like that. Since months before the birth of Princess Caroline, Grace and Rainier have hardly left Monaco, and then chiefly on stiff official excursions, or to their lovely Swiss retreat.

The tiny group of intimates who are most frequently at the palace is made up almost exclusively of Rainier's past associates. Particularly his sister, the Princess Antoinette. This handsome and regal lady was his official hostess when the Prince was a bachelor, and no doubt it was with some regret that Antoinette gave up the prerogatives of that position to her brother's young American wife. Under the circumstances, it must have taken some delicate handling for a bride far from home to work her way into the social leadership of a highly sensitive, closely knit circle of European aristocrats. She did it, beautifully, and the Princesses Grace and Antoinette are now close and loving friends. But it must have been a strain at the beginning.

There is another side to the story, too. The miniature hierarchy of royal courtiers surrounding the throne of tiny Monaco does, after all, have a comic opera aspect. There are queens in Hollywood who have far more power, bask in far more adulation, than the Princess of Monaco—and Grace Kelly was one of them. Rainier has an ambition to make his consort a true Queen, to have her recognized as such among the royal heads of Europe, including those who did not deign to attend his wedding. There are those who say that it is unlikely that Grace will ever become a true Queen because of politics. Perhaps. But one thing is certain: She will never know how it will feel to be a true American mother and wife. How well can the standards of American motherhood be applied in a sprawling thirteenth-century palace?

Turning from the window, shaking off the moment of idleness, the young matron moves slowly through the tall, empty rooms. She touches a table here, a lovely sixteenth-century marble figure there, the few things she had chosen to be placed where they are. She pictures Caroline running through these spacious chambers, so awe-inspiring for a little girl—and the picture is incongruous. Grace intends to have many children. Their laughter, their shouts, will not always be fitting in the state rooms of the palace of the Grimaldis.

And how does one raise a Princess?

The elderly "nannies," common in rich and noble European households, have been pictured as dictatorial ogres, who do not brook interference with their young charges, even from royal parents. Grace wisely avoided this problem by taking a young Swiss nurse for little Caroline. Still, you can't help asking how much does the mother actually see of her child, how often does she cuddle her and play with her—when photographers are not present? Little Caroline has quite a retinue of her own, with a nursemaid and a footman to tend to her wants, as well as the nurse. This could be a deep and wounding problem to a young mother who grew up in the boisterous, love-filled home of the Kellys of Philadelphia.

Another feature of life in a Monacan palace which differs sharply from that in Pennsylvania is that the husband and father is present all day and every day—and Rainier is no man to leave his presence unfelt. He does his official tasks in an office which has been set up in a tower of the palace.

He eats breakfast, lunch and dinner at home. And, of course, he and Grace meet frequently during the day for official teas, delegations and luncheons. For two people deeply in love, as Grace and Rainier undoubtedly are, this is a delightful situation. But it is one the wife of a New York business executive or Los Angeles supermarket manager would find hard to get used to.

"It doesn't leave a girl much time for quiet communion with herself," an American girlfriend of Grace's summed up. The sort of privacy Grace Kelly had always clung to. Her friends recall finding this shy, elusive woman seated alone before a window in her apartment in New York or Hollywood, quietly knitting or simply looking out into the street. "Grace always lived a secret life of her own," one friend has said.

Prince Rainier is a charming and sophisticated companion with a delightful sense of humor, especially now that he is so happy. But he was a lonely bachelor ruler with many problems of state for a long time. In those days he was noted for his imperious ways and unpredictable moods. Every inch a royal Grimaldi, offspring of a 600-year-old dynasty, he was impatient of delays in carrying out his commands, would permit no questioning of his slightest whims. Today, he still is a modern, democratic version of the absolute ruler, by no means the puppet of a palace cabinet or any political forces. He is equally modern in wanting his bride to share his problems—and help share hers.

Prince Rainier's grandfather and his great-grandfather spent little time in the palace, so it was a dreary place, badly in need of repair, when the Prince ascended the throne eight years ago. He used to avoid staying in it himself. But, together with the Princess, large parts of the palace are being restored. The Prince set up complete workshops in the palace to carry out the restoration and to maintain the buildings and grounds. Some 250 people now work inside the grounds, many of whom live in quarters there.

Any dreariness that remains is inevitable to its size and magnificence.

Together, Grace and Rainier designed a small room, informal and intimate, for themselves, a place to retire to at the end of the day. And Princess Caroline's room is fresh and bright, with sunny pale yellow and white furniture.

After each breakfast, served on the terrace overlooking the magnificent gardens, the Prince and Grace visit the baby, and whenever possible, Grace bathes her and is with her when she is fed. Surprisingly, there is not always a great deal of time. Daily official duties are demanding: delegations; formal luncheons; dictation to a string of secretaries (her fan mail is still over 200 letters a week); Red Cross work; official teas; a quick walk in the garden with her daughter and then back for a hurried change for dinner. As Princess, Grace also supervises the seamstresses, embroiderers and lacemakers in the sewing room, the laundresses in the modern laundry, the cooks, pastrymakers, and apprentices in the kitchens. She consults and directs the gardeners who tend the terraced gardens and park inside the grounds and maintain the greenhouses that keep her private apartment and the state rooms supplied with cut flowers and potted plants in bloom the year round.

Several times a week she and the Prince have dinners for diplomats accredited to the principality, members of the government, visiting dignitaries. But twice a week, they plan quiet dinners—often on trays—in what they call the Playroom. This is a vast former garage that the prince converted into a movie theater—he has as avid an interest in movies as Grace has—and game room. There they see the latest European and American films with members of the household staff.

Saturdays are much like weekdays in Princess Grace's schedule, except that sometimes she and the Prince manage to get away for a quiet lunch or dinner at one of the picturesque restaurants along the Riviera coast. On one recent excursion

to such a public restaurant the two held hands like children all evening and danced almost every dance with each other. Rainier danced once with his sister Antoinette and Grace's eyes were fixed on him every moment he was away from her, following every step he took.

On Sundays, in the morning, after Mass, they generally visit the palace's private zoo. Both are lovers of animals. And, if it is not necessary for them to entertain officially, they may take a drive into the countryside or across the border into Italy. The Prince has a fully equipped garage with two mechanics and two car-washers, who keep like new the eleven cars and three trucks at Grace's disposal. Never fond of driving herself, Princess Grace now has one of several chauffeurs always at her call or she goes out alone with the Prince at the wheel. She has persuaded him to give up his old practice of speeding recklessly. At evenings, they are frequently seen walking hand in hand.

But, is Grace happy? Reports from Europe are highly conflicting. An English publication insists that, despite Rainier's denials, Grace is expecting a second child in December or January, pointing out that in recent pictures, she appears to be expecting. But the Paris weekly, Aux Ecoutes, reports, "indiscretions leaking from the Grimaldi palace confirm that a good understanding no longer exists between the Prince and the Princess." This "chill," the paper states, is caused by jealousy on the part of the Prince and misunderstandings about money. According to Aux Ecoutes, whenever Grace goes shopping Rainier has a lady in waiting and two carloads of detectives accompany her. Also, "the Princess believed her husband to be very rich, while the Prince had harbored illusions about his father-in-law's liberality." Yet some observers in Monaco deny these tales, pointing out that at a recent ball Grace and her Prince danced until 3:00 a.m., when it is customary for them to leave at 12:00.

However, there is one strong indication that Grace is planning to resume movie-making. Recently, Lew Wasserman, an executive of the huge American talent agency, MCA, went to Europe for the sole purpose of talking over such a plan with Grace. She would form her own Monacan Film Co., giving ten percent of the proceeds to the Monacan government, and having her films released through M-G-M, where she is still under contract and listen as "on suspension." Some speculate that this is a move on her part to ease the tension over finances and make her marriage more serene.

And there is something else . . .

Grace Kelly once confessed to a reporter that she was secretly very happy about the occasional torrential rains in California, where she then lived. "I get a dull feeling when it's hot and sunny all the time," she said. "I feel tired. I don't want to do anything. I usually stay in the house when the sun is out, and take my walks all by myself at night."

Right now Princess Grace lives on the gleaming, sun-bombarded Riviera, where she is continually bathed in the glare not only of the brilliant ball in the sky but of the unrelenting limelight of a royal personage. No longer can she take lonely walks at night. It is impossible for Her Serene Highness to refuse to face the sun, or her subjects, or the duties of her position, no matter what her secret yearnings.

Perhaps there is a deepseated ache in her heart for the freedom, the rapturous recklessness of a cavort in the rain.

But only the tall blonde woman, standing in the middle of a vast room somewhere in the depths of an Old World palace, a crumpled letter from America in her hand, can really say. THE END

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HOLLYWOOD'S BIGGEST COMEBACK

Continued from page 42

one of her old films along with the rest of the audience. For, as with you, we awaited no one's reappearance more eagerly than of the great, almost-legendary Greta Garbo. New Yorkers have been used to seeing the tall, distinguished-looking woman walking near her home on East 52nd Street and heads have scarcely turned for a second glance at the incomparable features that once cast a spell over the world. Hers was a strange career.

When Garbo first came to this country in 1925, she was young, naive, unworldly, completely dominated by her director, Mauritz Stiller. However, M-G-M soon took over. They decked her out in a track suit for some idiotic cheesecake shots. They set up an interview during which Garbo, with her thimbleful of English, tried to grapple with intimate questions about her private life. These experiences gave her a lasting distaste for publicity, and she eventually became known as the "I vant to be alone" girl. A greater blow came when she was assigned to make her first American picture, "The Torrent"—without Stiller.

She was learning English, but her coworkers didn't know this. They'd call a take with "Where the hell's the big flatfoot?" or "Get that squarehead on the set." Garbo understood, but said nothing. There was some trouble, too, with Ricardo Cortez, male star of the film and then a big name. He resented appearing opposite an unknown and took no pains to hide his feelings. Whenever they became too obvious, Garbo would merely mutter, "That pumpkin—he only hurts himself. There will come a day."

That day came with the release of "The Torrent," in which Garbo was a sensation. Stiller then counseled her, "You are now a great star, Greta, and in America great stars do not work for four hundred a week. Tell them that until they give you much more money, you will not return to work." Obediently, Garbo went on strike. But boss Louis B. Mayer proceeded to give her a stern talking-to, and she reported back to the studio, defying Stiller for the first time.

After two more unsuccessful years in Hollywood, Stiller went back to Sweden and died shortly thereafter. Friends believe that sorrow and remorse at his death made Garbo withdraw into the shell of shyness marking her personality in later years. There were to be other men in her life; her romance with co-star John Gilbert rocked silent-days Hollywood and gossip columns still occasionally link her with various notables of the international set. But she has not been married.

As the talkie era arrived, Garbo began encountering boxoffice woes, caused mostly by mediocre pictures. In 1933, she was fifth in popularity; in 1934, she had fallen to thirty-first. Some studio executives wanted to let her go, but Mayer defended her by pointing to her big draw in foreign markets and her "prestige value." Such great hits as "Camille" and "Ninotchka" still lay ahead, though her last picture, "Two-Faced Woman," was pretty much of a disaster. Four times nominated for Academy Awards, she never won; but in 1955 she was voted an honorary Oscar for her "unforgettable screen performances."

Living in serene, well-heeled retirement, free of the publicity that she so bitterly hated, Garbo has to some extent come out of her shell. She is often seen shopping on Madison Avenue or dining with friends in plush spots like the Colony, and she talks readily and knowingly on a wide variety of subjects. But, for her, one topic remains taboo: Greta Garbo.

Among other M-G-M pictures being released on TV are dramas featuring the exquisite profile and ladylike charm of Norma Shearer, also unknown to the latest moviegoing generation. With producer Irving Thalberg, she lived one of the great romantic chapters in the Hollywood story. Canadian-born Norma was struggling as an extra in New York when she received three offers from Hollywood almost simultaneously: from Universal, Hal Roach and M-G-M. She didn't know it, but the urging of one man had prompted all three offers. Starting as an office boy at Universal, the brilliant Thalberg had become general manager of the studio before he was twenty-one, moved to Roach, and wound up as Metro's production head.

He had seen Norma playing a bit part and scribbled her name on his shirt cuff for future reference. Years later she said, "I will never cease to be grateful that the first man who really thought I could act thought I'd make a good wife as well." Two years after Norma was signed, she became Mrs. Irving Thalberg, adopting the Jewish faith for his sake. Dazzling as her career was, through successes like "Smilin' Through" and "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," her husband always took first place in Norma's life. At one time, while Thalberg was recovering from a bout with tuberculosis, she stopped working so that they could live abroad for a year. Even so, the combination of his weak heart and the eighteen-hour day he put in at the studio finally led to tragedy.

Irving Thalberg died in 1936, aged only thirty-seven. But Norma agreed to return for "Marie Antoinette." After the completion of "Her Cardboard Lover," in 1942, she was married to Martin Arrouge and retired permanently. Still, she has remained an active and beloved figure on the Hollywood scene. She discovered and promoted Janet Leigh. Just this year, she was instrumental in getting handsome Bob Evans his debut role—as Irving Thalberg in U-I's "Man of a Thousand Faces."

That picture is the life story of Lon Chaney, who scored most of his big hits in the silent era, beyond the range of today's TV revival. But the talkies have their own champ in the art of makeup, though Paul Muni is known primarily as an actor, revered for his integrity. Warners grew so enthusiastic about his broad talents that they began billing him as "Mr. Paul Muni."

He was concerned only with his acting and how to improve it. Intensive preparation was his forte, and he became famous for it. He went down into a coal mine to familiarize himself with the locale of "Black Fury," spent four months exploring San Francisco's Chinatown before making "The Good Earth," acquired a grounding in bacteriology for "The Story of Louis Pasteur" (his Oscar-winner), read 300 separate pieces of literature to play the lead in "Juarez"—and spent six months before "The Life of Emile Zola" reading everything he could find about Zola and the Dreyfus case.

Here, obviously, is a perfectionist. The most likely reason for Paul Muni's disappearance from your theater screen is an unusual one: He just couldn't find enough top material to meet his exacting standards. Recently, he scored an impressive stage comeback in "Inherit the Wind," the long-run Broadway triumph. Whatever Muni himself thinks of his current movie comeback—via TV—his memorable performances are going to provide rough competition across the television channels for the actors in more hurriedly prepared live shows, with rehearsal time reckoned in terms of weeks.

Veronica "Peekaboo" Lake, petite blonde from Brooklyn, wowed them in "I Wanted Wings," as a femme fatale whose long hair kept falling over her right eye. Veronica became a star—and started a fad. The wartime Manpower Commission even issued official warnings to any women factory workers who copied it, fearing peekaboo bobs fouling up machinery.

For a while, Veronica was a top feminine star at Paramount, teaming five times with Alan Ladd. But in 1950 she left Hollywood, complaining that her working hours allowed her too little time for her children. It's interesting to speculate how she might feel on seeing herself again as a national symbol of sex appeal, for she now does only an occasional part in a play, in summer stock or on the road. Married to Joseph A. McCarthy, New York writer and music publisher, Veronica had one child by her first marriage, to John Detlie; three by her second, to André de Toth. In each case, the father now has custody.

If your ideal of feminine allure is Marilyn Monroe, perhaps you've been skeptical when veteran fans say, "Call this new crop 'glamour girls'? You should have seen them in the good old days. Ah, Jean Harlow . . ." Is this merely nostalgia? You have a chance to check up, as Jean's spectacular figure and naturally platinum blonde hair appear on your home screen.

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES? Send your votes for the stars you want to see in Photoplay

In color I want to see: ACTOR: ACTRESS:

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Born Harlean Carpenter in Kansas City, Jean became at five the victim of a broken home, and her own marital fortunes proved even more unhappy and more dramatic than those of such later sex symbols as Marilyn, Lana and Rita. At sixteen, Jean rushed into marriage with rich playboy Charles C. McGrew III. ("The radio next door was blaring the 'St. Louis Blues' as we listened to the words that made us man and wife.") They settled in Hollywood, where McGrew dared her to go into extra work. Jean took the dare, but the two were divorced by the time she flashed up from extra ranks into the man-killer role in "Hell's Angels."

Fans were agreeably shocked at her flamboyant film personality and her revealing clothes. Friends and associates knew Jean herself as a straightforward, endearingly natural person—usually laughing and vivacious—with a one-drink limit at the cocktail hour and a minimum of confidence in her own ability as an actress.

To be frank, Jean didn't show up as an accomplished actress in her early pictures. (Keep that in mind if "Public Enemy," for instance, turns up on TV.) But she became a first-rate, sparkling comedienne in such hits as "Red Dust," "Redheaded Woman" and "Dinner at Eight."

On the personal side, her bad luck continued, probably helped along by those who confused her gaudy screen self with the actual woman. "I'm so tired—so very, very tired of men trying to paw me," she told a friend. "Sometimes I think it would be nice if I never saw another man." But she changed her mind when she met M-G-M executive Paul Bern, understanding friend of many stars—and apparently the first man Jean knew who wasn't mentally undressing her with every look. They were married in 1932. One terrible night two months later, Bern shot himself, leaving a suicide note that began, "Dearest dear: Unfortunately this is the only way to make good the frightful wrong I have done you."

Loyally, Jean never said a word about the meaning of that cryptic note, though she realized that all the leering speculations about it might ruin her career. The case was not officially closed for two years, and during that trying time she was comforted by cinematographer Hal Rosson, with whom she eventually eloped. That marriage lasted eight months.

Then she met William Powell. "I had thought I was in love before, but I never knew the meaning of the word until I met Bill. I never thought it would really happen to me. I'm afraid of it. I have a feeling we will never be married . . ."

For Jean Harlow, time was running out. With only a week's shooting to go on 1937's "Saratoga," she died of cerebral edema—at twenty-six. Now "The Jean Harlow Story" is in preparation in Hollywood, and a present-day siren faces a challenge. She must follow in the footsteps of the lady Clark Gable once saluted as "the swellest girl on earth."

Opposite Priscilla Lane in "Four Daughters" (and later hits) was a newcomer whose life pursued a much stormier course, John Garfield. His irregular features, his rough virility, his air of honesty won him immediate attention and an ardent feminine following. For much of his career, his striking debut role typed him in similar characters: moody, rebellious, self-pitying. The closest modern parallel would be a James Dean or early Brando part.

Garfield's boyhood made a useful background for these assignments. Growing up on New York's Lower East Side, Jules Garfinkle was on the way to becoming a young thug; his despairing father even placed him in a school for problem children. But there Julie discovered some-



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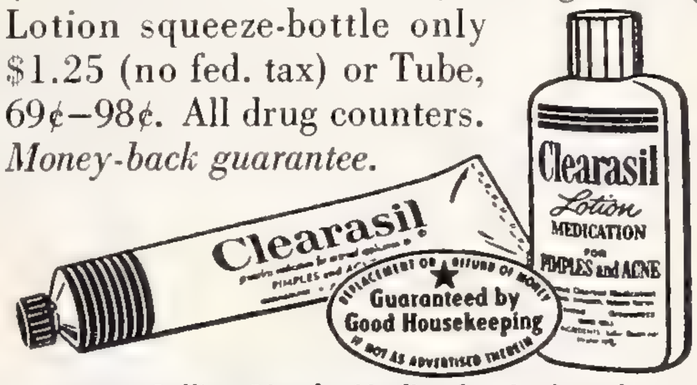
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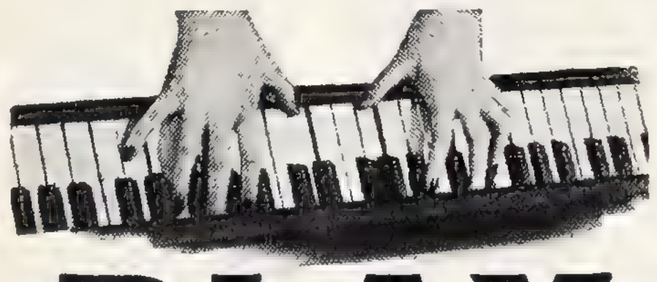
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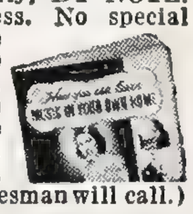


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thing more exciting and rewarding than juvenile delinquency: acting. On the stage, Garfield finally drew great acclaim in Group Theater successes "Awake and Sing," "Golden Boy." The Group pushed plays of vigorous social comment, compelling for a man like Garfield, whose slum origin made him sympathetic to the underdog. Learning of his attitude, the Communist Party for years used his name in connection with various front organizations without consulting him. Tragic consequences were ahead.

Garfield was riding high in Hollywood. He'd signed with Warners because they allowed him time off for stage work and, said John, "because I get a kick out of working on the same lot with Paul Muni." In seven years, he made thirty-one films for Warners, mostly of the gangster-prison variety and was suspended seven times. "Parole me!" John once begged.

But his popularity continued, and his life seemed secure, with wife Roberta, daughter Katherine, son David. In 1939, there had been rumblings of political trouble to come, though few show people took them seriously.

In 1945, shadows fell over the Garfield home when their little daughter suddenly died. And in 1951 no one in Hollywood could laugh; John Garfield took the stand to testify before the House Un-American Activities Committee, accused of Red affiliations. He came as a voluntary witness, to clear his name of the accusations clinging to it for years. On the one hand, he wanted to make a clean breast of the fact that he had, unknowingly, been used by the Reds. On the other hand, he had just produced as well as starred in a new film; his money was tied up in it, and he knew that any Red taint would kill its chances. So he hedged about names, dates and associations, and the Committee labeled his performance unsatisfactory.

Thus died the career of John Garfield. In the last eighteen months of his life, he made no movies. In the last few weeks, he got together with the FBI and determined to set things straight once and for all. It was too late. In strenuous preparation for boxing scenes in "Body and Soul," he had torn a heart muscle. The effects were lasting; Garfield died of a heart attack in 1952, aged thirty-nine. A friend commented sadly, "He was guilty of two things: of loving people and of being naive. For naiveté, he paid with his reputation." And, in a way, with his life.

Whatever John's mistakes may have been, they died with him. But his talent did not. TV-revived, his strong and sensitive portrayals have no connection with politics. They reflect simple humanity.

A rebel of an entirely different sort was Jean Arthur. Indirectly, she ruined a whole day for quixotic Katharine Hepburn. Katie, it's said, ran up to a publicity man and chortled, "I'll bet you never had anyone as difficult to handle as me!"

The shattered publicist snapped, "Oh yes I have! I've just come from working with Jean Arthur." He wasn't kidding; sweet-faced, husky-voiced Jean was the press agents' despair. After battering at the doors of Hollywood, in three good tries from 1923 on, she had no innocent illusions left. But she had a firm confidence in her own ability, and critics agreed with her when she took to the New York stage. Though her five Broadway plays were all flops, Jean personally drew excellent notices, and this time Hollywood came after her.

Now you may see the happy results in charming, thoughtful light comedies like "The Talk of the Town." "My personal favorite," says Jean in the droll little voice that remains her trademark, "is 'Mr. Smith Goes to Washington.'" While her professional stature grew, so did her reputation as Hollywood's recluse, an American Garbo, a star who escaped autograph seekers and fled to her dressing room between takes.

Jean once explained her behavior this way: "The only times I'm self-conscious are when I'm Jean Arthur. In front of a camera, I lose my own identity completely, and with it, I lose my timidity. As Jean Arthur, I'm never sure just what people expect of me." Nobody would have expected what she did in 1944: throw over her career to go to college, study philosophy, live among girls half her age, and generally have a ball. She was even less concerned about her once-shining movie career after she became the wife of producer Frank Ross. That marriage broke up, and Ross married Joan Caulfield, but Jean has not remarried. On film, you saw Jean most recently in "Shane," as Van Heflin's pioneer wife. It was a dramatic portrayal, glowing, delicately shaded —but so had been all her movie comedy performances. She is another of Hollywood's generous gifts to TV.

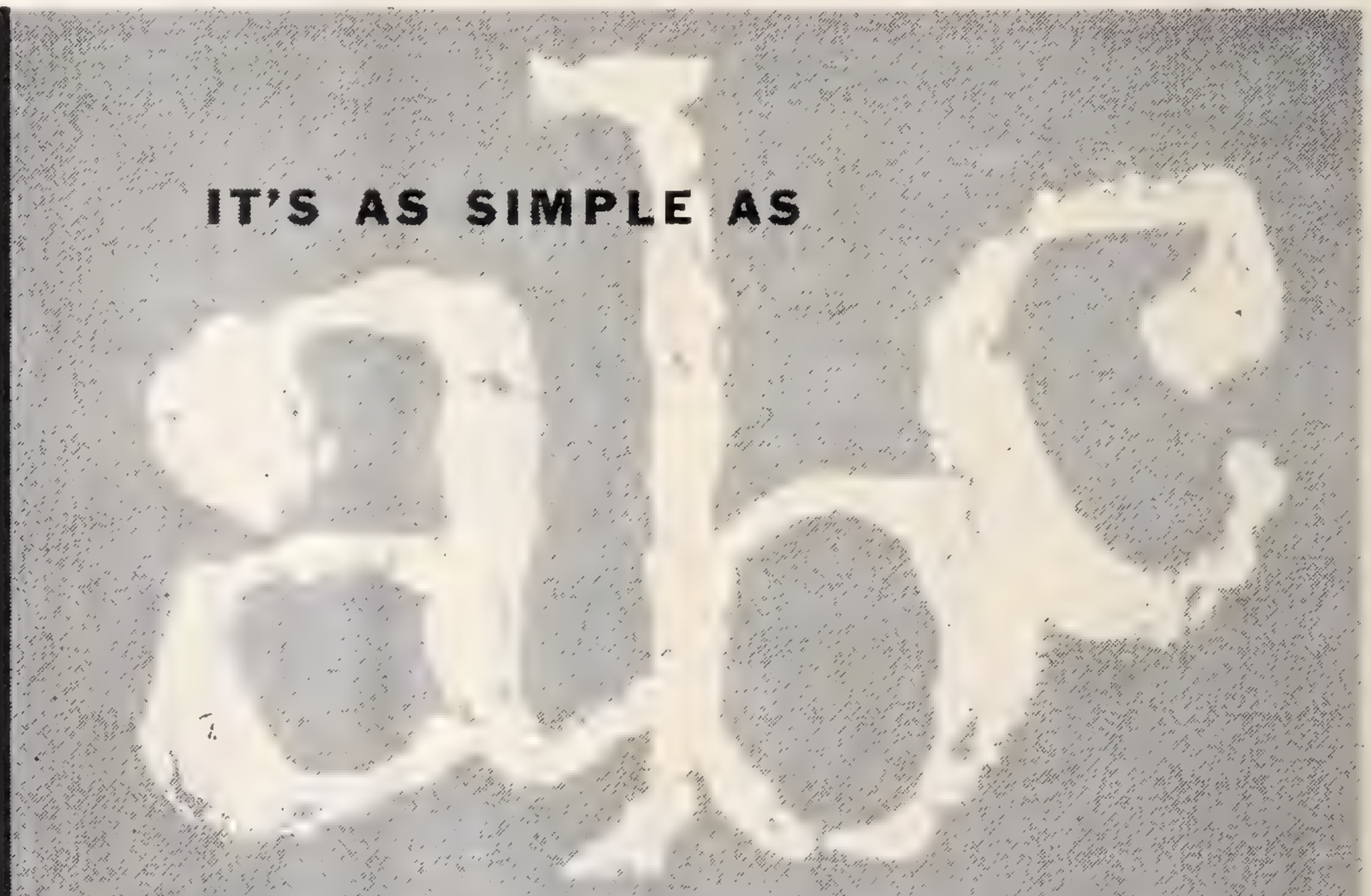
In filmtown's eyes, Margaret Sullavan was an equally unpredictable character. Long before such conduct became fashionable, Maggie stormed around town in slacks, drove a battered old car, wore no jewelry or makeup. But before the cameras (as you can see now) she delivered the goods, making every scene count with her enormous sensitivity and warm, laryngitic voice. She was a rebel *not* without a cause; she traces her ancestry back to Dixie's Robert E. Lee and to fighters of the American Revolution.

For her independence, she has been respected. Two seasons ago, the play "Janus" paid off its fat investment in a fast eight weeks, largely on the strength

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of the Sullavan name. Formerly married to actor Henry Fonda, director William Wyler and agent-producer Leland Hayward, she is currently the wife of businessman Kenneth Wagg. Upon this marriage, she left films permanently (*she* says), and regards their new house in Connecticut as home. But in movies like "Three Comrades" Margaret Sullavan remains a personality to be reckoned with, in any medium.

So does Carole Lombard. Carole was the originator of screwball comedy and one of the most colorful characters Hollywood ever saw. She hated stuffed shirts; she loved to trip them up with crazy gags. Born plain Jane Peters, she was brought by her mother to the old Fox lot when she was a child. A casting director commanded, "Cry!" And Niagara cut loose. Grown into her teens, the future Carole began to get bit parts, and her career looked promising. Then an auto accident sent her smashing into the windshield, cutting up the left side of her face. Was she through?

"Get her over to Sennett's," advised a friend of her mother's. "They don't care about faces. They're only interested in figures. And she'll forget herself in the middle of that crazy bunch."

And the future Carole Lombard served her apprenticeship in the last of the Sennett series, playing the bathing beauty, taking thrown pies in the face, sharpening her wits to keep up with her veteran coworkers in the comic routines. From this experience, she developed her superb comedy timing—and her personal zany streak—and into a beauty.

Even after she became a great success in delicately handled light farces, Carole could kid about an occasional failure: "I sure stunk up that one!" She found an equally honest, forthright person, and his name was Clark Gable. After their marriage in 1939, Carole centered her life on their San Fernando Valley ranch—not on Hollywood. But she was acutely conscious of the horrors going on in Europe. To a reporter, Carole confided, "The world is in a mess. I don't exactly know what it's all about, but I can see and feel that we are not worthy of ourselves. There *is* an American destiny. We've got to rededicate ourselves to the spirit of our own Revolution. We've got to take it out and sell it."

After Pearl Harbor, Carole did just that. In her home state of Indiana, she personally sold over $2,000,000 worth of War Bonds. Happy at the results, Carole was eager to go home to Hollywood and her husband. She conferred with her mother and with Otto Winkler, M-G-M publicist and Gable's best man at the wedding. "I'm strictly a train man myself," Otto said.

"I can't face all that time on a choo-choo," Carole said. They flipped a coin, and Otto lost.

They both lost. The plane crashed. Among the flood of messages that tried to comfort Clark Gable in his dark hour were these words from the White House: "Mrs. Roosevelt and I are deeply distressed. Carole was our friend, our guest in happier days. She brought great joy to all who knew her and to the millions who knew her only as a great artist. She gave unselfishly of her time and talent to serve her government in peace and war. She loved her country. She is and always will be a star, one we shall never forget or cease to be grateful to."

She *is* a star, and you may see her now—slender, laughing, forever alive. At first, old movies were just a time-filler. Today, they are an important part of television. TV has found that its shiniest new shows can't compete on the rating charts with the block-busters of movie history.

Next month, the second part of "Hollywood's Biggest Comeback."





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WHY CAN'T ELVIS GET MARRIED?

Continued from page 57

trying to pick her up. If I'd go out with one to get a hamburger, they'd call me a chaser."

"Not only that, El," Gene pointed out. "You know you've gotta be so careful. Sure, most of them are real good girls, but there's always a chance that one of 'em's out to use you for publicity, or even some kind of hoked-up blackmail."

"Yeah," Elvis sighed heavily, and stretched out on the couch, looking vacantly up at the ceiling. "Yeah, I know . . ."

"Try 'n' get some rest, El," soothed Gene.

"Poor kid," he thought, "Poor, kid . . . He sure has to take a lot of bitter with the sweet. Maybe when we get to Hollywood, it'll be different. He'll get to meet some nice girls, actresses in his own class. They'll understand . . ."

But in Hollywood, they didn't understand. Not right away. They eyed Elvis curiously—then backed off and kept their distance, as if he were some sort of dangerous character.

"I'd heard so many things about him," said Debra Paget. "How spoiled he was, how he was a moron."

"I thought going out with Elvis would be —real daring," said Natalie Wood.

"I didn't think I'd like him," said Anne Neyland. "I had an entirely different impression of him because of his publicity and his photographs. I didn't see how I could like him as a person."

"I thought he'd be real wild," said Venetia Stevenson.

"What am I, a leper or something?" Even on the phone, all the way from Hollywood, Gladys Presley could feel how upset her son was. "Now, Elvis," she said gently. "Don't you mind. You just go out and meet those girls, and be yourself. If they're the right kind, they'll see all that awful publicity about you isn't true."

Wonder of wonders, they did see! They did understand!

On the set of his first picture, "Love Me Tender," Elvis finally got up his courage to be introduced to his co-star, Debra Paget. "Pleased to meet you, ma'am," he said shyly.

"I was so pleasantly surprised," says Debra. "He was such a gentleman!"

Later, she laughed when someone asked her how Elvis was doing as an actor. "No, he doesn't need help in the love scenes!" But they never did get around to dating. Debbie had a very tight schedule at the time—and when she was free, Elvis had met Natalie Wood.

With Natalie, Elvis was in seventh heaven. At last, he had himself a girl, a real, down-to-earth girl, the kind he'd be proud to take home and introduce to his parents. Not that either of them was serious. They just had a lot of fun, going to drive-ins for hamburgers and Cokes, listening to jukebox music. Often, their pal, Nick Adams, went along, and Cousin Gene, and the four of them had a lot of laughs. The kind of fun that's just routine for most boys. But not for Elvis.

He came back to earth with a thud after Natalie's trip to Memphis. Both of them were so used to traveling all over the country all the time, that they thought no more of it than other young folks would think of a bus ride to the next town. But the press didn't take it that way. They blew it up as a big romance—and the "big romance" was over before it had ever begun.

Natalie didn't see Elvis after that. Both of them knew it could only cause them unhappiness. And now, she won't talk about him at all. She's in love, and engaged to be married to Robert Wagner . . .

"Any other star you can name can lead a half-way normal life," says a Hollywood press agent over his coffee in Schwab's drugstore, "but not that Elvis. I know it sounds crazy, especially since we press agents are supposed to be a cynical lot, but I can't help feeling sorry for him. I know what he's up against. The press will never let him alone."

No, the press didn't leave him alone. Not when he dated Joan Blackman. Not when he invited Yvonne Lime to spend Easter Week in Memphis. Not when he went with Anne Neyland. Not when he asked his latest flame, Venetia Stevenson, to stop off in Memphis on her way back to Hollywood . . .

In the darkness of a Memphis movie theater, Elvis Presley took the hand of the lovely blonde Venetia beside him, and grinned like a kid who has just put his hand in the cookie jar.

"Isn't this great, honey?" he whispered. "Gee, I'm so happy."

Venetia smiled back at him, and nodded. It was wonderful, sitting there with Elvis. It gave her a strange, eerie feeling, though. Because, except for the manager, who had welcomed them and now sat at a discreet distance, the huge movie house was empty. This showing of "Loving You" had been arranged just for them, because Elvis wanted her to see it and tell him what she thought of it.

Elvis watched his own scenes tensely, and he gripped her hand a little tighter.

The film ended, and the lights went up. "Well, honey?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, Elvis, you were wonderful!" she told him. "Your acting has improved so much. You're lots better than you were in your first picture."

"Gosh, thanks," he muttered, embarrassed, and quickly changed the subject. "C'mon, now. Mom will have dinner waiting. Guess we'd better leave by the back door."

It didn't work. A blinding flash struck them as they came out, leaving them dazed and blinking.

"Thought you'd give us the slip, huh, Elvis?" the photographer crowed.

"Why, Venetia Stevenson!" a reporter exclaimed. "This *is* news!"

The next day, the picture hit every newspaper in the country. And Venetia Stevenson's name was added to the list of Elvis Presley's "Memphis romances."

"I don't get this bit," a Memphis reporter groused. "It's getting to be a big publicity stunt for him, or the girls—or both—if you ask me. This business of bringing them home to meet mother—if he's so serious about them, why doesn't he settle on one and get married?"

Why? Because Elvis Presley can't get married.

Elvis would like to get married. That's the heartbreaking, ironic twist. "Sure, I'd like to get married some day," he says, in a wistful tone that implies that this is something that happens to other people, but not to him. Then, he adds, matter-of-factly, "Right now, I have no plans."

One of his henchmen put it more bluntly: "Marriage is the farthest thing from Elvis' mind," snapped Tom Diskin, associate of Elvis' manager, Colonel Tom Parker.

Behind those words lies a pathetic story. The story of a boy who has everything—and nothing. The story of a boy who is lonely and misunderstood, hungering for love, or even just a little bit of the normal boy-girl companionship that others take for granted.

Back in Hollywood after her three-days' stay in Memphis, beautiful, gentle Venetia Stevenson spoke quietly about Elvis. There was no rancor in her heart, no bitter words for those who had branded the visit as a publicity stunt.

"I had the wrong idea about Elvis, too, before I met him," Venetia said. "I thought he was real wild. Then, when a mutual friend introduced us about a month ago, I found out how wrong I was. He's so nice! So quiet, polite, friendly and easy-going. It's a shame that people don't know him as he really is!

"We dated for two weeks before he left," she went on. "Then, when Elvis heard that Ed Sullivan had picked me as the Most Photogenic Girl in the World and I was going East to appear on his show, he invited me to return by way of Memphis. I'd never been to the South before, and it was wonderful. The people there are so friendly and warm. We had a quiet time, because I was so tired from my trip. I rode around the farm on a tractor and drove Elvis' cars. Elvis' mother cooked wonderful southern food, and if I'd stayed there another day I'd have gained weight. The only time we went out was to go to a fair, and to see his movie. Most of the time, we spent at home with his folks."

And Venetia made it very clear that she intended to go on seeing Elvis, let the publicity fall where it may. "He's called me since I've returned," she said, "but I was away at a horse show and missed the calls. But he'll be back for a recording session soon and I'll see him then."

"Sure, she means it," snorted a hard-bitten movie executive. "Venetia's a nice girl. But she's got a great big career ahead of her. Wait'll the people around her start putting on the pressure. She'll find out it's not so simple to date Elvis Presley . . ."

Yvonne Lime found out, the hard way. "I met Elvis when I worked with him in 'Loving You,'" says cute, blonde Yvonne. "He remembered me from the role I had in 'The Rainmaker' and came over and introduced himself. He asked me out, and my first date was with him and his folks. We went to see 'Giant' and he sat between his mother and me, holding both of my hands. We all enjoyed the movie very much, and we weren't too mobbed because it was a small theater, and when we came out it was raining. It was a wonderful evening.

"We dated for the next two weeks, and then he left on a tour. He called me from different places, and when he got back to Memphis, he asked me to come and visit for Easter Week.

"We had some great times together. I remember one party we gave together that was really very funny. He invited his friends from Memphis, and I invited mine from Glendale. We decided to have a beach party, but it rained. We went to the beach anyway, but it didn't stop. Finally, we had our party in Elvis' apartment in the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel—all forty of us!"

Just then, a Mexico City paper reported that Yvonne and Elvis were coming there to be married.

"We never discussed marriage," says Yvonne hotly. "We dated a lot, but we never went steady. We both went out with others.

"When those marriage rumors broke, we thought it best not to go out anymore. Every time we dated, it was in the papers that we were going to be married. I don't hear from Elvis at all now," she said wistfully.

"The way I heard it," a Hollywood insider said, "Presley's press agent blamed Yvonne's for the marriage item, and vice versa. And the kids are the innocent victims of the fracas, until they can prove who really did plant it. It's a dirty shame."

Pretty Anne Neyland, who plays with Elvis in his new M-G-M picture, 'Jailhouse Rock,' discovered, too, that dating Elvis could cause complications in her life—but in this case, the complications were created by Elvis himself.

"As I told you," said Anne, "I was prepared not to like Elvis. So when I met him, it was quite a shock. He handled himself extremely well, and he's much better looking than his photographs. He's gallant and charming and very sweet—just the opposite of what I thought he'd be!

"He got my phone number from the publicity department, and we began dating steadily. Since he's back home he calls me about once a week.

"I had a very small part in the picture. I haven't told anyone this—it was a part sort of written in for me, at Elvis' request. He wanted me to be in the picture, but he didn't want me to play the role that I was originally up for—the part of a movie star, an older girl who's been around. About a week after we began dating, I found out I wasn't going to do that role. It wasn't until much later that I found out Elvis had something to do with that.

"You see," Anne went on, smiling, "Elvis is a very funny boy when he likes a girl very much. He puts her on a pedestal, and he makes her out to be so sweet and so naive that she can't look at other boys when she's going around with him. As far as he was concerned, I was too sweet to play the movie star part, because this girl had been around and he didn't want me to do anything like that.

"I was quite shocked and upset when I discovered this. I tried to explain to him that it was my business. That I want to play all kinds of roles, and the parts I play have nothing to do with what I am like myself. But he thinks if he likes a girl well enough to marry her, she wouldn't be in this business."

But what of Barbara Hearn, the quiet, lovely brunette back home in Memphis, who has been close to Elvis and his family for years? Who spends much time at his home and sees a lot of him whenever he comes there, seemingly indifferent to the other girls who come to visit?

The hometown folks would like to see Elvis marry Barbara. "She's a mighty fine girl," they say. But Barbara knows that, just now at least, it isn't in the cards. Maybe, if Elvis hadn't been swept away from her by the ruthless current of his career . . . maybe it would have been different. But every time he comes home, she notices a change in him, a disturbing change that she cannot understand. He's as friendly as ever, on the outside . . . but inside, there's a baffling barrier, a withdrawal . . . and Barbara, a stranger to the world of show business that has claimed Elvis, can only wait, hoping for a change.

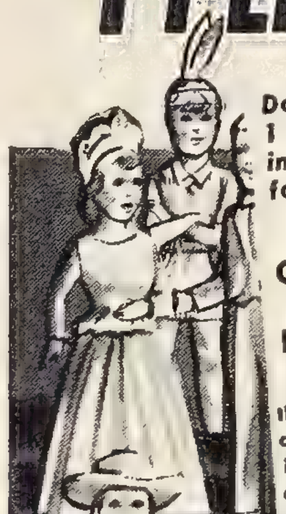
Anne Neyland has noticed it, too. And, because she is a part of that world, she sees what has happened to him. "I'm having a wonderful time with Elvis," Anne says thoughtfully, "But the last three years he's so used to people tearing at him wherever he goes that he's drawn into a shell. He's so used to being alone with a few close friends and going for drives and playing records that you can't get him out of it. I think he's at a stage now where he's just given up trying to make himself a little more normal life. It's quite frustrating. In the beginning it's very different. He's so very, very sweet. He'd do anything in the world for you. He puts you on that pedestal, and it's very exciting, but after a while, it's just too much. I love the quiet life!

"I don't know why he goes out with so many different girls," Anne went on. "He's one of those people who just cannot be alone. He needs to be with someone he really likes. He feels he has to surround

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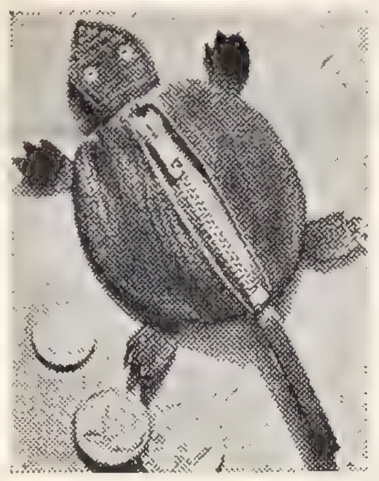
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himself with his close friends as a sort of protection against loneliness, because you can be very lonely in a mob of strangers.

"One night we were watching TV and they showed a scene of people roller-skating. I said, 'Oh, I haven't done that since I was a child. I'd love to go roller-skating again.' He said he'd love to do it, too, but how could he do something like that? The crowds wouldn't let him skate in peace and be alone with his date.

"Now I've been loaned out by M-G-M to make a picture called 'Motorcycle Gang.' Elvis says he's going to come back and really show me how to ride one. At least, that will be fun for us.

"No wonder that when Elvis finds companionship, he doesn't want to leave it behind!" Anne said vehemently. "He clings to it, because he needs it."

Another Presley date, Joan Blackman, agrees. "When we went on our first date," says Joan, "he had several of his buddies along with him. We went to see 'Rock, Pretty Baby' and I was surprised to find that he was a lot of fun to be with. He's got a wonderful sense of humor, and I've always found him to be polite and considerate. But Elvis likes a lot of people around him—generally there'd be eight or ten with us—watching TV, playing records or dancing around in his place. Yes, he's really very nice—a fine friend to have."

How can Elvis tear himself away from this, the only security, the only happiness he knows? To do that, to give it up for just one girl, he would have to be very sure. And, when his career creates so many obstacles and difficulties, how can he ever be sure?

"I think going into the Army will be good for him," Anne Neyland says. "It would get him out of the shell he's in right now. He calls me many times at three, four or five in the morning, when he's been awake all night. He's a very nervous person, very high-keyed. A few more years, the Army, and getting out among other people should help this."

Anne stood up, and looked out of the window, into the darkness, where the bright lights of hundreds of homes in Beverly Hills twinkled—homes where families were gathering, and children laughing.

"Elvis told me," she said slowly, "that marriage is the last thing on his mind. But I think if he would find someone who would share his life right now, he would get married."

She shook her head sadly. "I just don't know any girl who could stand it. I can see what his life is doing to him. But one thing I do know. He needs it." THE END



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WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?

Continued from page 71

asked her recently. Here's what she said:

"Right now, my career is in crisis. I can go up or I can go down. I can't stand still. I think, in a way, the times are against me. The days of star-building, as they used to be, are over. The real way to build a female star, the way it *was* done, is to put her in a succession of pictures with big names like William Holden or Greg Peck. Naturally, I don't consider myself a star, and I feel someone on the way to somewhere needs the moral support of a boxoffice male lead. That's why Grace Kelly—not that she wasn't wonderful—was so fantastically lucky. She rarely had to carry a picture alone.

"I've been bothered for a long time by the variety and range of my parts. Not that variety isn't good. It is, once you're an established star. But I feel that for me there must first be a more constant identification in the minds of audiences with Joan Collins, Personality. And this I haven't yet established.

"I've played a nun, a respectable English girl, a broken-down nymphomaniac, a Follies girl gone astray and a thirty-five-year-old alcoholic. None was particularly sympathetic, and none was precisely me. Of all my parts, the one in 'Island in the Sun' was closest to what I'd like. I like playing girls my own age—twenty-four—and hate doing ingenues. I'd love to have the kind of parts Susan Hayward did fifteen years ago, or Ava Gardner. The roles in 'East Side, West Side,' or 'The Snows of Kilimanjaro,' or 'The Hucksters.' And, of course, there's something irresistible about the role of a bad girl. I think most actresses feel that.

"Getting back to establishing a personality. For instance, take hairdos. With all the different kinds I've worn, and this is important, I've never become associated with any particular kind of role. No one would recognize me in two pictures in a row. Then, too, I'd like to get on the right foot with a screen personality that is part of my own, and then use that for propulsion. Offhand, the closest I can think of would have been the part of *Myra* in "Oh Men, Oh Women"—the one Barbara Rush played.

"It wouldn't have to necessarily be a sexy type personality. I've been identified some with sex, but I have my own definite feeling about that. Sex is something that comes from within oneself. There have been beautiful women who have been sexless, and the plain women who have been sexy, and it has nothing to do with one's figure or one's measurements. Having a fifty-six-inch bust, for a grotesque example, doesn't mean you're sexy. You can be sexy with a thirty-inch bust. A bosom is a lovely and sometimes necessary adjunct to motherhood, and that's all it is. So why all the fuss about it? I also think that covered-up sex is more attractive than uncovered sex. I am indifferent to the bikini, for example.

"Glamour is another word and another thing. Glamour, I think, is an aura. I think very few women have real glamour. I think Dietrich has it, Ava Gardner, Vivian Leigh, to mention a few. But I don't think all these itsy-bitsy starlets are glamorous. I don't even think you can be glamorous until you've reached a certain age. Garbo has tremendous glamour. It's a poise, a worldliness, an assurance which you simply can't find in young girls, no matter how pretty or sexy they are. Probably no one will agree with me, but that's the way I feel about it.

"I've been told that I look like Elizabeth Taylor. Well anyone compared to Elizabeth Taylor in looks has to be terribly flattered, but I think it's a handicap to be compared to *anyone*. In that way, especially. For better or worse, I'll go it on my own. Although there's no doubt about Liz' glamor, I don't think you can make a sweeping statement about what age a woman can or does become glamorous—if she ever does. It has something to do with having lived.

"I never want to stand still. I love movement. I know I said when I was in Japan, 'I'll never live in Hollywood again.' And I won't—for any length of time, any more than I'd have wanted to live in Japan.

"I love places, I could travel the rest of my life and always be home. I love Acapulco and Rome and Paris and New York

and London. But if it had to be one place, and I hope it won't, it would be New York. New York to me is the capital of the world, the international city. London is strictly British, Paris so ver-ee French. Tokyo so Japanese. But in New York, you hear so many languages and dialects, see so many nationalities and viewpoints. I prefer a cosmopolitan city. I like Vegas and I like Hollywood all right, but it's no place for night life. I liked the West Indies, too.

"Heavens, look at me eat, And yet, I loathe people who stuff themselves, the obese ones. Maybe I'm jealous because of my diets. I should talk; when I'm depressed I pick up several magazines and seven or eight candy bars, then sit and read and eat and smoke. I like every food that's fattening. Someone once said that everything he enjoys was illegal, immoral or fattening, and that's something like me, but I'm quoting and I don't really mean immoral. I hate to be on a diet—but I always am."

Joan has often been chided by the press for her I-don't-care manner of living. But icy remarks, such as these, appear to bounce right off her: "Joan Collins could never be accused of spending too much time at the hairdresser's" and "Joan Collins obviously plans to be noticed when she attends the royal premiere of 'Island in the Sun' in London. In spite of her studio's disapproval, she intends to wear an evening dress that would strike envy in the publicity conscious little hearts of both Jayne 'frontless' Mansfield and Vikki 'backless' Dougan. Joan's frock might be 'sideless,' featuring nude net from armhole to ankles." What ultimately happened was that Joan failed to appear at the "Island" premiere at all. Because she was scheduled to be presented to Princess Margaret, her absence was taken as a "snub." Meanwhile, Joan, basking on the Riviera, insisted her failure to attend was not meant as a snub, but that her tickets were sent to the wrong address. Joan never seems disturbed by such comment. In fact, she herself told one well-known columnist quite candidly, in her part-British, part-American accent, "I love Hollywood's relaxed, casual life. I'm kind of a slob."

Does she really not care? Is she perhaps covering up for unhappiness in not having attained stardom nor a great fan following? What's Joan hiding behind that devil-may-care core? What is the real composure, self-assurance and confidence that accompanies an actress who has made more than twenty films? Could her attitude be rebellion as a result of having failed in marriage?

Married to British actor Maxwell Reed at nineteen, Joan was separated before coming to the States, and divorced last year. Has marriage failure frightened her?

"Let's put it this way. I had marriage and fell on my face. I want to get married again some day—when I'm utterly certain—because I want to have children, but not for years and years and years. Maybe now I feel it's a kind of stagnancy—and I can't be stagnant. Now it literally puts the fear of God in me, the thought of getting married again. Then, I get so frightened when I see other people's marriages and what's happening to them. My friends, too. Plus that when you get married, it's for life, or that's the theory, and say that at twenty-four I have another fifty years of living to do. It's an awfully long time to spend with one person. So I'd want to be very certain before I marry again, because when I do, I really want it to be forever. If that seems a contradiction, I'm sorry, but it's all this wonderful traveling gives it to me, and marriage can wait as long as it wants, for all it matters to me. And,

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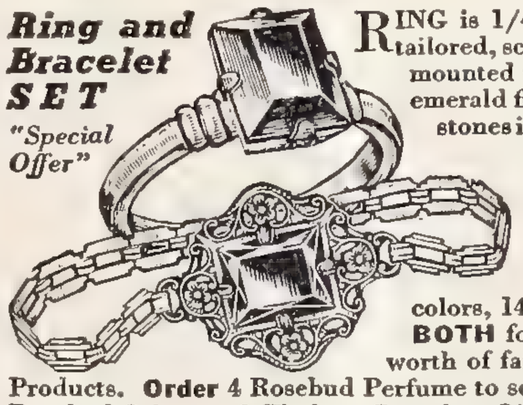
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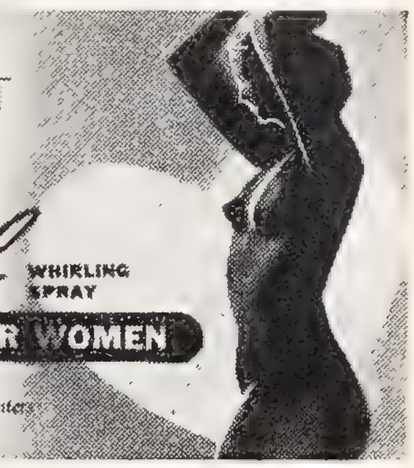
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dear Lord, I hope it will never, never, never be to an actor!

"As a general rule, I don't like actors. Especially young actors. Why? Good question. Because they're always playing a scene, always *on*, as we say in the profession. I admire honesty, so I loathe this Hollywood patois of 'Baby-*doll*' and 'Howzit, sweetie?' and 'Darling-I-love-you-you-know-that-dən'tcha?' The young ones. But James Mason now is one of the sweetest men on earth, a great, great man. As a matter of fact, I've found right along that the bigger the star, the nicer a person he is.

"As for engagements, they should never be less than four months, and eight months is better. And for all I know, eight years would be best of all. How can you tell anything in less than four months? How would you know love from simple fascination? How do you know how many times you could stand watching your light of love pull his left ear when he's thinking, which is what he always does? How long could he watch you touch your hair in the back when you're socially nervous? I see marriages going to pieces because of things as trivial as this. On all sides of me. When you're batting against forever, or mortal life, you're bucking pretty big odds. If you're like I am. And I *am* like that."

Compared to other stars, Joan Collins is unknown to her fans. Hers is a name which has appeared on movie house marquees, she is probably more beautiful than many other more popular stars, she is well-traveled, well-read and an independent woman. And yet she has not come off the screen as a definite personality. It's a puzzlement.

Around Hollywood, Joan is known as an extremely opinionated girl. Opinionated about life because she's lived it—as a frightened child of war-torn Britain, through the torment of the Blitz and the lean years which followed. Opinionated about love because she flopped at it. Her likes and dislikes—both of which are strong—reap her admirers and skeptics and affect everything she thinks and feels.

"Everybody hates war except those who make it. That's a cliché, but I know it's true. In London during the Blitz, I saw hotels and houses that had been standing for years destroyed. Suddenly they just weren't there any more. And there were people I knew who were killed. I'm still afraid of the dark and sleep with the living room lights on. And all this night club going I do. The bright lights . . . well, never mind . . .

"I hate getting up in the morning and going to bed early at night. I detest two-tone cars. They strike me as incredibly vulgar. I like an all black or white or pink car, and I love the styling of the Thunderbird—which is funny, because usually I dislike convertibles. They get to look cheesy after a while. But I love sports cars, particularly British and Italian ones.

"I hate rock 'n' roll but I love Latin American music and calypso. I can't stand waltzing or ballroom dancing, but the Latin kind is very much for me. And incidentally, I hate people who say they can't dance and then do. If they can't dance, I will thank them to stay off my toes. But eating and certain kinds of dancing, these I like the most.

"Going to the movies every night would be a kind of Heaven on earth, but I *loathe* watching television. An evening of it is the ultimate in boredom. I think TV can be like a narcotic, and that in a few generations people will be bug-eyed idiots, communicating in grunts. I have an eleven-year-old brother who watches it five hours a day. It's alarming. *Selective* viewing, that's something else again, of course. But selective viewers are getting mighty hard to find.

"Besides, I'm afraid of anything, including television, that is making life easier than it should be. All this instant coffee, cake mixes, pre-frozen foods, all that. They're weakening the fabric in some way. Then all these people who have to keep up with the Joneses.

"And I am very much anti people who are so anti—the anti-Semitics, anti-Catholics, anti-anything. They are often bigots themselves. Mention of the Ku Klux Klan does something bad to my blood pressure. Perhaps some of it is coloration from the picture I made in the West Indies, 'Island in the Sun.' We all got along so fine there, and my own part happened to be that of a prominent islander who thought she was part colored before she found out different.

"I hate posing for pictures, but like doing candid pictures, probably because I photograph better that way. I don't like photographers who say 'Smile, please,' or at least I don't like the instruction.

"I don't like women drivers, especially those who never know which way they're going, and sail right through boulevard stop signs. That's not only dangerous and illegal, it's bad manners, and I hate bad manners, even elementary. I'm not taking bows, but I do hold doors open for older women and always remember to thank the elevator operator, and I never hear anyone doing this any more. I do it because I was taught it was the correct and courteous way to do things. On the other hand, I can be just as rude as any one if I need to.

"I loathe all forms of domesticity, from cooking on down, and I gag at magazine layouts featuring the star as the girl next door, whacking at that batter with that apron so fetching. Who is the girl next door, anyway? She sounds like a fiction.

"Although I hate cooking, I've a lot of respect for those who can cook and naturally, have a flock of favorite restaurants. Les Amassadeurs in London, La Rue here in Hollywood, Maxim's in Paris, "21" in New York, and George's in Tokyo makes the best duck. I guess I have an international digestive system. El Morocco is my favorite nightclub.

"Look, isn't it positively indecent for me to sit here and roll out menus? There must be something as universal. Children, for instance. Some of my very best friends are children. But I've old-fashioned ideas about them and feel that they should be seen and not heard. I can't bear precocious children and I'm sure it's always the parents' fault. I think the most beautiful thing to see is a ten- or eleven-year-old who has flawless manners. Not prissy, just nice.

"But I'm not as crotchety as I sound, really. I like parties and dressing up, and spend most of my money on clothes. Know what I brought back from Japan? Listen to this lineup: Fourteen dresses, four coats, three suits and twenty shirts, and a lot of the shirts I designed myself.

"I love surprises and getting presents, but no matter what you've heard I don't like any one man to the exclusion of others. I dislike wolves, but also their opposite numbers, the meek, wishy-washy men. I like very much indeed tall, thin men. In cars, I'm not comfortable when anyone else is driving unless it's my father.

". . . and I love talking about food. Being British, I was brought up on a regime of four meals a day. I liked tea best of all. We'd have thin slices of buttered bread, paste, shrimps or prawn, and scones with butter and strawberry jam, wonderful cakes and endless cups of tea. Now I'm down to two meals a day and I miss tea-time desperately. Tea itself, too. Americans don't really know how to make tea, just as the English can't make a decent cup of coffee.

"I loathe phone calls and talking on phones and writing letters. I like reading —fiction or otherwise—and right now my favorite writers are Irwin Shaw and Eric Maria Remarque. That's a fluid situation, though.

"I like simple clothes with bright colors, ballet-length gowns, sheath dresses and full skirts. I like the taste of liquor, and love wine and the rum drinks they have in the West Indies. But actually I'm not much for drinking.

"I desperately want to catch up with world affairs. I've rather been neglecting my mind lately. A body might be enough for the public, but a girl couldn't go through her whole life congratulating herself upon having a body. I want to be able to do a play on Broadway and get some good reviews for a change.

"As long as they keep me moving in films, I'll be happy. This is what I was made for. My luck is unbelievable. There's so much to the world, so much to do and see. And not to be alone, or in the dark, ever."

Are there any questions about Joan Collins as a personality? THE END

ANSWERS TO "HOLLYWOOD'S BIGGEST COMEBACK" QUIZ

on page 42

1. "True Confession"
Fred MacMurray, Carole Lombard, John Barrymore

2. "Three Comrades"
Margaret Sullavan, Robert Taylor

3. "I Married a Witch"
Fredric March, Veronica Lake

4. "The Good Earth"
Luise Rainer, Paul Muni

5. "Talk of the Town"
Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, Ronald Colman

6. "Two-Faced Woman"
Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas

7. "Four Daughters"
John Garfield, Priscilla Lane

8. "Red Dust"
Tully Marshall, Donald Crisp, Jean Harlow, Clark Gable

9. "Smilin' Through"
Norma Shearer, Fredric March

NINE-MONTH BEAUTY COURSE

Continued from page 77

for both mother and baby is not unlike the health and beauty program regularly followed by actresses and models who must always look their best.

In Vera's opinion, too many expectant mothers are depressed by secret fears about what childbearing will do to their health and good looks. "Don't feel guilty and don't worry!" she says. "And don't hesitate to tell your doctor how important it is to you to look and feel attractive. He'll understand and approve." Wife of actor "Pete" Gordon Scott, Vera is the mother of two daughters by a previous marriage—Debbie, age seven, and Kelley, four and a half years old—in addition to the latest arrival.

"There are good medical reasons," she says, "why obstetricians today are as concerned about weight as beauty experts. They've discovered that toxemia of pregnancy, one of the commonest dangers to expectant mothers, rarely occurs unless the patient is overweight.

"If you are too heavy to start with, your doctor will put you on a diet to normalize your weight. Even if your size is right, he probably won't permit you to gain more than eighteen pounds. It's usually alloted this way: three pounds for the first three months and two and a half pounds for each succeeding month. While your doctor is watching your weight to safeguard your health," Vera points out, "you can make it pay off in a better figure."

Five feet four and a half inches tall and normally weighing around 112 pounds, Vera had to diet to keep weight *on*. "I gained only twelve pounds carrying Debbie," she says, "and after she was born I looked like a rail! Next two times, I made sure to gain the full eighteen pounds.

"Eating for two doesn't mean twice as much," warns Vera, whose diet has *two* objectives—controlling weight and getting the right food. "Babies know what they need for healthy development. If your diet is inadequate, they take what they need at your expense. And *that's* when a woman's health and appearance *can* be permanently damaged!"

To protect both you and your baby, Vera recommends that your diet include daily portions of eggs, meat or fish, whole grain bread or cereal and three portions each of fruit and vegetables. "Your doctor may also prescribe supplementary vitamin pills," she adds, "and suggest that you cut out sweets because they tend to destroy your appetite for the foods you need.

"Milk, of course, is a big must, but because of its high fat content, your doctor will decide how much is best for *you*. If you are a rapid gainer, he may prefer to have you drink skim milk.

"If following your diet grows irksome," says Vera, "remind yourself that it means better health for your baby now and better looks for you a year from now."

Meals for the Scotts, whether or not Vera is pregnant, usually include meat, broiled or roasted, a vegetable and a big green salad. For dessert they like plain gelatine made with orange juice or a liquidized fruit. Breakfast is often prepared in a liquidizer and is usually a combination of orange juice, two raw eggs, a little honey, a couple of envelopes of gelatine and a banana. "Tastes delicious," says Vera, "and I get plenty of nourishment without feeling overstuffed.

"If it hadn't been for Pete," she confides, "I'd never have found out about proper nutrition. He's a firm believer in natural foods and he certainly changed my way of thinking—and eating. I went along first just to please him. But after eating his way for a while, I suddenly began to notice how much better I looked and felt. Even skin blemishes that used to bother me occasionally have disappeared!" Vera now knows enough about diet to write an article on the subject—and has, in a local newspaper. She admits that her doctor was impressed enough to buy a batch for his other patients.

"Don't be surprised," Vera cautions, "if you find yourself nodding at any and all hours. It's one of the major signals of pregnancy and nature's way of telling you that you need lots of rest. Eight hours of sleep at night are always important for good health and good looks—as anyone who has to face a camera knows. But because of the extra work your body is doing during pregnancy, it needs to be recharged *often*. Three twenty-minute rest periods during the day do more to pep me up than two additional hours of sleep at night."

Like the right groceries and enough rest, exercise is another item the expectant mother can borrow from an actress' normal beauty routine. "Walking in the fresh air is one of the best exercises for pregnant women," says Vera. "It pays a beauty bonus, too, in fresher skin, sparkling eyes and improved muscle tone. I also swam a lot in our pool and got plenty of exercise painting and hanging wall paper. But don't overdo," she warns. "As a precaution against miscarriage, your doctor will remind you to take it easy on days when you would normally have your menstrual period—especially during the first three months."

An old wives' tale that Vera *does* heed is the one about "a tooth for every child." "Calcium metabolism is affected during pregnancy," she says, "and extra acid in the mother's saliva may also weaken the enamel. It's a good idea to have beginning cavities filled early in your pregnancy. And see your dentist once again before the baby is born so that no new cavities can make much headway."

A slave, she admits it, to a toothbrush, Vera even carries one in her handbag because she's always had trouble keeping her teeth free of cavities. Even when she's not pregnant, she scrubs her teeth after each meal, as well as morning and night, and has taught her daughters to do the same.

About the stretch marks that sometimes appear on abdomen, hips and breasts as the body enlarges, Vera has experienced no problem. "Dry skin may be a factor," she cautions, "and during pregnancy it's likely to become even drier." She uses bath oil to keep her skin supple and enjoys a long, leisurely soak in a lukewarm tub, as much, she says, as some people enjoy eating!

"I rarely take a shower because a bath fulfills two needs—it gets my neck clean and relaxes me. I take a magazine with me and can happily spend thirty minutes to an hour in the tub, depending on how busy I am."

Vera has decided ideas about how to look pretty while pregnant. "You can't be much more feminine than when you are having a baby," she says, "so why not look the part. Even if you've always been the glamorous type, this is not the time for dramatic effects with heavy make-up or complicated hair styles. I don't mean you should go to extremes and

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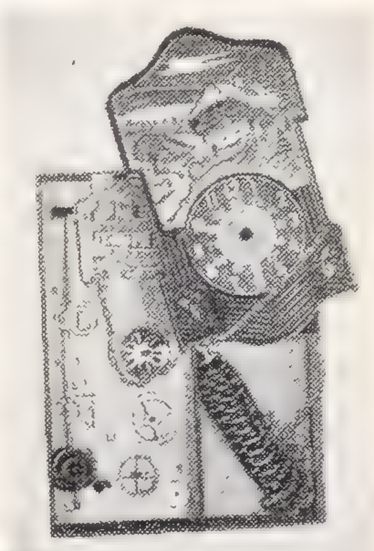
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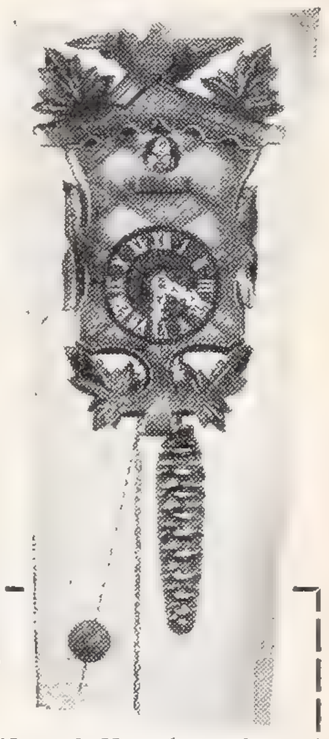
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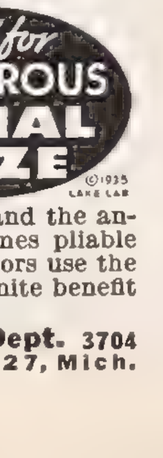


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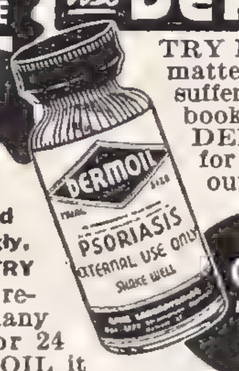
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let your nose get shiny," she adds, "but I do like makeup applied for a natural look and a hairdo that is simple, shining and easy to care for.

"Sometimes pregnancy tends to make hair stringy, lose its luster or even fall out a bit. Brushing helps and so do conditioning treatments." Vera finds that her hair grows faster when pregnant. "For which I'm grateful," she says, "because Pete likes it long.

"Women who have trouble with brittle, breaking nails during pregnancy can usually strengthen them by eating plain gelatine dissolved in fruit juice or some other liquid," she advises. "I don't have this problem, probably because my normal diet is high in protein."

Vera's maternity wardrobe features slim skirts and trousers with tops that stand away crisply. "Soft, clinging fabrics look tired," she says, "and make you look bulgy." About shoes, she admits that the added weight can be hard on your feet, but prefers flats and occasionally high heels to "sensible" shoes. "I suppose if you're really smart," she says, "by the sixth month you'd give in and get a pair of oxfords."

Vera thinks that too much leisure is what makes nine months seem like nine years to some women. "The minute I get pregnant I get very ambitious," she says. "I work as long as I can in pictures. Then, when I'm no longer in shape, I do all the things I ordinarily don't have time for. Last summer, while I was carrying the baby, I papered and painted three rooms, and made curtains, draperies and the girls' fall school clothes. I also got a lot of reading done," says Vera who thinks that pregnancy is a good time to provide for the mind as well as the body.

In Vera's opinion, it's a mistake to fear for your figure if you want to nurse your baby. "If anything, your breasts will be a little fuller," she says, "and that's usually all to the good. If I didn't nurse my babies, it wouldn't seem like I had any."

To prevent sagging, she urges being extra sure of proper support during both pregnancy and nursing. "By the third month," she says, "it's time to call it quits with your regular bra and switch to a maternity model that will expand as you do and fit through your entire pregnancy."

Vera cautions against doing post-natal exercises until your doctor gives you the go-ahead. "He'll probably suggest that you start on the tenth day after birth," she says, "and continue for two or three months. The routines he'll recommend are primarily to strengthen the vaginal muscles and sphincter of the bladder and help the uterus return to normal position. But they will also strengthen abdominal muscles, and help to smooth any bulges on hips and thighs.

"Nerves play a big role in how you look and feel," says Vera. "You can let being pregnant scare you to death or you can enjoy it as a wonderful adventure. Having a baby is a family affair in our house and the girls shared the entire experience with me. Telling them about the baby was no problem. They'd been begging for one for so long that it was really a matter of saying, 'Now you're going to have it—but you'll have to be patient for a few months.'

"I haven't kept anything from them and Debbie has known the facts of life for quite a while. I feel that anything she's ready to ask about, she's ready to know. We got a little book from our doctor that shows how a baby is conceived, how he lies and how he looks at different stages and we all went through it together.

"I think a little girl's best preparation for life is to be around her mother when she's carrying a baby. If she sees what a natural, happy experience it is, she'll be able to discount later the frightening old wives' tales she may hear. She'll see that the right food, enough rest, fresh air, exercise, normal activity and good grooming can make pregnancy the most attractive time of a woman's life. And I hope she'll learn that it can be carried over from a nine-month project to a long range program for good health and good looks." THE END

IS KIM GETTING MARRIED?

Continued from page 52

steps leading up to the magnificent historic white church, the Paris landmark Sacré-Coeur. They went inside to light a candle and to spend a few quiet moments alone together there.

The final hours had gone too fast, but Kim and Mario had managed to spend them away from the press, the photographers, the public who had been so enthusiastically following their every move during our month abroad.

Their last night in Paris was "the most wonderful evening we've ever spent together," Kim had said to me. They had dinner in the royal quarters Kim's studio had provided for us at the Hotel Bristol on the Rue Saint Honoré. A fabulous place, two floors with many, many rooms, with our own private elevator, with many terraces, and with a sweeping view of Paris below.

Mario and Kim dined there on a terrace . . . by candlelight . . . and alone. Mario had sent roses. They were on the table. There was music—their own music—from a lovely little music-box Mario had given Kim in Rome . . . a haunting Italian melody playing over and over—and helping to shut out the reminder that they were destined to go in opposite directions.

Mario's train left an hour ahead of our plane, and Kim had taken him to the train. But their real goodbyes had been said quietly at the Church Sacré-Coeur.

And so our holiday was over—and they were going their separate ways—again. Kim to Hollywood to make a picture, and Mario Bandini to Rome to build a bridge . . .

"*Count* Bandini?" Mario had said humorously when I'd met him for the first time. "I'm not a Count—I'm an engineer. I build bridges."

Only the future would know, I thought, whether they would be able to bridge the ocean, the miles, the months, the heritage, that lay between . . .

This was the question I had asked myself over and over during the month we had been abroad. Today Kim was one of the most famous motion-picture stars, but I wasn't thinking of her career or her professional future. The personal happiness of this lovely, gentle girl means a great deal to me—and has since she was thirteen.

I had viewed Rome, Naples, Paris—wherever we were—with one thought: could a girl so thoroughly American as Kim be happy living there?

And throughout our trip, I'd had the feeling that Mario Bandini, without being at all obvious, was introducing Kim to the life she would share, the homes that would be hers, the people she would know—the whole way of life that would be theirs—if she were ever to marry him.

Likewise, I had felt that Kim, as girls

will, was watching with an open eye, envisioning how she would feel if one day she were a part of all this.

Will Kim Novak marry Mario Bandini? This was the question that would be asked over and over in the months to come. Kim's many friends of the press would be asking, speculating and rumoring.

Behind us—the distance widening between them—was Mario. Ahead was a demanding motion picture career. And ahead, too, was an endearing man who had been part of Kim's life for so long. Back home—there would be Mac Krim.

Still . . .

Because of my fondness for Mac—and because of a few opinions I'd previously formed—I hadn't planned on liking Mario Bandini at all. . . .

During all the past year, since Kim met him at the Cannes Film Festival, I'd been hearing about Mario Bandini from her. He wrote fairly often, and he'd called her at least once every week. But he was almost fictitious to me—one of those titled playboys who go poloing and yachting around and living off the fat of their fathers' land. In spite of the little things Kim would tell me, I thought him the summer romance of last year. And I'd given him no serious thought when Kim wanted me to "tour Europe" on a month's vacation with her when she finished "Pal Joey" at Columbia.

But as we would talk excitedly about our itinerary, the countries we'd visit, what we would do—we seemed to always end up spending much, much time in Rome. Kim kept telling me how much she loved this *beautiful* city the year before. Helping her make plans—and shopping with her for a red alpaca cardigan sweater to take to Mario Bandini—I began to wonder seriously if the beauty of the city was Kim's prime interest.

I felt I could be right when our itinerary began to change so rapidly—literally in mid-air! Kim has an ear condition that bothers her when she flies, and landings are painful for her. Kim's condition seemed to become worse alarmingly as the hours went by, and land neared. Soon Copenhagen was off our schedule, then Switzerland. Finally Kim said she felt so miserable she thought it better to go straight to Rome. "My ears," she reminded me again.

We landed unannounced at midnight. Kim was positively exuberant. "Last year I got to see just enough of Rome to love it, and I promised myself I would come back and really take time to explore this *beautiful* city," she said. But her eagerness as we approached the Grand Hotel seemed to indicate that an additional fascination awaited her.

Every room of our suite was filled with beautiful flowers! There was an enormous arrangement of lovely lavender hydrangeas in the living room. Reading the card with the lavender flowers, Kim said breathlessly, "You know—I talk to him every week . . . and now here we are! I can't realize I'm really here—and he's sending all these beautiful flowers!" Could *I* realize that we were really there? No, I could not. . . .

Not the enormity of the reception. Not remembering little Marilyn Novak when I first met her, when she came to the teenage parties I arranged as part of the promotion I did for a Chicago store. Remembering the shy little fawn of a girl who'd stood on the sidelines watching the others so eagerly, so sure she had nothing to offer, so sure no boy would ever look at her.

Today, Kim Novak had come a long way from that Chicago department store as a teenage model. Perhaps at the moment, too far. . . . Smothered in a roomful of flowers from this Count—whatever that meant in Italy. Kim was far too down-to-earth for this sort of thing, I thought—before I met Mario Bandini.

He called immediately, and Kim was very nervous seeing him again. "Maybe Mario won't like me when he sees me this year, Norma. Do you think I've changed from a year ago?" she kept saying over and over. She tried on at least half a dozen things before deciding what to wear. Then—typically Kim—she put away all the glamorous clothes she'd brought and put on her beloved casuals—velvet slacks and a black silk shirt.

I was charmed by Mario Bandini immediately. By his warmth and gentleness, his lively magnetic eyes, and his wonderful, contagious smile. All this, and handsome too! Still, I was a little wary. The "Count" somehow removed him from our way of life in America.

Mario, however, soon straightened me out on this. "Norma, I want you to know I'm not a Count, and I don't want to be a Count. I don't know *how* that story ever got started," he said smilingly.

As an engineer, he builds more than bridges, but they are his love, I was to find. He had so much enthusiasm for his work, and he began to tell us thrilling things that were happening to him in connection with his various enterprises. His construction company, his canning company, and his motion picture productions company—just to mention three!

This wasn't the man I'd pictured at all. I'd assumed that as a "Count" he never worked. True, he was a wealthy man, but he was also a brilliant business man, a very hardworking man. And this, I was soon to find, was part of his great charm for Kim.

That night when Mario had gone, Kim stood for a long time at our hotel window looking at the beautifully lighted fountains in the square below. "Oh, Norma—I love Rome so much!" she said finally. *Rome?* Well, I wondered!

My own resistance to Mario Bandini was melting fast, but in spite of liking him, there's always a question where Kim's concerned. Is a man interested in Kim the person, or Kim the glamorous motion picture star, and the publicity attached to her?

I soon found out. Reporters and photographers had been blocking the corridors of the Grand Hotel. I've never seen so many in my life—all of them determined to do or die. Kim graciously agreed to a press conference, but this turned out to be a frightening experience physically. When Kim and Mario left the hotel there was pandemonium, with photographers pushing and yelling, and me being pushed across the street by the crowd in the opposite direction. Mario was blocking and making every effort to protect Kim. They finally made it to his car. He was kind with the press, but he was *very* firm. He avoided photographers whenever possible during our stay. I sensed Mario Bandini disliked all this intensely, which pleased me very much.

During the weeks that followed, our "extensive tour of Europe" became an extensive tour of Rome, with Mario a most persuasive guide. I had the feeling Mario was acquainting Kim with his homeland, his beloved city, his friends, his whole way of life. And that Kim was perhaps unconsciously weighing things Roman against things American, and wondering if she could be happy so far from home.

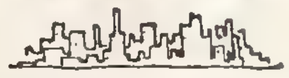
We saw the Roman Forum at sunset and it was beautiful. We visited the old Italian Village d'Este, Tivoli with the luxurious splendor of fountains that seem to be springing from everywhere. We went



anytime . . .

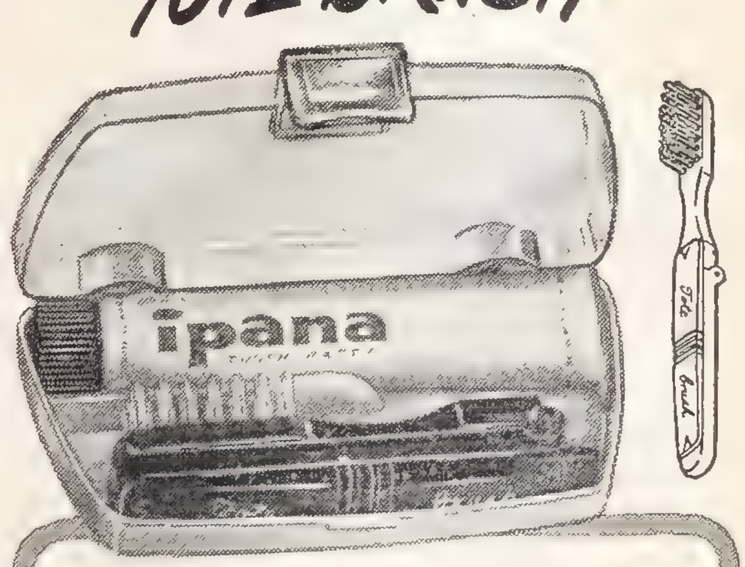


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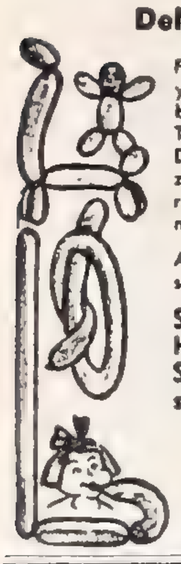
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through the old churches and admired the beautiful mosaics, and we visited the Cathedral of St. John, stirred by the thought that it was built 310 years after Christ, the first church in which Christians worshiped in public, and we saw an outdoor concert, and the Coliseum.

Kim was saying how much she adored the whole city, and suddenly Mario said "You know, Kim—I don't think you belong in America. You're more European—you fit into a European way of life—"

A new kind of glow seemed to come over Kim whenever she was with Mario Bandini, I was beginning to notice. For the first time since I could remember, Kim seemed to have forgotten her career completely. She hadn't mentioned the script for her new picture since we'd arrived, which was certainly unusual! And I was just thinking how far removed Kim was from all that, when suddenly we were surrounded by Columbia's Rome executives, who were having a party there. For a moment the carefree look seemed to leave Kim, but a dance with Mario revived it again.

"All of a sudden this just left me completely. The studio—all of it," Kim confided to me later. "I'd forgotten all about it. But everything is *so* wonderful. I haven't felt so relaxed and happy in ages!"

Then one evening Kim and Mario were going for a drive around Rome in Mario's little foreign car, when Kim heard American music coming from somewhere. "Oh, let's listen!" she said suddenly, and Mario stopped the car. Listening to the music made her so homesick, Kim said later, especially hearing it, and not feeling quite part of it. Kim loves Neopolitan music. Everywhere we would go a little group of musicians would gather around her and serenade her, and Kim loved it. But suddenly, hearing American music, she knew how much she had missed it. As Kim described it to me, they sat and listened "and it was so frustrating—because I couldn't get with it." It was as though she were trying so hard to grope for something the American music represented, Kim explained, and she couldn't get it "tuned in" any more. Thinking about it, I wondered what Kim's reaction meant. Was she thinking of Mac when she heard the music? Was she afraid of her feeling for Mario Bandini, because she could no longer feel fully American?

Kim had wondered what her feeling would be—as well as Mario's. "You think of these things—that you won't feel the same, meeting again. But it's even better. We're closer than we were a year ago. I love being with Mario—I *enjoy* being with him. He's such a fine person, and so much fun. He certainly has everything one could want in a man."

And as Mario had said, "Last year it was such a gay-holiday kind of relationship. Now we're having an opportunity to really know one another—"

One evening after we'd gotten back from a lovely day with Dino and Sylvana De Laurentis at their beautiful villa, Kim said glowingly, "You know—now I understand why so many people want to live here." The De Laurentises (who produced "War And Peace") are old friends of Mario's. They had an interesting, stimulating group of people there, and I had the feeling that Kim was looking at their home with an interested eye and wondering if perhaps she might be living in a villa like that too some day.

But then, there was another evening. . . .

We attended a very elegant dinner with a very titled gathering. Every guest was a Countess or Marquis or Princess—something. Dinner was served on the terrace of a mansion overlooking Rome. They were very wealthy people with many, many servants. All the women seemed so very elegant and chic, so different from Kim's usual casual way of life. And their conversation seemed to be confined to two items, the tremendous balls they attended and the yachting cruises they planned.

Now and then throughout the evening I would catch a serious-faced Kim absorbing the whole scene around her, and the next morning I knew she must have given it much thought.

"I had the strangest dream last night," she said slowly. "I dreamed I was having a party. One moment it was at my beach house and the next—some place I'd never been before. I'd invited these very nice people we met last night to a wiener roast, and I'd said on the invitation, "Let's all have a ball!" Well, I was in my shirt and slacks—but they arrived dressed for a formal ball.

"Mario was there," Kim continued, "and one moment in my dream I looked at him. He seemed to be shocked by all this. And the next moment the two of us and all of them were sitting on the floor, roasting our wieners, and looking into the fire—and Mario was laughing hilariously."

Perhaps it was my own imagination, but I felt the moonlight go out of Rome for Kim. Until the next day—when Mario and Kim and I were discussing the different ways of life.

Mario talked about his own attitude about living—those things which meant much to him. "I enjoy being alone, too," he said. Immediately looking at Kim and including her in the aloneness away from others.

"I love to hunt," Mario said.

"I've always wanted to learn to hunt," Kim said quickly. Mario described the best part of hunting to him was "the thrill of getting up before dawn and sitting very, very still, watching the beauty and grace of the animals, watching the mothers feed their young, and watching the dawn come up.

"I don't like the killing part of hunting," he said. He liked all the things that went with it. He mentioned the peace and quiet of the early morning "and the closeness to God."

Afterwards Kim was saying how much this conversation reflected the kind of person Mario is. That it was really a self-portrait in words of "this wonderful, wonderful, kind, thoughtful person."

Mario's also building a hotel, and he recently finished a lovely modern theater building in which all the seats are covered with lavender leather—a tribute to Kim. Kim listens, her eyes sparkling, when Mario talks about the buildings he's constructing and his many other enterprises. "I admire men with brilliant business careers and with such energy and enthusiasm for work," she's said. "I love to hear Mario talk about these things—to see how much they mean to him."

Part of Mario's great charm for Kim is this great drive to accomplish "the goals he sets for himself. Mario is very wealthy, and he could live a life of leisure without exerting any effort at all. But if he were living without working, I'm sure we wouldn't have a thing in common." With Mario's drive in his own professions "he understands so completely my feeling toward acting and the movie business."

I've heard some comment that if Kim were really interested in Mario Bandini she shouldn't continue her career, but I feel exactly the opposite. Mario has tremendous admiration for Kim as an actress and for her determination, the way she's going about her career. We saw a private screening of "Jeanne Eagels"

together, and Mario was completely carried away. "I had no idea! She is such a brilliant actress," he kept saying.

I'm sure Mario wouldn't want Kim to give up her career if they should marry. Mario is much more interested in a woman who does interesting things and he knows this is bringing out the best of Kim—that she would be happiest having her career. However, he feels strongly that one's personal life should not become public.

One night while Kim was getting dressed to go out with him, Mario and I got on the subject of marriage—and why at thirty-seven he had never married. "I go out a lot, but so many women are lazy and do nothing that I cannot admire them completely. At least, not enough to consider them seriously." Mario said. "I have so much respect for Kim because of her great desire to do well."

From things he's said, I'm sure Mario finds Kim a fascinating paradox. "Kim is a very strange, wonderful combination—that is sensational. A beautiful, glamorous creature on one hand—and then on the other hand, the real Kim—so down-to-earth and so gentle and lovable. It is so unusual to find this combination in a woman."

Mario Bandini has much to offer that would seem to be right for Kim. Sensitivity, strength, understanding, tolerance when it's needed, and much, much love. He's calm and easy-going and has the needed maturity. Kim is only twenty-four and all these big things have happened so fast to her, I feel she needs the strength of someone who will help reassure her through a situation—say—like this.

They have the same faith and this is important to them. Being Catholic and not believing in divorce, I'm certain if they had any serious plans they'd want to be very sure.

Mario plans to come to the States as soon as his business will allow. He's coming to see Kim of course, and to meet her family. He will have the opportunity, like Kim, of experiencing a different way of life in America as she did in Rome. If Mario Bandini wants Kim's hand he will be meeting his strongest rival—the land she loves.

There is also the matter of Kim's contract with Columbia. I wonder of Mario has asked himself, "How could I ask Kim to give up all she's worked for there?" Recently, however, Kim has been having studio squabbles with Columbia, including suspension for breach of contract. Kim reportedly felt her salary "too low, considering her roles and billing."

And Kim has said to me, "You know it's amazing how one can find happiness outside of her work. Perhaps it's because things now are so exciting and different. And then again, perhaps not . . ."

Just before we left, Kim and Mario went to a Roman fountain and Kim threw a coin in to make sure she would return.

There would be problems ahead a toss of the coin could not decide. Only time would tell. THE END

WALLACE CROSS-EXAMINES BELAFONTE

Continued from page 46

HARRY: By that, I mean intolerance of any sort. Racial, economic, religious or artistic intolerance.

MIKE: Your last picture, "Island in the Sun," caused a great deal of controversy. How do you feel about it?

HARRY: To be truthful, it's far from the greatest picture ever made, but Darryl F. Zanuck and the other people involved deserve a great deal of credit for attempting to truthfully portray a controversial subject, on the screen. I think the sociological implications of the motion picture itself far surpass any artistic shortcomings that the film may have.

MIKE: How do you feel about yourself as an actor?

HARRY: I feel I have a lot to learn. I'm very hopeful and anxious to learn. Speaking of "Island in the Sun," I thought my performance in that picture left a great deal to be desired.

MIKE: It has been reported that you would rather act than sing. Is that true?

HARRY: No. It's true that I wanted to become an actor before I became a singer. I like acting, and I want to be a good actor. But I'll never give up singing. I really love it.

MIKE: Harry, Broadway is buzzing with rumors that you have half a dozen aces up your sleeve, careerwise. That you're turning to composing, that you're giving up nightclub appearances for making films, and so on. Now before we tackle those specific rumors, tell us: What's wrong with your career the way it's been going?

HARRY: There's nothing wrong with the way my career's been going. As a matter of fact, I'm more than gratified at the success that has been mine in the last couple of years. It is just that I feel an artist must expand creatively in order to stay alive. I want to get into other areas of endeavor—concerts, composing, acting, etc., because a performer who keeps doing the same things year after year, becomes stagnant and loses his perspective.

MIKE: But you must have some reservations about wanting to change, in any way at all, a career that earned you an estimated $350,000 last year. What is it you fear most about turning to a diflerent path?

HARRY: I'm not really turning to a different path; I'm just expanding and broadening my present activities. What I fear most is mediocrity on any level. I feel when an artist does not present his audiences with something constructive and worthwhile that they can take away with them after listening to him, he should be afraid of his lack of longevity and the ability to be versatile and change with the progression of time.

MIKE: Back to one more new development in your career, Harry. We hear (from your agent) that you're planning many fewer nightclub appearances, which have made you a small fortune, so that you can make more concert appearances. Is this move based on the theory that nightclub patrons come to drink and—incidentally—be entertained, while concert audiences come to listen?

HARRY: Not necessarily. I feel that many nightclub audiences come to be entertained and to listen. At times one cannot be done without the other. Actually, I find that more people can be reached in the concert medium and that younger people and those of limited economic means can see us—in a media where there are no high tariffs. The youth of this country is very important to any artist and traveling about the country gives you a real insight into what the people want.

MIKE: But isn't it true, Harry, that you have a strict rule that nightclub waiters are not permitted to serve while you sing? Some people have called you pretentious on that score.

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HARRY: The songs that I do vary in content and tempo so greatly, and the climate in a nightclub is such that the slightest distraction can ruin the dramatic effect of a number. At times it's difficult enough to combat alcohol. I feel that it's only fair to the audience and to the other artists that in an act of my type, service should be discontinued while we are working.

MIKE: Let's talk a bit, Harry, about your singing. First of all, the production. You're one of the few folk singers who doesn't play his own guitar, but uses an accompanist. Why?

HARRY: When I first began as a folk singer, I had discovered that no one had ever really done dramatic interpretations of folk music. I found that our folk music was filled with dramatic fare that was easily adaptable to dramatic gestures, using your hand, face and entire body. This makes a song better visually and theatrically.

MIKE: You've been accused of playing up your personal magnetism with the open-necked shirts and the tight fit of your costumes. What about that?

HARRY: With the kind of songs I sing, about chain gangs and workmen, and all the basic cultures of the people, it would be a little pretentious and condescending of me to do these numbers wearing the usual tuxedo. I can't find anything more simple than a shirt and a pair of pants! My collar is open, of course, because it's more comfortable to sing that way. The fact that the shirt is well-cut and the trousers well-fit is only a comment on the need for correct costuming. I wear clothes of a better quality and fit now than I used to because I can afford them. But they're not tight!

MIKE: Speaking of costumes, Harry, how did it happen that you were quoted as saying, "I'll never wear one of those calypso straw hats," when a picture of you was printed in which you wore one?

HARRY: The picture in a straw hat was taken two years ago, in costume in Los Angeles. That was a full year prior to the synthetic calypso craze, when everybody began to commercialize on straw hats and other calypso gadgets. It was when that happened that I made that remark, and I meant it. I still do.

MIKE: What about calypso music anyway? I'm sure a lot of listeners like the tricky rhythms and tunes. But at the same time, suspect that the lyrics are loaded with just as much double entendre as rock 'n' roll. What about that, Harry?

HARRY: Real calypso music stems from a need of the people, who live in the islands, to communicate with each other. You might say it's a living newspaper by which current events of importance are exploited to the fullest. Ethnic calypso music has a real, honest beat and a story to tell. The songs that are loaded with double entendre are synthetic calypso that are being turned out on a mass production level by the men of Tin Pan Alley. They have no real relation to and no understanding of calypso folk music as originated in the Islands.

MIKE: While we're talking about rock 'n' roll, what do you think of Elvis Presley, who seems to have stolen your theory of dramatic action, and with a vengeance?

HARRY (Laughing): No comment.

MIKE: You gave up straight pop tune singing back in 1950 when you were making good money at it—about $350 a week. Why?

HARRY: I found no personal satisfaction in singing the "June Moon Tunes." I wanted t- contribute something and I just felt I wasn't doing it as a pop singer.

MIKE: Your press agent's publicity release says you quit pop songs because you thought they were artistically shallow. Is that the way you'd characterize the singing of Crosby, Sinatra and Como?

HARRY: Definitely not. Crosby, Sinatra and Como are great artists. They can do to a pop tune what many others cannot. I certainly don't consider pop composers like Jerome Kern, Cole Porter, etc., as artistically shallow. It's just that some of the pop tunes being written nowadays aren't even worth humming and will not, I think, stay popular.

MIKE: Let's tackle some of the more serious problems of show business now, Harry. First of all, what would you think of a plan for all Negro entertainers to boycott the South until desegregation is completed?

HARRY: I'm in favor of it. I have played the South before, during which period, however, I conferred with the leaders of the NAACP, who told me the best thing I could do at the time was to appear. I have since then, however, refused to play the South because of their disrespect for the edict handed down by our highest tribunal.

MIKE: Nat King Cole is the first Negro to get a regular network TV program. Do you think he'll become the Jackie Robinson of TV?

HARRY: Yes, I would say that Nat could become the Jackie Robinson of television, and it is indeed a healthy sign that he is getting an opportunity to prove the only gauge for an artist should be his ability to entertain.

MIKE: How do you feel about your own title—"the first Negro matinee idol?"

HARRY: I don't like it too much personally, but I think it's more of a credit to the tempo of the times rather than to the individual man, because it is a gratifying thing that a Negro today can reach the level where he is called a matinee idol.

MIKE: You've often been called the most exciting male performer in show business. Who do you think are the three most exciting women in either Hollywood or Broadway?

HARRY: Marilyn Monroe, Lena Horne and Gina Lollobrigida.

MIKE: Harry, does success have any shortcomings, besides high taxes?

HARRY: I guess time to spend with your family, time to do the little things you like to do just for laughs, and the blessing of anonymity.

MIKE: If you were called upon to give a five-minute impromptu speech on something besides theater and music, what would you talk about?

HARRY: Youth, and the opportunity afforded to most young people of this country to make something of themselves. Of course, to be perfectly candid, this subject would lead into the question of equality on all levels.

MIKE: Some artists have strong feelings about performers participating in politics. Have you any hesitancy about expressing your political opinions, verbally or musically?

HARRY: No, I haven't. Of course, I don't think my political opinions should enter into my art when I'm performing as an artist, but in my function as a private citizen there's no reason why I or any other member of the entertainment industry should not express his political beliefs and participate in politics if he or she is so inclined.

MIKE: If you were endowed with some power to make three major corrections in the world, what would they be?

HARRY: 1) I would eliminate prejudice as an area of evil. 2) I would provide for equal educational facilities for all qualified youngsters regardless of their economic bracket. 3) I guess everyone would like to end war forever.

MIKE: Thank you very much, Harry Belafonte. THE END

THE SHAPE THEY'RE IN

Continued from page 44

Every girl who has risen to fame via the tape-measure route owes something to Jane, "The firstest with the mostest."

And nobody is as well qualified as Jane to size up these burgeoning beauties and answer some big questions about them. Are they carrying things too far? Where should they draw the line? Can they stay on top, as she has, and if so, how?

There's one big difference between Jane and the girls who have followed her. The sex buildup was something she never sought, and often fought. Today, the girls are latching onto it and using it deliberately for all it's worth—which in terms of cold, hard cash has proved to be considerable. But such antics as Jayne Mansfield's overexposure at the Sophia Loren party, and Vikki Dougan's backplay tactics had the most blasé Hollywoodites gasping.

"You can't blame these girls who are built for it for using this type of buildup," says Jane. "They know how tough it is to get a break in this business, and it's one sure way to attract attention. But it *must* be done with good taste. Any girl who goes beyond the bounds of good taste is making a terrible mistake. It may get her a lot of publicity, but in the long run she'll lose much more than she gains."

Jane's advice is, "Watch it, girls! You've got to learn to look out for yourself. Nobody's going to do it for you."

To the outsider, this appears to be an easy matter, but Jane knows better. She learned, the hard way, how an innocent, well-meaning girl can be led astray by conniving cameramen.

"I was nineteen when I signed for 'The Outlaw,'" she says. "I didn't know from nothing about movies. I did exactly what I was told—until the day that bevy of photographers fell on me. They had me picking up paper off the ground and, pièce de resistance, they had me stooping over to pick up two pails of water. Dumb as I was, it finally dawned on me. The pictures they were getting were definitely not lady-like. I went crying to Howard Hawks, the director. He informed me that I was a big girl and I'd better start learning to take care of myself. So I did. But those pictures hit every magazine cover in the country. Occasionally one still pops up in a book."

So many girls, particularly those who haven't quite hit the top, are afraid that balking at certain poses will brand them as uncooperative and scare the photographers off altogether. Since Jane wasn't seeking publicity, she never gave this a thought—she just balked. Whenever a photographer suggested a bad pose, she simply gave him a look and wouldn't budge. It worked better than any amount of screaming, not only keeping the lensmen in line, but winning their lasting respect. They long ago learned not to ask Jane Russell for any questionable shot. And they're still coming back for more. Plenty of the current lovelies could take a leaf from Jane's book on that score.

Jayne Mansfield is one girl who has learned the wisdom of Jane's words, "Look out for yourself," the hard way. Of the Sophia Loren party, where she wore a gown that exposed much too much of Jayne, she now says, "I yielded to the advice of another person, and I'll never do it again. From now on, only I will decide what I should wear and how I should act."

Even so, Jane learned that there are some things a girl can't control. The sensational advertising campaign for "The Outlaw" was one instance. It was the advertising—not the picture—that ran into heavy censor trouble. And Jane could do nothing but fume helplessly. When her dance in "The French Line" caused another hot censor controversy, she protested violently, and still insists that it was put into the picture out of context and would have been fine if preceding scenes had been left in. Again, she could do nothing, except put her foot firmly down on a too-sexy advertising campaign—after "The Outlaw" experience, she made sure she'd never be in a position where *that* could happen again.

Granted that the sexpots can cope with these hurdles, Jane feels there's a much bigger one they have to face. Inevitably, there comes a day when the public says, "So she's beautiful. So she's sexy. So she's famous. So what?" Sure, a gorgeous girl can keep the male audience flocking to the theaters—but what about the women, who come out of curiosity, to criticize and cluck their tongues? And even for men, beauty and sex appeal will pall.

"It isn't enough," says Jane flatly. "You have to prove you have something more to offer." And right there, the sex buildup that can bring a beauty so far so fast becomes a big handicap. Then, a girl is faced with the fact that she has to develop a lot more than a forty-inch bust. She has to develop two much more rare assets—talent and personality. There is no alternative, except a quick nosedive into obscurity. This is particularly tough for these girls because their quick rise to fame has not given them time for the thorough training an actress needs—and because the public ridicules their efforts.

"I admire Marilyn Monroe very much, for the way she studied acting in spite of all the criticism she got," says Jane. "That took courage."

Of herself, Jane says with a grin, "I got to the point where I realized I was nothing more than a label on a can of tomatoes."

The ensuing ups and downs in her career she can now recount with wry humor.

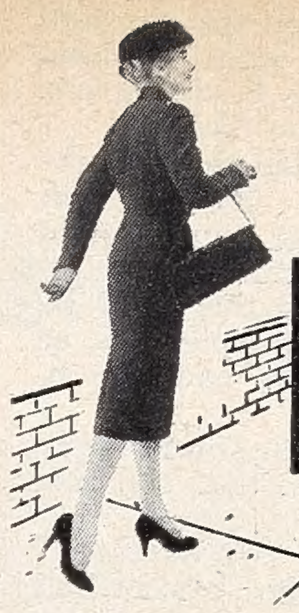
In spite of—or perhaps because of her unique history, she can look at her career with more objectivity than most stars, and even seems to relish the devastating reviews on her flops.

"After 'The Outlaw' I was loaned out," says Jane. "After three directors (and three separate techniques) the picture was finished—in every sense of the word. At one time, one director had me crying into a rose in the garden, carrying it to bed with me and kissing it passionately as I lay on my lonely pillow. Brother! A Boston critic wrote: 'If the young widow had died when the husband did, the picture need never have been made.' He was so right.

"After 'Paleface' with Bob Hope," she continued happily, "I had a, to me, very good review. The part I played was dry and caustic so I did a female version of my old man (Robert Waterfield). The review said, 'This girl has one expression and uses it all the way through the picture—stone face.' As that's the way I planned it, I thought it very good. Then I did a western type very pale 'Paleface' with Scott Brady. No comment. Then 'It's Only Money' with Frank Sinatra. I played an icky-goo ingenue, which I now call the Mibbs type role. Nothing. Then dear old Robert Hope ask me back for 'Son of Paleface.' They even let me sing and dance in that and I had a characterization!"

After that, unfortunately, RKO decided that Russell and Mitchum were a hot romantic team.

How could Jane, or any star in her position, survive? The consensus is that



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Jane, herself, showed through the slipshod scripts and sickly ingenue roles. A Jane who had found a firm place in the hearts of the public—and at the box office.

For the benefit of Jayne Mansfield, Marilyn Monroe, Diana Dors, Mamie Van Doren, Sophia Loren, Gina Lollobrigida and their ilk, there's a pertinent point in this: Being extra-glamorous, they may be called upon to "carry" inferior pictures, as Jane was. But glamour alone can't do it. Talent and personality can.

And brains. And just plain spunk. Jane had to prove, many a time, that she had a large portion of both.

During the filming of "Underwater," Harry Tatleman, the producer, recognized talent and instincts. He brought her into story conferences and all phases of the picture. "It was the smart thing to do," Harry recalled. "She knew what she could do. She could sense a phony bit of dialogue a mile off and will wait for a good script."

"I'm a good waiter," Jane says thoughtfully, "but I don't like it. You could say I've been lucky. I like to think it's more than luck to find enough good pictures to keep going. The good ones, including 'Fuzzy Pink Nightgown,' I've been asked for. No one went and knocked on doors for me. Norman Taurog on this last picture seemed to think I had a good comedy talent."

"Talent!" exclaimed director Taurog when queried, "The girl has a great flair for comedy. She has a fine talent. At first I thought she was aloof, but after a few days, I discovered, much to my amazement, that Jane was shy. When she warms up she's wonderful. Her depth is wonderful, as an actress and a woman. Now that I know her as well as I do, I'd love to work with her again. With the right script she could be out of this world. She's got a whole new career ahead of her. When they hung that sex tag on her, she started with two strikes. But she's overcome that and more. Do I sound excited? I am. I'd like to see Jane do the old Eve Arden part in 'Stage Door.' She'd do a beautiful job. Jane is really something special."

Yet, even if a sex bomb has what it takes inside to hang onto her fame, even if she has the wonderful satisfaction that is Jane's in knowing that she has grown tremendously as a person and as an actress and still has great career prospects ahead, "It won't make her happy," says Jane. Happiness, Jane knows, doesn't lie in a career—it begins at home, with your family and your friends. So many ambitious young girls, given a chance at the quick sex buildup, climb on the bandwagon, and sacrifice family relationships—even at the price of divorce—for the glamour, the fame and the money.

"Don't they realize," Jane explodes, "that when they get to the top, they'll have *nothing?*"

She knows so well the pressures they are under—the demands to go here, go there, do this, do that, that can so easily come between them and the more important things in life. And her heart aches for them. She was lucky, she feels, in having such strong family ties with her mother and four brothers at the beginning.

"You couldn't lose her if you tried," cries Billie Paul, friend of nineteen years duration, "when Jane decides to be your friend—you got a friend. She descends, you know. She swoops in, fills the coffee pot, dumps kids and hot dogs in the back yard, sits, and talks. And she always has a purpose. If she decides you're in need of advice—she gives it—and you take it. Actually, it's good advice and given with love, its just that the Queen knows no other way than sweep in and utter a proclamation. Her attitudes are so simple, basic and sound, they're sometimes frustrating when you're talking yourself into something else. The foundation of Jane's advice is good old-time religion, but her vernacular takes the curse off it. I said simple. It's true. Jane is profound because she strips everything to basics."

Old Friend Margaret Jones produced an indulgent smile one usually reserves for favorite grandchildren. "You want to talk about Miss Fix It? Whether you want it fixed or not she'll fix it. Sticks her big nose in and makes you love it. I don't see her as much as I used to, but it makes no difference. When she walks in, it's like she was here yesterday and 'where's the coffee?' is the first communication. Pat, Alberta, Jane and I have important things in common. We started our bull sessions when we were seventeen and we still have them. You might say we pool our ignorance. We all have families, and problems are pretty universal with kids. You might say it's group therapy without the aid of an analyst. Of course, we all shriek at each other, but not in anger. We can stand toe to toe and scream it out and go home satisfied. I think home, family and friends are the most important things in Jane's life. She has a crazy dream she takes out and brushes off occasionally. Everybody should live on ranches, miles from anyone else, grow their food, make clay things and weave their rugs. Not only does she want to, better we should all do it. This brings on the arguments.

"Jane was just as delightfully crazy in high school as she is now," Margaret continued. "I remember the time we were to do a one-act play for the Girls Athletic Association Mother and Daughter Dinner. It had five parts so we had to invite a fifth girl in. She was a nice girl only square. She expected to rehearse. As I was the director, we would gather after school at one house or another and have bull sessions ranging from boys, sex to religion. The girl went wild trying to get us to rehearse. The night of the play all four of us ad-libbed our way beautifully through the play and the poor girl, who knew all her lines, was blown sky high.

"This habit of Jane's—never enough time—has always been with her. Now her excuses are more legitimate. That striding with her head down is a horrible habit which she blames on being Gemini and I blame on laziness. She still has the habit of asking me to read a three hundred page book and to digest it so I can give her the meat of it—in thirty seconds, of course.

"Seriously," Margaret concluded, "I think Jane would give her right arm for any of us . . . and we would for Jane."

Such words from her friends, her home, three children and Robert; WAIF-ISS (her organization to put orphans in homes all over the world); Mother Russell and Jane's chapel in the valley; entertaining for charity or troops—these mean more to Jane than all the glamour.

If the girls who are following in her famous footsteps can find this kind of happiness, they're lucky.

What are their chances? That, of course, is up to them. It depends on the inner fibre of their characters, something developed, in Jane's case, she feels, from her family background, in others, from other sources. Marilyn Monroe, although she has a tendency to depend too much on others and may be misguided by it, has a sound sense of values.

"And I think that is true of Sophia Loren," says Jane. "Because she is a girl who has had so many hard knocks in her life, she has depth and feeling and warmth that will help her come through the big buildup she is getting with flying colors."

It's heartening to know that, when it comes right down to cases, the dear old public, supposedly so gullible to the flashy type of sex buildup, really rejects it, in the long run, where it is the genuine qualities of talent and character that count, as proven by Jane Russell's record of top stardom for over a decade.

It was producer Harry Tatleman who summed it up best: "Jane's the kind of a dame any man would like to have as a woman—on a permanent basis. She sustains interest and gives a real sense of permanency. She has a big heart and a big mind and those values will stand out anywhere."

THE END



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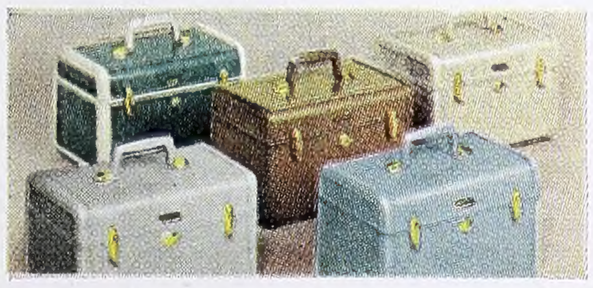


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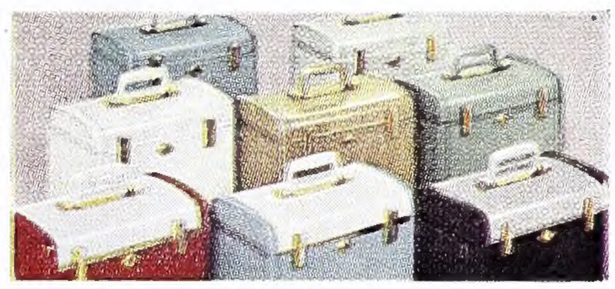
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